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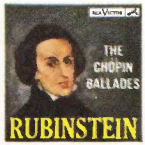

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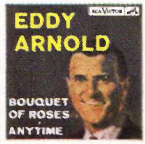

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BETWEEN THE LINES

WOMEN, CHILDREN AND PEACE

"We the children of the world...do not want to be the last generation. We do not want to die before we have had a chance to live."

This message, signed by 3,000 American children, was recently sent to the United Nations General Assembly. It is only one of many spontaneous expressions of a desire for world peace that have been arising in recent months all over the United States.

Last month, in this column, REDBOOK pledged itself "to report what we believe to be the essential facts and the promising ideas" in the search for peace. One of the most striking developments is the way in which a growing number of Americans—particularly women and children—are dramatizing their opposition to nuclear war.

In Washington, D.C., Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, an illustrator of children's books, met with a few friends last September to discuss their concern over the arms race. Within a few weeks Mrs. Wilson found herself leading 900 women to the gates of the White House and the Soviet Embassy to deliver letters urging Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Khrushchev to persuade their husbands to put an end to war. "We decided it was up to the women," Mrs. Wilson explained, "because the men are trapped in the course of daily events."

In California a business executive's wife decided to send $1,000 to the United Nations instead of using the money to build a fallout shelter for her family. In North Carolina 28 families made the same decision in the belief that "the only hope for meaningful survival lies in the creation of law and order on a world scale."

In other parts of the country small groups of housewives and students have expressed their hopes for peace by fasting on Thanksgiving, by publishing newspaper advertisements, by distributing leaflets, by writing to the President, members of Congress and our representatives at the United Nations.

Our elected officials, charged with the responsibility of preserving our national security in a dangerous world, must deal constantly with the risks of nuclear war. It is important to remind them that the American people also support their efforts in taking what the World Council of Churches calls "reasonable risks" for the sake of peace. At its assembly in December the World Council urged: "Let there be restraint and self-denial in the things which make for war, patience and persistence in seeking to resolve the things which divide, and boldness and courage in grasping the things which make for peace."

There are many Americans who can be counted on to urge our government to show strength in attempting to win the cold war. Those who want our government to make a comparable effort to bring about an honorable peace are likely to be less vocal and less well organized. If you would like to express your desire for peace, we suggest that you write a letter or postcard to the President and to your congressmen, pledging your support of our government's efforts to settle world problems by negotiation rather than force. Or if you agree with what has been said here, you can simply sign your name and address to this page and send it to President Kennedy, the White House, Washington, D.C. —R. S.

(Advertisement)

Calories Don't Count!

News about a revolutionary reducing plan, based on a new biochemical discovery, and now available for the first time in a new book

UNBELIEVABLE — but true! You need to eat fat if you are to be slim. It isn't *how* many calories you consume that matters — but *what kind* of calories. The inclusion of polyunsaturated fatty acids in your diet is the essential step toward loosening the body's long-stored fat. It is the key to your losing only excess fat rather than vital body tissue.

In his just-published book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT, Dr. Herman Taller explains the principles behind this new understanding of the body's chemistry — and tells you in full detail:

1. How to eat three full meals a day and lose weight in the safest way possible
2. Why you must never leave the table hungry if you want to be slim
3. How you can eat heartily while those extra inches disappear
4. How this radical new way of losing weight is linked with a low cholesterol count, better skin condition, and resistance to colds
5. Why you may eat fried foods every day and keep slim — what kind of fats to fry them in
6. What foods (this includes the greatest surprise of all to people who have suffered through calorie-counting diets) you should avoid
7. Why large portions of meat, fowl, or sea food are essential to your slimming program
8. Sample recipes including pot roast, fried chicken, cheese cake and mayonnaise

"There have been no failures." The story back of Dr. Taller's radical new method for losing inches without starvation

Dr. Herman Taller is a gynecologist and obstetrician who became interested in theories of obesity for personal reasons when he himself weighed 265 pounds. After hungry years of unsuccessful experimenting with standard calorie-counting diets he happened to take part in an anti-cholesterol experiment which involved *adding* a specific kind of fat to his diet. To the astonishment of Dr. Taller and the researchers involved, he found himself fastening his belt on a tighter notch, discovered that his clothes were becoming too big. *He found himself adding calories and losing weight.* Was this some fluke? Would it work for others?

With mounting excitement Dr. Taller began spending all his spare time in the medical libraries, reading everything that existed on obesity and metabolism. He discovered no clues, until one day he came upon an article by the late Dr. Alfred W. Pennington which contained the first glimmer, the first specific evidence to explain what was happening to him. He determined to proceed from Dr. Pennington's beginnings to work out a program that would solve the "diet problem" once and for all.

After painstaking research he put his program into practice on a group of 93 problem dieters with extraordinary success. Today patients from all over the country come to Dr. Taller for treatment. And his principles have won ever widening interest in the medical field. In the preface to his book he writes:

"The concept this book advances is revolutionary. Perhaps all I need say in support of my new nutrition principle is that it works. It has been tested in medical laboratories and among large numbers of patients. There have been no failures, nor can there be any when the principle is properly applied. For it is based on new knowledge—a medical breakthrough. I think it is wise to warn you that this breakthrough is so dramatic that it will probably invalidate all you know, or think you know, about the causes of obesity."

Eat steak, french fried potatoes, and lose weight safely

Revolutionary indeed. Following Dr. Taller's 14-point plan, you will be free from the discouragement — to say nothing of the danger — of the endless chain of diet-gain-diet-gain. And you will be free from the crash diets that more often than not result in a gaunt face (easier for the *calorie*-starved body to break down vital tissue than hard long-stored excess fat) while unaesthetic bulges remain.

With Dr. Taller's new plan — specifically directed at breaking down and burning excess *fat*, you eat well (even piecrust and french fried potatoes) — never know the pangs of hunger, and lose *not just pounds* but, specifically, the bulges you want to lose in order to be pleased with your image in the mirror and the fit of your clothes. And you stay slim.

It is a simple plan. But its rules, though easy to follow, are specific. They are clearly outlined in Dr. Taller's book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT. Read it and liberate yourself, once and for all, from both starvation and overweight.

DR. HERMAN TALLER

Dr. Taller is a noted New York gynecologist and obstetrician. His patients — many of them famous names in the entertainment world — come from all over the country, and even South America, for his treatment. He became interested in reducing for personal reasons. After years of unsuccessful experimentation with standard diets he prescribed one of his own —*and lost 65 pounds in eight months.* His nutrition principles have since gained medical recognition and national attention.

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Let us send you a copy of CALORIES DON'T COUNT to read and use for THIRTY DAYS FREE. Then if you don't agree that Dr. Taller's book is by far the finest, sanest, *best* reducing book you've ever seen, simply send it back and pay nothing.

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A New Kind of First Lady

BY MARGARET MEAD

Mrs. Kennedy's success in Europe last spring touched off a shower of phrases as bright as fireworks on a summer night. President de Gaulle called her *la gracieuse Mme. Kennedy;* in a lighter mood a Parisian newspaper exclaimed, *How sweet she is and how pretty!* Echoing the acclaim of Paris and Vienna and London, Americans described her as a star, a porcelain princess, a long-stemmed American beauty, the First Lady of the Western World.

Her success abroad brought into high relief the new style she is setting in the White House and made people wonder just how much the role of the President's wife would change through the young Mrs. Kennedy.

Unlike the British, who have always been happy to have their royal family symbolize a desirable and graceful way of life for the other families of the realm, Americans have been very grudging in their expectations of a president's wife. It was almost as if we were asking her to make up for the freedom of other American women by remaining inexpressive and colorless.

Style, glamour, patronage of the arts, vivid human responsiveness, have been sought in the wives of financial leaders, college presidents and diplomats, but not in the lady in the White House. Apparently Americans gave up, together with the whole paraphernalia of monarchy, the idea that the pair at the head of the state could be interesting as a couple, that the First Lady could develop her own style within the special framework provided by high office.

Our expectations have changed very little, in fact, from those expressed in an article published in *Outlook* magazine, during the presidential campaign of 1928, describing the neutral functions of the First Lady:

> The intellectual occupations of the First Lady of the Land are largely a matter of personal choice. While many of the world's distinguished scholars and scientists come at one time or another to a White House luncheon, they do not anticipate intellectual conversation. . . . If the President or his wife happen to be familiar with some phase of a guest's work, they are apt to mention it briefly, but they need not even do this. They can keep the conversation within the safe and decorous limits of the weather, the latest exploits of the aviators, and the beauties of Washington.

Mrs. Roosevelt changed much of this. But she did so in ways that

Want something fast and filling and fun?

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Put 2 cans Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls in a casserole. Sprinkle with 3 tbs. bread crumbs, dot with 1 tbs. butter. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 15 to 20 minutes.

Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti and Meat Balls WITH TOMATO SAUCE

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were special to herself and certainly did not set a pattern for her successors. Without advancing any personal claim to respect, she definitely rose to meet the challenges of her position. The moral authority that she so rapidly gained throughout the country, however, was in the tradition of the pioneer American grandmother who felt free, once her own children were grown, to set about putting the community to rights. In this mature, maternal role Mrs. Roosevelt met the youth marchers on Washington and sat knitting while they talked out their rebellion. Her special kind of maturity can be seen even more clearly in the ease with which as a widow she has continued the role she took up as a wife. Like many other societies, American society accords far greater leeway to widows than to wives — even permitting them to carry on activities initiated by their husbands, in whose shadows they were supposed to live quietly as long as their menfolk were on the stage.

Yet, I believe, Mrs. Roosevelt's continuing active presence on the American scene has made it easier for Mrs. Kennedy to live in the White House as a young wife and mother who is allowed simply to gladden the eye of the beholder and is not required to temper delight with reform or to take responsibility for being other than herself. Women's lives divide naturally into two parts. With Mrs. Roosevelt leading the way in carrying the cares of the world on her patient shoulders, Mrs. Kennedy is free for the present to grace the more intimate sphere of home and husband and children. This is one reason, I think, that Americans take such pleasure in her youth, her beauty, her vivacity and warmth, her spirited interest in the arts of living that give women loveliness and make it easier for men to love them.

But this is not the only reason. It is slowly dawning on the American public that Jacqueline Kennedy has a special kind of presence—a combination of qualities that Americans have long admired in young stage and screen stars but have seldom hoped to find in the wives of famous men. Not the least of these qualities, of course, is her youth. For in our country it is the young who express the new ideas and take the leading roles on stage, and their elders who are the spectators. Europeans were captivated by the combination of elegance and youth and beauty in the White House; for Americans the enjoyment comes of having a First Lady young and attractive enough to applaud, to accord the footlights.

Inevitably, Mrs. Kennedy will be attacked as much as she is praised. The very quality that sent crowds in three European capitals thronging to anticipate her every move — that is, her capacity to dramatize her position — lends itself also to accusations of artificiality and an overconscious attention to clothes and appearance. Ironically, the praise and blame are sometimes almost simultaneous, as when Mme. Spanier, a director of the fashion house of Balmain, speaking on the CBS program "Eyewitness to History," declared that "Jackie [has] what the whole world [loves] more than anything else . . . star quality and chic," and only a moment later complained, "We felt it was lacking in dignity for the First Lady of a great country, for the wife of a head of state, to change her hairdo every day."

Mrs. Kennedy's cultivated interest in the arts has a special kind of timeliness. Today Americans are both profoundly self-conscious and proud of their new obligations to be practitioners as well as patrons of the arts. Only recently have we as a nation permitted ourselves to think of culture as something that we could help create rather than imitate or borrow from European tradition. Only in this generation have many Americans permitted themselves to search for style — as distinguished from fashion—in their homes, to enjoy a wide range of aesthetic pleasures, from a well-set table, a sophisticated menu, a gaily decorated room, to ventures in design or painting or music.

It is Europe's homage to Jacqueline Kennedy just at the time when we are beginning to get over our feelings of cultural inferiority that particularly excites Americans. It is, however, because her own interests in art are genuine and vivid that she excites Europeans.

The good fortune of having in the White House at this time a youthful representative of the future can mean for Americans a greater sureness in their tentative groping for beauty, with its roots in feeling and experience. And to a world grown dreary with too much drudgery in suburban homes with little help and many children, the President's wife has brought a charming new model for young wives and mothers to enjoy before they square their shoulders, in middle age, and follow Mrs. Roosevelt to new responsibilities.

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We're rushing the season
And we'd like you to know,
Ours came in September
And is stealing the show.

NAME: Colette Kay
WEIGHT: 8 lb. 9 oz.
20 inches long
PROUD PARENTS: Bob and Eileen Valentine
P.S. Come see us

We were looking forward to the birth of our first baby. Although Colette Kay was born on September 13th, we decided to send valentiue announcements.

MRS. BOB VALENTINE
Wellsburg, Iowa

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

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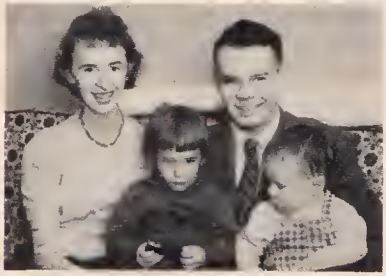
We Married Too Young

We were very much in love and all of our friends envied us. We had to learn the hard way that marriage is for adults only



BY JUDITH A. HILL, Lindenhurst, New Jersey

I was 17 and just graduated from high school and Walt was 20 when we were married.

I had met Walt when I was a junior in high school. He was tall, dark, handsome and studying to be a teacher. What more could I want? He had a part-time job and plenty of money that he seemed anxious to spend on me. We persuaded our families to approve of our engagement at Christmas of my senior year and we were married in a pleasant church ceremony that June.

How proud we were of our maturity! I especially basked in the praise of my friends and congratulated myself on being so "settled." While my classmates were frittering away their time at parties, here I was, *married.* What could be more mature?

Yet as I look back on the tangled mess of the last five years I can see that I was no more ready for marriage than are most 17-year-olds. I expected marriage to be merely a matter of going steady steadily.

We began fighting about all manner of things almost right away. Little things, mostly. Walt thought we should spend Sundays with his mother. I thought he should spend them with me. He wanted to buy a living-room set on the installment plan. My family had never bought anything that way.

When you are engaged you can always kiss away the hurts or the problems and they are gone. Now the little differences lurked in the corners, reappeared, danced on the breakfast table. Still I had no notion that anything was wrong. I was comforted by all the looks of envy from my friends when they admired my rings. And how their eyes widened when I described our adorable little apartment!

Actually, the apartment was a two-room guest wing attached to my parents' home. We didn't mind being dependent upon my family. We were far too immature to have any real desire to be completely on our own; just being able to lock people out seemed to be enough.

In the fall Walt resumed college classes and I enrolled at the same university as a freshman. Being married assured me of having unusual status among my bobby-sox classmates, and I was thrilled with all their questions and the sighs of envy. But their interest in me was short-lived. Within a few months I found that instead of being the center of attention I was left out of many of their activities because of my being married.

At the same time I had no real activities at home. I had never learned to cook and I didn't know that baseboards get just as dirty as tabletops. Walt and I went to classes and studied at night. Walt also had a night job. During our engagement we had talked and talked about the future, about marriage. Now that the future was here and we had attained that ideal state—marriage—there was nothing to talk about.

I decided to have a baby. Although we had planned to postpone starting a family until we had earned our undergraduate degrees, I convinced myself that motherhood would be the final tribute to my maturity. Everyone knows how a baby completes a marriage!

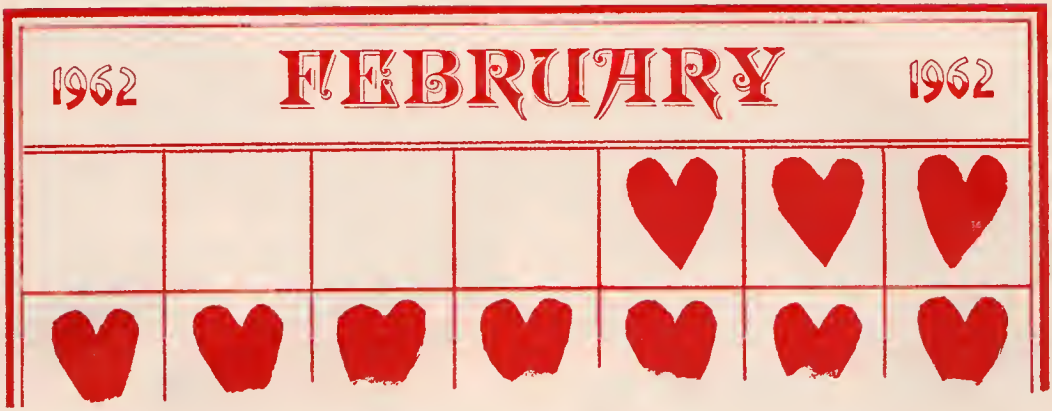
In June I pretended great surprise upon discovering that I was pregnant. Walt was encouraging, sympathetic, and offered a soothing, "We'll manage"; but as the months wore on I noticed he was nervous and depressed.

My greatest moment came when I returned to the campus in September, wearing a smock, to enroll for one final semester. I didn't need the smock yet, but I couldn't resist calling attention to my interesting condition. Once again my friends were starry-eyed.

Meanwhile, Walt was quietly growing up and realizing the magnitude of our impending responsibilities. During the spring semester he finished his student teaching and looked for a job. My attention was centered squarely upon myself and my pregnancy. We never talked. There was no time or topic.

Barbara was born in March. She was and is one of the loveliest children I have seen. I was overwhelmingly impressed with myself. At 19 I was married and had a beautiful baby!

Neither Walt nor I ever mentioned the strange discomfort that had arisen



February's quiz about your heart

February is "Heart Month"—a good time to consider some questions and answers that could make the difference between a heart that will carry on efficiently for a long time or a heart that may falter too soon.

Q. What does overweight do to the heart?

A. Excess pounds put a constant and needless strain on the heart. Eventually its ability to meet the regular demands placed on it is impaired. To help keep your heart healthy, *keep your weight down—permanently.*

Q. Is there any special diet that will protect the heart and blood vessels?

A. There are still many unsettled questions about the relation of diet to diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Authorities generally agree, however, that some limitation on the kind and amount of fat in the diet is desirable. But a healthy person probably should not make drastic changes in his diet without medical advice.

Q. Do stress, strain and tension harm the heart?

A. Anyone who is under constant emotional stress many hours of the day probably runs a greater risk of diseases of the heart and blood vessels than the individual who takes things in his stride. All excesses — emotional and otherwise — certainly do the heart no good.

Q. Does exercise help the heart?

A. Many authorities now believe that the more active you are, the less likely you are to develop coronary heart disease. After middle-age, it is wise to avoid sudden or strenuous activities to which you're unaccustomed. But for your heart —and your health in general—some form of regular physical activity should be continued throughout life.

Q. How often should your heart be checked?

A. Even if you've never had any symptoms that suggest heart trouble, don't neglect a periodic health examination. If your doctor finds that all is well with your heart, think of the comforting assurance you'll have. If, however, something should be amiss, your physician—thanks to new drugs and new treatments—may spare your heart further damage and, with a few sensible restrictions, help you live long and actively.

An informative account of the heart, and how the more common types of heart disease are treated, is presented in Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart.* Use the coupon below for a free copy.

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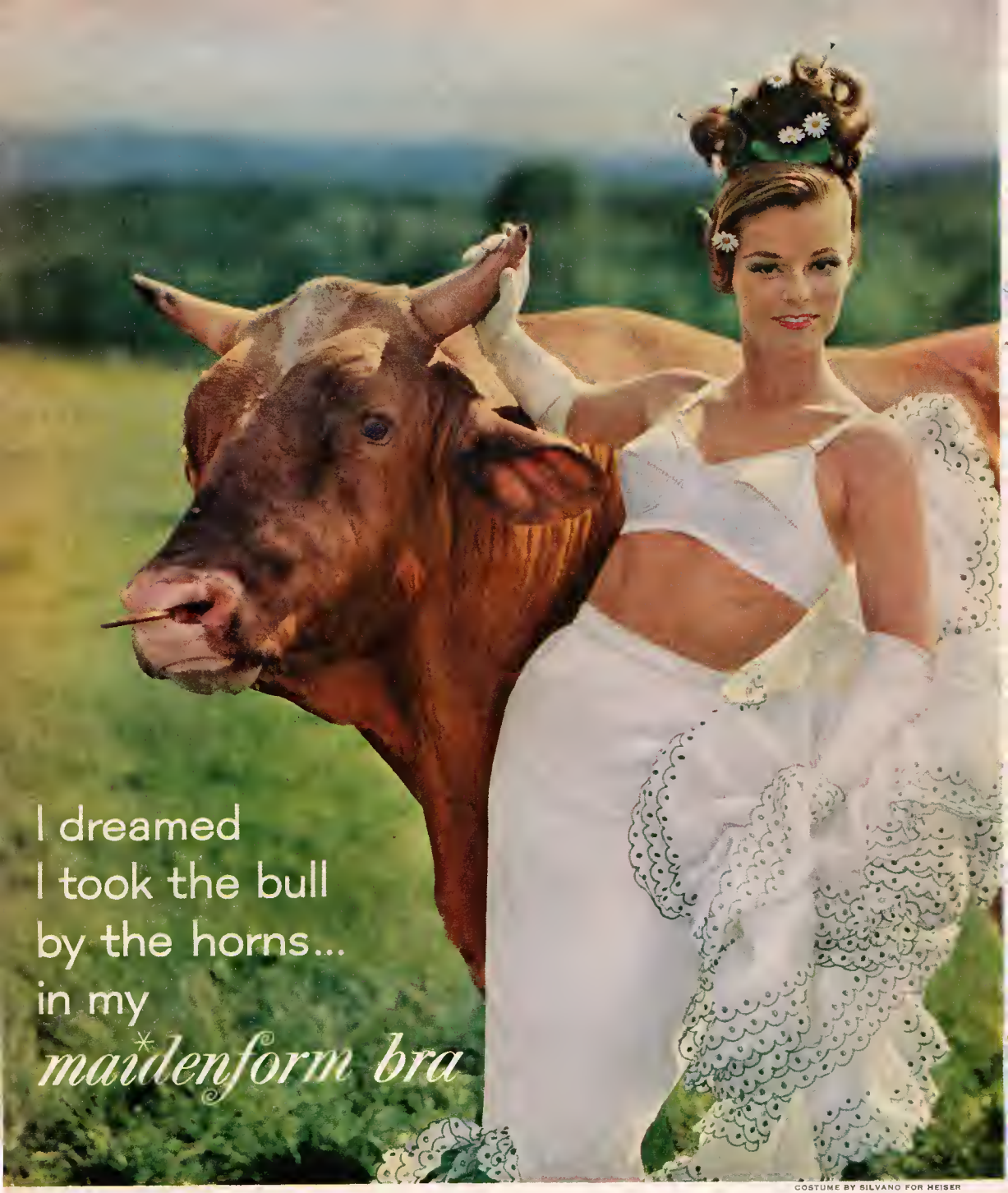

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between us. Walt bad started his regular teaching job and was busy every evening preparing lessons or grading papers. I was busy with diapers and Dr. Spock. I enrolled in some evening classes at tbe university to prove my determination to forge ahead toward my degree, but I soon became bored and dropped out.

When Barbara was nine months old I became pregnant a second time. This too was planned, altbough I feigned amazement to everyone, including Walt. When I look back now, I am incredulous at my own childishness. I still wanted only attention for myself.

Walt didn't even try to pretend joy at the new pregnancy. He was terribly discouraged. He thougbt of looking for a night job, but bis teaching was already requiring too many evenings for meetings and planning. He began eating compulsively and gained over 20 pounds.

We brooded about the prospect of four people in our tiny apartment. As it was, we had Barbara's crib in our closet and had to go to the attic for our clothes. Wbere would we put a second baby?

My father came to our rescue by offering to give us some bonds he had in my name to use for a down payment on a house, if we could find an inexpensive one that we could afford to maintain. Overjoyed, Walt and I started our first mutual endeavor in years—house hunting. We shared ideas and finally decided on a small house just a few miles from Walt's school. We moved in at tbe end of the school year.

Jimmy was born in August and I could cbalk up another achievement. Once again tbe clouds of discouragement disappeared and I convinced myself that all was perfect. I was not yet 21 and Walt was 23, and we bad a cute little house in a reasonably good neigbborhood, two fine children and Walt had a respectable job.

Six months later I was the most miserable person in the world. Walt and I were leading completely separate lives. Tbe children and tbe bouse were fraying my nerves to a breaking point. By now there wasn't even enough extra money for a movie or a drive in the country. The compliments from my family for my achievements only served to make me feel more depressed. My few friends no longer envied me. They pitied me. Wbat was worse, I pitied myself. I had too much too soon. I found myself dreaming of pretty dresses and sparkling necklaces and gay dances—of all the things I had

SUGGESTIONS
we hope prove helpful
by Arlene Jennrich

children love to "work" in the kitchen

It takes a certain amount of patient indulgence on a mother's part, perhaps, but it can be loads of fun all around for boys almost as much as for girls, any time of year.

MANY A TODDLER'S favorite toys are the pots and pans of the kitchen. Next stage is the joy little folks get from turning egg beater or flour sifter. Two of the most prized toys 2-year olds can have are beater and sifter of their own. Get toys or small sized ones.

THREE-YEAR OLDS THINK it's great to wash apples, dry them and shine them up. Another fun job is to put cookies on a plate and pass them. Pre-schoolers can stir gelatin, packaged puddings, and cake mixes. And, they do a pretty good job, (with mother's guidance).

SOME OF THE EARLIEST, simple "cooking" ventures that children can undertake successfully are canned soups, toast, scrambling eggs, making brownies or muffins. With help, a birthday cake can be frosted and decorated by even quite young children.

FOR LITTLE OLDER children, there are easy gelatin molds, simple cookies, cocoa, baking potatoes, and other uncomplicated parts of a meal.

FOR FOOD IDEAS, there are good cookbooks for children at most bookstores and libraries. Many older children get extra pleasure building own recipe files, clipping and collecting.

OF COURSE, it is important that children discover early that working in a kitchen requires clean hands and an apron or another cover-up, and to follow mother's safety rules. A GOOD RULE IS NOT TO "WORK" WITHOUT HER OK.

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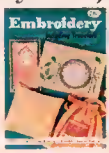

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missed. The dreams became nightmares.

We began to quarrel again almost daily, and each quarrel was more vehement than the last. Anything could set us off. One night Walt pointed disgustedly to a ripple of wrinkles on his shirt collar and I snapped: "Go iron your own shirts." Before we knew it, we both became nearly hysterical. All the little grievances and irritations and all the big hurts and aches came tumbling out. He hated the way I kept house—the piles of unironed clothes, the messy bathroom, the dust on the window sills. I accused him of being a perfectionist, just like his mother. He called my family snobbish. The accusations flew wildly and then came the recriminations.

He blamed me for having children too soon and I said that if it were not for him, I could have finished my education. Finally we each flung the last cruel accusation: "Well, it was *you* who wanted to get married."

With those words our anger slowly ebbed, giving way to sincerity and to frankness. We talked about what it was that we had loved in each other—and admitted that it was still there. We realized how much we had changed. I was no longer the high-school junior and Walt was no longer the college boy. We had married as a boy and a girl but marriage required a man and a woman. Somehow we had to try—and I particularly—to drop that teenage *pose* of marriage and live it as it must be lived—day by day, in a real world, with a real responsibility for giving to each other.

We are learning now to love again, and this time, we hope, as adults. We have made some plans and resolutions too, and we are trying to hew to them. We go out together alone at least once every two weeks. We bathe the children and feed them early so that we can eat alone later. For the first time we have tried to explain, not defend, our families to each other. We are saving for foreign study for Walt and for the completion of my education.

We know how close we came to the fate of most boy-girl marriages and are thankful that we are at least on the way to growing up. ...THE END

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Your Child • by Shirley Camper

When Your Child Won't Share

Small children, especially preschoolers, usually find it difficult to share, and there is good reason for it. A child's toys are extensions of himself; it is through their use, rather than through language, that he often expresses his feelings. Even an old curtain rod (Is it a wand? A conductor's baton? A knight's sword?) may be as valuable to him as a string of pearls is to you. Besides, a child feels less helpless in a large and powerful world when he can control his own belongings. When parents insist that a child share his things, they are often making him give up much more than the object involved. Nonetheless, it is important and it is possible to temper a strong streak of possessiveness.

The first step is to stop feeling ashamed of your child's "selfishness." Worrying about what others may think will not prevent any sharing struggles. Next, you should realize that you will not find a magic cure overnight. The sharing problem will disappear gradually, partly as a result of your child's entering into the give-and-take of playing with other children. In the meantime, however selfish your child seems to be, you should try to have full respect for his rights of ownership. When something is his, it should be *his*—not yours to give away or take back at will.

Sharing your own belongings with your child is a major aid in helping him learn to share his—you can let him use even treasured possessions if you provide definite limits and safeguards. Little Ann is often allowed to parade around the house in her mother's fancy jewelry—as long as she puts everything back in order in the box. Chris's father has begun to show his small son how to put records on a turntable. The freedom to use your possessions will make sharing a more familiar and an easier experience for your child when he in turn must be on the giving end of things.

You can ease the not-sharing situation in other ways. Before visitors arrive, you and your child should put away the toys that mean the most to him. It will help if you have some duplicates among the toys you leave out, or if you present your child and his guest with a few dime-store trinkets that they can use at the same time—balloons, colored chalk, boxes of cards, bubble soap.

In the play activities that you arrange and suggest, you can show your child that he can have a better time and more fun through sharing. Two children playing at the kitchen table with equal amounts of clay and toothpicks to make porcupines or centipedes are not likely to squabble about what's "mine." Many cooperative activities absorb children and bring them pleasure in sharing—having a doll's tea party, cooking on a toy stove, drawing two halves of a picture together, marching in parades with musical instruments to play and toy animals in wagons to pull along and finger-painting at a table.

In spite of your best efforts there still will be times when your child will scream violently and hang on for dear life to some object that another child covets. When this occurs, try first to separate the children and then find a substitute toy or object for the other child and present it to him as a special treat. Even an old compact in your purse might do. Or offer to play some simple game with the other child—building a sand castle, bouncing a ball back and forth, looking for interesting leaves.

Also, let the other child and his mother know that you do not condone unending selfishness. "Jimmy has trouble sharing right now," you can say. "Later he'll be able to share his things and have more fun with other children. In the meantime it *is* Jimmy's toy, and he can keep it to himself if he wants to." Remarks of this sort will help everyone concerned. And most especially, your listening child will have the reassurance that he *may* hold on to his things—but that you will still help him learn to share them with his playmates in gradual and pleasant ways.

the wonderful wonderment of a baby...

bringing up baby®

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

Bright eyes, alight in a beautiful face, are a wonderful sight to behold. (Know anything more appealing than a baby trying to figure out what the world is all about?) But the wonderment of a baby is more than a delight to the eye . . . it's an important part of his (or her) mental development. For what is wonderment but curiosity? And what is curiosity but the key to knowledge?

The eyes that search, the hands that reach and touch, the little ears that listen . . . all help unfold untold mysteries for your baby.

Baby's physical development depends on a well-balanced diet to give the many different nutrients your baby needs. A babyhood basic, Gerber Cereals supply some of the most important food values. Iron for strength and rosy cheeks! Calories for "get-up-and-go"! B-vitamins for appetite and growth! Calcium for sturdy bones and sound teeth. And all these nutritional benefits come in the creamiest form imaginable when the cereals are mixed with milk or formula.

Refreshment unlimited . . . vitamin C guaranteed. That's the good word on the new Gerber Apple-Cherry Juice. Delicately delicious, it has just as much vitamin C as Gerber Orange Juice.

Helping hand dept. Curiosity, so natural to a baby, should be encouraged by exposing him to stimulating objects, play devices and sounds. Like glint and glitter things to look at . . . bright toys to reach for . . . various textured things to hold and touch . . . a spot of sweet music to listen to. Fun for one can be a real educational force.

Delightful story for cuddlers, creepers and toddlers with a vitamin viewpoint. Gerber Strained and Junior fruits have a flair for flavor (sun-kissed 'n scrumptious), provide a variety of vitamins. Have you treated baby to Bananas with Pineapple, or Peaches, lately?

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ALSO IN CANADA

Your Health • by Patricia and Ron Deutsch

Nose troubles

Though an ailing nose may be the most common of human ills, few of us know how the nose works, when it needs a doctor's care, or even how to blow it. Many of us treat our noses with medication that makes them worse, or think we have nose-related ailments (such as sinus trouble) that we do not have at all.

Normally the interior of the nose is moist. It is kept that way by mucus, a protective liquid secreted by the delicate membrane that lines the nose. From the membrane grow myriad *cilia*, tiny, hairlike threads that wave to and fro, moving the mucus in a steady stream to wash away foreign matter. The mucus flows from the tip of the nose toward the bridge, then downward to the throat. There it is swallowed or expectorated. (Contrary to popular belief, swallowing mucus is harmless. It cannot cause bad breath or upset stomach.)

Most of us associate nasal ills with too little or too much mucus and with, perhaps, a swollen feeling in the nose. Few of us know that the stuffed-up, swollen feeling—often accompanied by a damming of the mucus flow that makes us want to sneeze or blow our noses—is not caused by blocked mucus but by swelling of the *turbinates*.

The turbinates are a pair of balloon-like structures high inside the nose, honeycombed with blood vessels. Their main purpose, some doctors believe, is to regulate the temperature of the air we breathe before it enters our respiratory tract. The swelling of the turbinates may be the body's attempt to slow the intake of cold air, or it may be a way of keeping irritants out of the respiratory passages.

Irritants—pepper, for instance—can make the turbinates swell, as can a cold, a virus, local infection, or what doctors call *vasomotor sensitivity*. The latter may be an allergic response to food, dust or pollen. Or it may be an allergylike response to emotion, stress or even changes in weather.

Allergies

If you have chronic nasal discomfort or acute trouble that lasts as long as two weeks, you should see a doctor. He will examine your nasal passages with a lighted instrument and ask questions. If your problem is a special sensitivity—as most chronic nose troubles are—his questions alone may reveal the diagnosis. If the doctor is in doubt, he may examine nasal secretions under a microscope to look for *eosinophils*, tiny blood cells that appear in the presence of allergic reactions.

Sensitivity to what? Your doctor will first try to answer that through detailed questions. If this fails, he may order a series of tests. But if the trouble is not severe, he may decide to spare you the bother and expense of testing, and treat your symptoms instead.

The treatment may consist simply of deep breathing, since that alone sometimes helps shrink swollen membranes and turbinates. Or your doctor may recommend breathing steam or menthol fumes for the same purpose.

Non-oily nose drops and sprays are also helpful. They usually contain an astringent—such as ephedrine or Neosynephrine—which causes the swollen blood vessels of membranes and turbinates to contract. They probably won't contain antibiotics or antihistamines, since these substances may irritate nasal membranes when they are applied directly to them. Your doctor may, however, prescribe antihistamines in pill form.

If your sensitivity reactions are frequent or severe, the doctor may destroy some of the tiny blood vessels in the turbinates to limit their ability to swell. This can be done painlessly in the doctor's office with electric needles or chemicals. Occasionally it is necessary to remove sections of the turbinates by surgery.

Infections

If a nasal discharge is thick instead of watery, the chances are that the cause is a local infection. Such infections frequently occur in irregularities of the *septum*, the wall between the two passages in your nose. Straightening the septum, or even the entire nose, may be necessary to stop recurring infection, and this requires hospital surgery. Fortunately, much more simple treatment usually works. Your doctor swabs the infected spot with disinfectants, then shrinks the swollen areas with medication.

Since accidents often cause deformities inside the nose, it is important to

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check with a doctor any time you sustain an injury that causes the nose to swell or turn black and blue. This is particularly important with children, for prompt and proper treatment often can prevent conditions that will cause chronic disability in later life.

Sinus Trouble

Some chronic nose trouble is caused by infected sinuses. The sinuses are cavities in the skull whose function is unknown. It is variously thought that their purpose may be to reduce the weight of the head or that the air spaces may act as sounding boards for the voice, or even that they act as a buffer to protect more delicate tissues inside the skull.

The sinuses are lined with mucus membranes and normally the mucus drains into the nose or throat. If drainage is blocked, mucus may dam up and produce pains in the cheeks, forehead or upper teeth.

Sinuses may become infected during colds, but the trouble usually clears up without treatment. If the symptoms linger for two weeks, you should see a doctor. With shrinking or disinfecting drugs he can clear the tiny sinus openings so that the cavities will drain. In a few cases surgery may be needed to promote drainage.

One way to avoid sinus infection is to blow your nose properly. Never press one nostril shut. Blow gently, with both nostrils open, or you may force mucus into an ear or sinus.

Prevention of Nose Troubles

How else can you care for your nose? Put nothing into it except suitable medication. The membranes are easily hurt. Constant irritation from city fumes, smoking, swimming or from anything that washes away normal mucus can provoke nose troubles. Doctors urge swimmers to wear nose clips.

If you have a mild cold or other slight nasal trouble, it is safe to treat yourself with non-oily drops or sprays —provided you do so for only a few days. With prolonged use these medications may dry up mucus, leaving you open to infection.

You can also take antihistamine pills, but stay at home if you do. Antihistamines may make you feel so much better than you really are that you will spread your cold or prolong it because of too much activity.

Don't neglect chronic nose trouble or a complaint that lasts more than two weeks. Neglect can cause the turbinates to become chronically swollen, or can result in the scarring of nasal membranes or the growth of tumors. (Chronic bloody discharge can mean a tumor and should be reported to a doctor without delay.) The earlier a doctor treats an ailing nose, the less damage there is to repair.

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NEW MOVIES

Even the real pageantry of Queen Elizabeth's coronation was no more splendid than Samuel Bronston's production of "El Cid," probably the handsomest film ever shown. The lavishness of the costumes and sets is overwhelming in the battle scenes and banquets, in a wedding and a coronation. The Spanish scenery, the eleventh-century castles and the sky effects at various times of night and day are breathtaking in their beauty.

The story of "El Cid" is based on the career of a legendary hero who in the eleventh century devoted his life to uniting Spain and defeating her enemies. Rodrigo de Bivar *(Charlton Heston)* was given the title El Cid, meaning "lord," by the Moors in recognition of his fearlessness. He was also acclaimed champion after winning a terrifying combat against a knight of Aragon for the city of Calahorra. This episode has been made into one of the most exciting scenes in the film. El Cid's marriage to the beautiful Chimene *(Sophia Loren)* is one of the great romances of Spanish history.

The combination of Albert Mann's direction, the camera work of Robert Krasker, who filmed "Henry V" and "Romeo and Juliet," and an unusually talented supporting cast makes "El Cid" a fine spectacle. *(Allied Artists)*

"A View From the Bridge," one of Arthur Miller's most successful plays, has been produced all over the world. According to reports, Mr. Miller feels that the film version of this play is the finest movie made from any of his dramas. It is a realistic film, reminiscent of "On the Waterfront" and "Marty" in its honesty and authenticity. It is the story of Eddie *(Raf Vallone)* and Beatrice Carbone *(Maureen Stapleton)*, and her niece Catherine *(Carol Lawrence)*. Eddie is a longshoreman who has been overprotective of Catherine and who refuses to recognize that she has grown up and is entitled to a life of her own. He resents the attention paid her by Rodolpho *(Jean Sorel)*, a young immigrant who has entered the country illegally. Beatrice tries to bring Eddie to his senses but fails. And he never realizes that it is his insane jealousy that drives him to a tragic end.

This is a powerful film, and Carol Lawrence, famed as the star of the stage musical "West Side Story," is excellent as a dramatic actress in her movie debut. *(Continental)*

On the musical side, "Flower Drum Song," the screen version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway success, is as bright and gay as its setting, San Francisco. It's a story of young Chinese-Americans. Nancy Kwan is most attractive as a nightclub entertainer; and Miyoshi Umeki, pert and appealing as an immigrant bride-to-be, runs away with the film. *(Universal)*

Walt Disney's production of Victor Herbert's musical "Babes in Toyland" has some interesting effects but seems almost too old-fashioned for today's hep bubble-gum set. *(Buena Vista)*

Anyone looking for laughs will find plenty of them in Billy Wilder's slick production of "One, Two, Three." James Cagney stars as the head of the Coca-Cola plant in West Berlin. He gets into trouble when his boss's daughter pays him a visit, falls in love and marries an East Berlin Communist. Cagney's frantic efforts to straighten things out are funny, but the satire of Americans during the Berlin crisis is sometimes disturbing. *(UA)*

Frank Capra has recaptured some of Damon Runyon's Broadway in his remake of "Lady for a Day." Now called "A Pocketful of Miracles," it stars Bette Davis as Apple Annie, a Broadway beggar whose pals among the bums and underworld make her a lady overnight. It's fantasy and fun, and Miss Davis makes the most of a big part. *(United Artists)*

"Sail a Crooked Ship" goes off course as a ship and as a comedy, even though Ernie Kovacs does his best in this hit about bank robbers who steal a ship from the U. S. Navy's mothball fleet. The film is at its funniest when a hurricane strikes. *(Columbia)*

Deborah Kerr is excellent as the frightened governess in "The Innocents," an elegant new version of Henry James's horror story, "The Turn of the Screw," which was played on TV by Ingrid Bergman. Martin Stephens and Pamela Franklin are remarkable as the children. *(20th-Fox)*

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WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

EXCITING FOLK SINGERS

The long-continuing boom in recorded collections of folk songs is probably the happiest development that has ever occurred in popular music. Through all of the past six or seven years, albums of this sort have held high places on the best-seller lists—first several in a row by Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor), then a series now totaling ten by the Kingston Trio (Capitol), and finally the first two by the Limeliters (RCA). At our house these wholesome songfests have completely won three kids of teen age and younger from the blatant call of rock 'n' roll, and at the same time given adults of all ages, resident and visiting, many hours of rich and relaxing listening.

By now you've certainly heard enough samplings of the best sellers to know which are for you, and maybe you're ready to go on, as we have, to explore the wealth of recordings by other artists whose work so far has been known chiefly to relatively small audiences of devotees.

The one such disc that I would recommend most heartily, even to people who think they don't like folk music, is "Joan Baez," on Vanguard. Miss Baez *(Bye-ezz)*, of Mexican-Irish parentage, was reared and schooled in New York, Palo Alto and Boston. She began to sing and play guitar in her early teens, made a show-stopping appearance at the first Newport Folk Festival in 1959, has since sung at the second one, on the CBS-TV "Folk Sound, U.S.A.," and in concerts at colleges. Though only 20, she is an outstanding representative of the new wave of young folk singers who don't follow either commercial trends or the cult of traditionalism. In her first solo album she sings 12 old favorites, such as "Silver Dagger," "House of the Rising Sun" and "Henry Martin," and one Mexican story song, all with great fidelity to their original spirit but with an intensely personal style that makes them utterly fresh and her own. That style is a miracle of beauty and grace—a surpassingly sweet, pure, crystal-clear soprano, young, natural, yearning, tender and—though she's had little formal training—exquisitely controlled and refined. Her own and another guitar complement the thrillingly delicate flow of her voice with deft, caressing and dramatic understatements.

Miss Baez shares the middle ground of folk-singing with so many other fine artists that there's space here only to list a few of their recent albums that you're likely to enjoy, and to suggest that you explore further in the lists of companies that are strong on folk music—Vanguard, Elektra (the new Prestige/International series) and, more esoteric, Folkways.

"The Weavers at Carnegie Hall." A 20-song anthology of native and foreign evergreens—among them "Darling Corey," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," "Wimoweh" and "Hush, Little Baby"—by the longest-established group going as well as one of the most rewarding.

"Come and Go With Me," by Ronnie Gilbert. The first solo set by the one female in the Weavers quartet, with their instrumental backing, singing "In the Evening," "House in New Orleans," "Go From My Window," two songs of the Spanish Civil War and eight others.

"Ballad for Americans and Other American Ballads," by Odetta. The strongest, richest, most varied and moving female voice in American folk music in a definitive performance of the Robinson-LaTouche cantata, a modern classic in the folk idiom, with chorus and orchestra; and in stirring re-creations of eight songs old and new, including "This Land," "Hush, Little Baby" and "Going Home," to her own guitar accompaniment. (This and the two above on Vanguard.)

"Story Songs," by Pete Seeger. The latest of many recordings, and the first of several on Columbia, by a charter member of the Weavers who ranks at the very top as singer, banjoist and guitarist. This baker's dozen of American ballads, though not widely familiar, is delivered with the rousing zest and clarity, humor and warmth that cause Seeger audiences to join in the fun in public and at home.

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HOLLY SPRINGS – April 26-29
"Centennial Days of Remembrance"

CORINTH – Pageant – April 6-7
"Crossroads of the Confederacy"

VICKSBURG –
June 2-3
La.-Miss. Days
July 20-21
Texas Days
Aug. 17-18
Confederate States Days

"Beauvoir" – last home of Jefferson Davis. Gulf Coast

1962 PILGRIMAGES

NATCHEZ–March 3-April 1, 1962
VICKSBURG–March 2-April 14, 1962
HOLLY SPRINGS–April 27-29, 1962
PORT GIBSON–March 17-April 1, 1962
COLUMBUS–March 31-April 8, 1962
GULF COAST–March 17-29, 1962

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UNEMPLOYMENT

Somehow I just can't be too understanding of this couple in "You Have to Live Through It to Understand" *(November)*. First of all, what is an unemployed couple doing living in an $88.50 duplex? Surely they could have found something cheaper, although without a job it is next to impossible to pay any kind of rent. And what are they doing spending $20 a week on food alone? My husband has been steadily employed since he was 14! He has been employed at a local mill and makes $2.48 an hour after ten years' seniority. Twenty dollars a month is all we ever spend on groceries, so I know there is someplace this couple could cut down.

NAME WITHHELD

The story "You Have to Live Through It to Understand" was so heartwarming and down-to-earth that I just had to let you know how much I enjoyed it. My husband and I really feel for the couple, as we *have* lived through it! It takes a story or experience such as this to make you really thankful for what you have.

MRS. LARRY BECK
ODESSA, TEXAS

Arthur W. Tvedt, Jr., is the owner of an English car, and he is wondering why the American employment problem?

HELENE VAN
PITTSBURGH, PA.

THUMBSUCKERS

After reading "The Day We Threw the Blanket Out" *(November)* I want to say "Bravo!" to Mrs. Hege for having the courage to use good sense. I too have been through these experiences. I find that the bigger the thing is built up, the longer the habit sticks. . . . If it is ignored or treated casually, the child usually forgets or drops the habit. Each child is an individual and has to be treated according to his or her personality.

MRS. GEORGE ALLEN
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Being the mother of two thumbsuckers, I can sympathize with Mrs. Hege. Like her, I also learned that with some children you just can't take their blanket, pillow, sweater or whatever from them. It seems the more you

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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL

draw attention to this problem, the worse it gets. I finally learned not to try to discourage it. Possibly this article will let the "lecturers" have a small peek at why some mothers don't break the "habit" of their children.

MRS. MAUREEN MATHIEU
FITCHBURG, MASS.

PERSECUTED MAN

This is somewhat of a thank-you note for the superb article about Mr. Charles Van Doren—"Charles Van Doren: Aftermath of a Scandal" *(November)*. I have scanned many magazines in past months looking for something unbiased and true about this much-persecuted man. Thanks to you, I have found it. He can count on this family for sure—myself, my husband and two grown sons who have always respected him and have missed him. That this man should have to hide his light under a bushel is almost a crime in itself.

MRS. EDWARD P. GRANT
CANTON, OHIO

Thank you for the article about Charles Van Doren by Alan Levy. I wonder if the critics who sit in judgment on that young man ever read: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone" . . . ? (John 8:7) Why should that talented young man have to write under pseudonyms? What of the others who were part of the deception? I am sure Charles Van Doren has more than suffered for his error, so why keep looking back? It is no part of the present.

MRS. M. R. LONG
BURBANK, CALIF.

I have just finished reading the article "Aftermath of a Scandal and I feel that it depicted Mr. Van Doren in a very unrealistic light. How can it be said that a person of Mr. Van Doren's intelligence was the innocent dupe of theatrical shenanigans? As a high-school student, I deeply resent the fact that anyone expects us to believe that an adult of Mr. Van Doren's caliber participated in this hoax and called it an honest mistake. At the age of sixteen, I think my parents have taught me a truer concept of loyalty and integrity.

DIANA BUSH

WRITING CONTEST

On the anniversary of REDBOOK's participation for many years as a judge and prize-donor in the Hospitalized Veterans Writing Contest, we wish to thank you for your cooperation with this program. Your contribution is significant; many veterans will attest to it. These are not just short stories which have been submitted to you for judging; they represent hours of profitable and interesting thinking and writing which aided in the rehabilitation of each patient who made the effort.

BRIGADIER GENERAL RALPH G. DEVOE
U.S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS (Retired)

A COMMON ERROR

Your article "Uproar Over the Modern Minister's Beliefs" *(November)* contained a common error confusing the "Immaculate Conception" as meaning the "Virgin Birth." Actually the Immaculate Conception means that Mary was immaculately conceived herself, i.e. without the taint of original sin in the womb of her mother, St. Anne. Thus the Blessed Mother told St. Bernadette: "I am the Immaculate Conception," not: "I conceived immaculately." While this dogma too may be rejected by the young Protestant seminarians, it still differs from the Virgin Birth or the conception of Christ.

JACK HOLMAN
GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.

Many readers have taken the trouble to point out this mistake in our November article "Uproar Over the Modern Minister's Beliefs." We are grateful to these readers and we apologize for our error. THE EDITORS

RESPONSE TO SURVEY

The response to the survey of theological students' beliefs in "The Surprising Beliefs of Our Future Ministers" *(August)* was largely unfavorable, I think, because persons who agree (like ourselves) see nothing unusual and aren't moved to write. We have especially enjoyed the articles by the Robbinses and hope to see more; in fact, these were what first attracted our attention to REDBOOK.

MR. AND MRS. C. R. CHAPMAN
PEORIA, ILL.

ABSENCE OF GOOD TASTE?

I have just finished a story in the November 1961 issue entitled "A Year to Learn the Language," by Irwin Shaw. It seemed to show an absence of good taste and of public responsibility on the part of the editors of REDBOOK. I was disappointed.

(MISS) ROBERTA C. FENN
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Address LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Herbert Sondheim's dreams begin with a *maidenform girdle*

the dream of a dress

Mischievous and slightly mad fashion to go flirting in. Herbert Sondheim's dropped-handkerchief skirt (a feminine wile if there ever was one) swings and sways with giddy abandon. What makes this exciting fashion tick: choicest black silk lorganza and secret pal—the new Maidenform girdle beneath!

the dream of a girdle...*in Lycra!*

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HERBERT SONDHEIM, WIDELY RESPECTED FASHION EXPONENT OF HIGH STYLE

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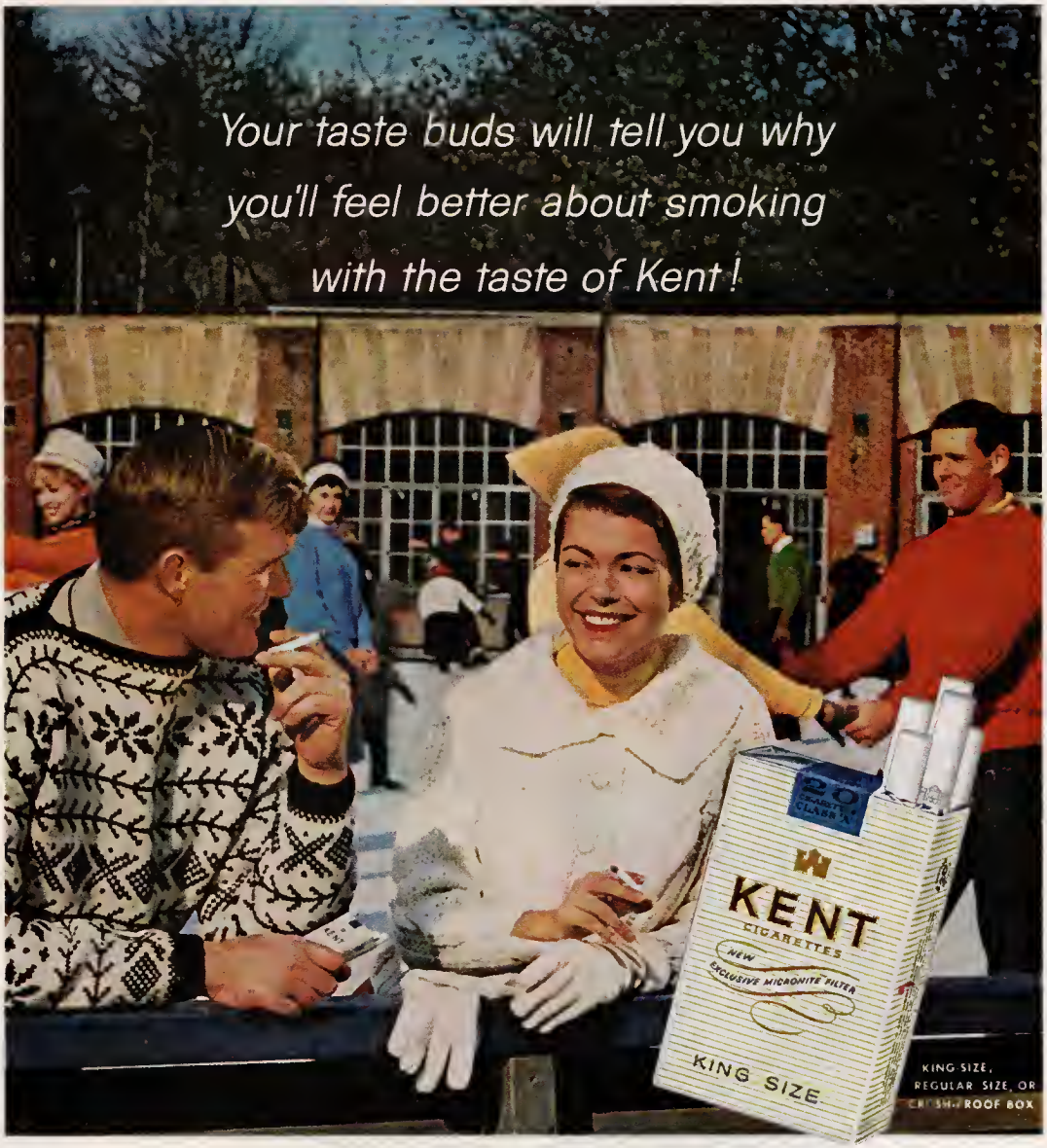
Power Net Elastic: Nylon, Acetate, Lycra Spandex. Satin Elastic: Acetate, Lycra Spandex, Nylon



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A QUEEN'S TRAGEDY

by QUEEN DINA,
as told to Robert Glenton
and Stella King

The former wife of King Hussein tells the incredible story of her brief marriage, her secret divorce and her struggle to regain the child she has not been allowed to see for four years

It was the Wedding of the Year.

In 1955 when young King Hussein of Jordan married the beautiful Princess Dina Abdulhamid el Awn of Egypt, the world, especially the Middle Eastern world, was pleased.

King Hussein had made a wise choice. Besides her beauty the new queen had the same royal blood. She and the king both were members of the ancient Hashemite family, which is descended from the Prophet Mohammed and has provided most of the rulers of the Middle East for centuries.

She was at the same time a leader of that spirit of emancipation that was stirring the youth of the Arab nations.

It should have been a good marriage. But two years later Queen Dina was back at her parents' home in Cairo, never to return to her adopted country. King Hussein had secretly divorced her.

The queen left behind her the sadness of the king's subjects, who had grown to love and respect her . . . and a little daughter, Princess Aliya.

For four years Queen Dina has been living for the day when she might see her daughter again.

Once her hopes were higher. She had powerful relatives who might in time have persuaded

King Hussein to relent and to share his daughter. But those relatives, King Faisal and Prince Abdul Illah of Iraq, were assassinated in an army revolt in 1958, and there is no one for her to turn to.

Until now Queen Dina has kept the story of her marriage and her loneliness to herself.

Because she loves Jordan she is reluctant to say anything that would hurt its people or the king who abruptly divorced her.

But she feels a growing responsibility to her daughter. The little princess is five years old now, and at an age when she must begin to question with more intensity the absence of a mother from her life.

It is because of her deep concern for the welfare of her child that Queen Dina has at last decided to grant an interview. In telling her story the queen was reluctant to volunteer any personal details, and these were elicited only by persistent questions from the writers. Her only motive for breaking her silence is the hope that public feeling in Jordan and the outside world will persuade King Hussein that it is right that she should share in the life of their daughter. —THE EDITORS

It is true that I had been reluctant to marry my third cousin, King Hussein of Jordan.

I first met him at Christmas, 1944, when I was traveling with my family to visit another cousin, King Faisal of Iraq. On the way we had stopped at Amman and called at the Royal Palace. We had luncheon together.

Hussein was a good-looking boy of 9 and I was 16.

Our first meeting was not at all notable. He was very shy and at that time I was excessively reserved, so we didn't have a great deal to say to each other. I must have been a very solemn young girl. My conception of belonging to a royal family was not the privilege of position but that of the service one could give. I was very much hoping to spend my future life at work that would be useful and valuable. At 16 *(Continued on page 120)*

Queen Dina's marriage to King Hussein* (left) *in 1955 lasted only two years. In May, 1961, he married Toni Gardiner* (above), *a 20-year-old British girl.

SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH CALLIE

"Your little girl needs help at once," the psychiatrist said. And all I could think was: Callie is in trouble—and it's my fault

The author of this article has asked that her name be withheld in order to protect the privacy of her family.

As I pass her open door our 11-year-old daughter Callie stands in front of the mirror admiring herself. She is brushing her ash-blonde hair into a silken ponytail that will bounce along as she walks. When I remind her that she is due for her violin lesson in 15 minutes and that she must tidy her room first, she exclaims explosively and irrelevantly: "I'm glad to be alive, Mommy!"

She'll be late. She's always late. But in spite of my ritual irritation, I have to smile at this child whose pleasure in the moment can hardly be contained in her lithe young body.

I could not always smile at Callie or laugh about her childish foibles. There was a time when Callie could reduce me to tears of despair. At three she literally tyrannized our household with temper tantrums, crying spells and never-ending demands. Her behavior worked like a malevolent yeast to destroy the serenity and good humor of our home. The smallest daily encounter with Callie was likely to become a crisis. Her conduct disturbed me so deeply that I wondered in secret panic whether I did, or could, love this child of mine.

We took Callie to a child-guidance center when my husband Chris and I conceded that we could no longer handle her.

The contrast between Callie at three—impossible to live with, difficult to love—and Callie today—at home with herself and with us, on the verge of physical loveliness and a lively future—is a story of psychotherapy. It is a heartening story, but one full of question marks and of pain.

In three and a half years Callie went through the hands of a child psychiatrist, a social worker and two child analysts—and Chris and I went through a hell of doubt, confusion and self-accusation.

How did the trouble start? How did it end? How does one feel to accept "help" with one's own child? (We had adopted Callie when she was seven days old, but we certainly thought of her as our own.) What happens to the mother's authority when the child is in treatment? These are a few of the questions I've often been asked. I can answer only from *my* point of view. Callie, if she could, might tell the story differently. And the therapists who worked with Callie, as we shall see, did not even agree professionally among themselves. If Callie's experience seems to beg as many questions as it answers, I can only report that our groping and uncertainty were as much a part of the years in therapy as our final relief and gratitude at the results.

By the time Callie turned three she had become what we used to call a "handful"—resistant to routines, allergic to dos or don'ts. She would simply stall the first time she was asked to do or not to do something. On the second try she would give us a cold blue stare of defiance. And when pressed too hard she would eventually take cover in a storm of tears that held more anger than salt.

Not a pretty portrait of a child! Yet photographs of the time show Callie digging in the sandbox, riding her tricycle, climbing agilely to the top of the slide—astonishingly blonde and graceful, an enchanting child absorbed in childish businesses. There is, of course, no snapshot of the third dimension—the emotional turmoil corroding our nerves. I remember waking reluctantly each morning with a hangover from the previous day's despair, resolving: "I will not let Callie make me cry today. I will not scream like a fishwife." But my resolutions would crumble each day as the familiar cycle of misbehavior, anger, recriminations and tears gathered its inevitable momentum.

I speak of "our" nerves and say "we" needed help; but in reality the tempest centered around Callie and me, leaving Chris to receive a kind of backwash from both of us. Callie was largely my problem.

Why didn't I give Callie a whack on the behind and *make* her behave? If I could have done this, as simply and forthrightly as I can now ask the question, perhaps—but only perhaps—we would never have had to resort to professional consultation. But my hand was held in a network of personal and theoretical constraints. I was *afraid* to be tough with Callie—afraid that if I spanked her bottom, I might injure her ego. Eight years ago in enlightened *(Continued on page 140)*

I was drowsing a hundred yards off the Boca Grande beach when I heard a female halloo above the gentle surf sound. I rolled off my back and squinted through the hot November sunlight. I didn't recognize the girl on the beach until I saw the old red pickup parked next to my jeep, and then I knew it was Mary Dawes, so I swam in with more eagerness than I was willing to let her see.

She is one of those rangy redheads with a lot of drive and independence. She owns a swampy little twenty-acre island down in Pine Island Sound, with an ancient cottage on it and a slightly less elderly guest cottage. When her grandfather's estate was divided among a whole platoon of heirs, she got the island. It has a good artesian well on it, but there's no phone and no electricity, so it is more primitive than most people will put up with.

Mary is a junior partner in a New York industrial-design firm specializing in consumer packaging. It is a high-pressure operation and she is supposed to be good at it. A couple or three times a year she comes down to the island, where she can work without any interruption.

She stood with a poised impatience on the beach.

"Barney, do you have a charter tomorrow?" she demanded anxiously.

"Not until Friday, and even that seems too soon."

"Well, you'll have to figure out some kind of rate. My sister was coming down and she can't make it. She collects hopeless idiots *(Continued on page 113)*

AN ISLAND OF HER OWN

Marriage wasn't for her; she was happy with her career and her secluded retreat. But if one man believed her, another didn't

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY LORRAINE FOX

The oldest brother of brothers: "He likes to be in charge. He is a good worker but an even better director of the work of others."

The oldest sister of sisters: "If she has no one to take care of, she may feel useless and depressed. She is a difficult girl for men to approach."

The oldest brother of sisters: "His philosophy is live and let live. Work is one thing; recreation, women and love are another."

The oldest sister of brothers: "She looks after the men in her life. If she arouses antagonism, it may be because she tends to be patronizing."

Are you the youngest, the oldest or the middle child? Here is a fascinating new theory that explains HOW BROTHERS AND SISTERS SHAPE YOUR LIFE

One mother quarrels most frequently with her youngest daughter; another quarrels most frequently with the oldest. In one family the husband prefers to have his wife make important decisions; in another the wife defers to her husband's judgment. Of two sisters, one delights in being the center of attention and the second prefers keeping to herself.

Is there any comparatively simple way of making clear why people in a normal family react to one another and to outsiders as they do? And is it possible to anticipate future reactions?

Viennese-born psychoanalyst Walter Toman, 41-year-old associate professor of psychology at Brandeis University, believes that there is. On the basis of his ten years of clinical research and a study of the family structures of 400 individuals, Dr. Toman is convinced that important clues to many of the mysteries of human relationships—of why one adult responds to another as he does—can be found by learning how each individual *as a child* compared in age and sex with all other members of his family.

Is a girl, for example, the oldest or youngest child in a family? Does she have older or younger sisters? Older or younger brothers? Or both? Or is she an only child? And was her mother the oldest or youngest in her family? What about her father?

A commonsense investigation of the family as a social unit is one way, Dr. Toman feels, of throwing light on why people behave as they do — with employers, with husbands and wives, with their children. Dr. Toman's theory, which he has presented in detail in a book to be published this month by the Springer Publishing Company under the title *Family Constellations*, consists simply of this: New relationships formed outside the family will be conditioned by older relationships within the family circle.

Dr. Toman carries his theory one step further. He maintains that the closer the new relationships come in kind to the old ones—to those experienced with mother, father, brothers and sisters—the better a person will be prepared for the new ones, and other things being equal, the greater the likelihood that these relationships will last and be successful.

Two brief examples: If a man with a younger sister marries a woman with an older brother, they are getting in marriage the same kind of age and sex pattern they had at home. He is used to a girl his junior and she is used to a boy her senior; hence (if their early relationships were reasonably happy), they should have an easier time than other couples in adjusting to each other.

But if a man with a younger sister marries a woman with a younger brother, conflict can result from each one's trying to assume the senior role.

In families with just two children, eight brother-and-sister combinations are possible. A boy can have either an older or younger brother or an older or younger sister. A girl can be paired in the same ways. Each of these eight basic combinations produces a boy or a girl who, according to Dr. Toman, grows up with a unique set of personality traits.

The boy with an older brother will be quite different from the boy with a younger brother or with an older or younger sister. The girl who has a younger brother will be different from the girl with a younger sister or with an older brother or sister.

Dr. Toman describes these eight basic brother-and-sister types. Because these descriptions are composite portraits derived from actual cases of specific individuals, they include familiar personality traits, and yet it is quite unlikely that any particular person will find himself described in all details.

In reading the sketches that follow, the reader should keep in mind that they do not represent any final standard against which a person should measure himself or which he can use to judge anyone else. They may, however, offer some insight into what makes people behave as they do, and in them the

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY BASS

reader may recognize something of himself or of his friends and members of his family.

The oldest brother of brothers often tries to be a leader. He likes to be in charge, or at least to be a member of the leading clique. He is a good worker but an even better director of the work of others. He enjoys teaching them what to do and how to do it. He can inspire them and take the greatest hardships on himself, becoming even stronger as he does so and delighting in the strength and the conscious exercise of his will and self-control.

Although he identifies himself with people in positions of authority, he often mocks them with sarcastic comments. When he must serve in a subordinate position he is happiest under a person who does not act with great authority and preferably someone who will accept his unobtrusive guidance.

With women he acts tough. He scoffs at romance and tender emotions, yet is romantically pleased if women fall in love with him. He tends to treat girls like younger brothers. In fact, he prefers them to be boyish even in appearance. But the truth may be that, although he cannot admit it, he is searching for the one among them who will belie her appearance and behave in a "motherly" way.

His best match would be with a girl who had older brothers, who had learned to act somewhat like a boy herself and yet who admired and adored boys—or, more precisely, just one boy: him. She should be his inferior in two ways—in being a youngest sister and in being "only" a girl.

Generally, however, a girl who is the youngest after several boys has been spoiled rather than disciplined. Instead of being coerced to adore and obey males, she has learned to be adored by them. Thus under normal circumstances she will not readily respond to the oldest brother of brothers.

He may get along adequately with a woman with younger brothers, since he is partly and secretly looking for a mother—the only female, after all, that he has ever had in his family. Their chief problem would be to resolve the conflict over who outranks whom. He may be happy with middle sisters, too, if they have older brothers, or with an only child whose mother was a youngest sister. His worst match would be with the oldest sister of sisters.

The arrival of children, especially boys, makes life easier for him under all circumstances, and for his wife too, unless she comes from a family of girls only. He is genuinely concerned about the welfare of his wife and children but tends to be too strict and bossy.

The oldest sister of sisters can stand on her own feet, can take care of others and will, whenever possible, act as a boss. She may pretend to be surer of herself than she is and talk with certainty and finality.

She is a responsible and competent worker and she "gets things done." This is particularly true when she holds some position of leadership, whether officially or not. She tends to identify with her superior, who must be male if she is to accept his authority.

She cares less about wealth and possessions than about "her" people, which includes her children and anyone else who submits to her reign. If she has no one to take care of and direct, she may feel useless and depressed. The fact that she behaves somewhat like a male makes it difficult for girls under her control to identify with her and hard for boys to love her. They rather fear her and often co-operate simply to avoid her wrath.

For similar reasons she is a difficult girl for men to approach. She rebuffs advances for quite a while, and generally appears so strong and independent that no matter how beautiful she is, men do not think of her as a woman who wants to be conquered.

Her best match would be a man with older sisters only. He would tolerate her domineering manner and might even welcome it.

The oldest sister of sisters may also get along well enough with a middle brother who has an older sister or with a youngest brother of brothers or even an only child. Her poorest match would be with an oldest brother of brothers.

No matter how satisfactorily she marries, the arrival of children offers a special relief to her. She can then let go of her husband and devote her energy to the children. She tends to be a proud, powerful and protective mother.

The oldest brother of sisters is likely to be a ladies' man. Whether he plays the part earnestly or lightly, he is fundamentally absorbed in his role as a lover. If necessary, he will undergo stress and hardship, but at the end of the road there must be a woman—or two or more. He is kind and considerate and can court a woman for a long time without getting discouraged, and he is seldom, if ever, ashamed of what he does for a woman.

He is a good worker as long as there are female colleagues. He prefers a superior position to a subordinate one simply because it makes it easier for him to establish relationships with women and enjoy their company almost at will. Since he wishes to guard any privileges he has won, he is a responsible worker. If he holds a position of authority, his philosophy is live and let live. Work is one thing; recreation, women and love are another; and he prefers subordinates who are capable of appreciating both.

The marriage of an oldest brother of sisters and the youngest sister of brothers can be a perfect one. He is accustomed to girls his junior, and she to boys her senior. They will probably avoid sex and rank conflicts. His sisters are likely to agree with his choice and accept the chosen girl. They can identify with her as she can with them, and competition will be limited. Her brothers can relinquish their sister to a man who has been in their position in his own family.

The oldest brother of sisters cares well for his children but does not go out of his *(Continued on page 131)*

The youngest brother of brothers: "His best match is with the oldest sister of brothers, a woman who is able to assume the senior role."

The youngest sister of sisters: "She likes adventure, entertainment and changes. Her capriciousness may weary the men around her."

The youngest brother of sisters: "While he assumes that women seek no reward other than pleasing him, he often repays them with great charm."

The youngest sister of brothers: "She gets along well with male fellow workers, but women may not like her because they sense she is not on their side."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

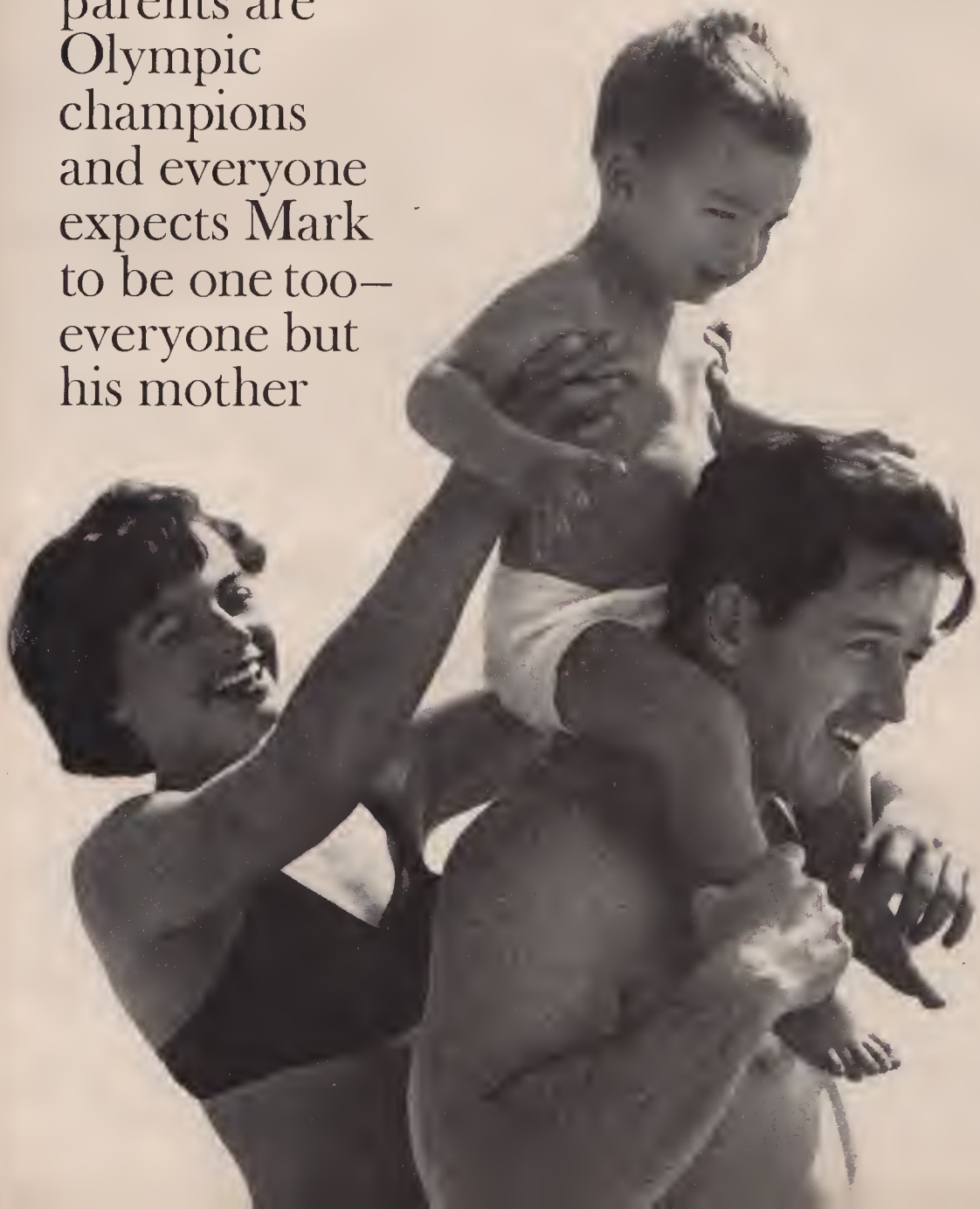
Ivy Palmer's Victory

He was too proud to be won by direct attack; sabotage was her one hope. But all's fair in love and war—and this was both / by David Delman

Tony Graham distrusted rich people. Until Ivy Palmer came into his life he had met none, but he had his share of preconceptions—largely unflattering. The reasons for this were rooted in the behavior patterns of his aunt and uncle. His aunt was an avid reader of society columns. His uncle could quote Jay Gould, John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford on almost any subject, accurately and at length. As worshipers of the rich and mighty they were *(Continued on page 102)*

A TROPHY FOR MY SON

Both of Mark's parents are Olympic champions and everyone expects Mark to be one too—everyone but his mother



BY OLGA FIKOTOVA CONNOLLY

Four years ago, when Harold and I had been married for barely two weeks, we were entertained by our friends of the French Sports Federation on the roof of a Parisian villa. One of the guests at the party was Monsieur Husson, a French geneticist, who amused himself—and us—by figuring out the probable number of discus throwers, hammer throwers, sprinters, jumpers and "sports haters" the marriage of two Olympic champions would produce.

"Madame Connolly," he said, after making a few quick calculations, "if you have five children, one of them is certain to become an Olympic champion. You can't miss."

I couldn't at that moment imagine myself as a mother of one child—let alone five. Harold and I had hardly recovered from the great international fanfare that surrounded our wedding in Czechoslovakia, where 20,000 of my countrymen assembled in the Old Town Square of Prague to cheer us and wish me well in my new life in America. I laughed off M. Husson's calculations. He was gallant and encouraging. Kissing my hand as he prepared to leave, he said, "Don't worry about having five. I think it will be the first one who is a champion."

Looking at our son Mark, I have reason to believe that M. Husson was right. At two and a half Mark produces energy much faster than he can use it up. How ridiculous I feel when late in the day, after all three of us have returned from a workout at the University of California field, I say in a voice filled with motherly concern, "Poor little fellow, we really tired you out; would you like a glass of orange juice?"—and find that I speak to an empty kitchen. Poor little fellow is in front of the house, dragging a heavy garden hose and watering the lawn.

Mark started his athletic career long before he was born. In 1959 I still had not retired from competition and I had my eye on the 1960 Olympics. An athlete cannot afford to take nine months off just because she is pregnant, and my obstetrician saw no reason for me to do so. Under his wise supervision I kept training practically up to the day Mark was born. I did avoid jerky or uncontrolled motions; I substituted light running for sprinting and I lifted only light weights at the gymnasium. But I worked out every day, and Mark must have been born with the rhythm of the discus throw in his bones.

He was also born with the build of an athlete. I had gained 23 pounds during my pregnancy. Mark's weight, it turned out, was half of that. The obstetrician announced him to Harold by saying, "Your boy walked into the nursery by himself. He ought to—eleven pounds, thirteen ounces makes quite a football player."

"I was never swellheaded," Harold confessed later, "but in that moment I was so proud. I knew my kid would be a champ."

At ten days, Mark went to the athletic field for the first time. While I worked on the discus he worked on the bottle. He was never fussy about where he got his formula or sleep, enjoying them as well at the beach or athletic field as at home. I kept his schedule very regular so that no frictions would develop in our little track team, consisting of mother, father, and baby in a "box," as we called the car bed. The automobiles passing the field would slow down to enjoy the view of two figures in sweat suits carrying a box from which was peeking our bundle of waving arms and kicking legs, sandwiched in among various pieces of athletic equipment.

When the baby was three months old he got his first four teeth, probably because he couldn't wait to get off baby food and on to his father's steak diet. In the fourth month he sat up and watched me curiously as I threw the discus. In the sixth month he stood up in his portable playpen to watch how far the discus flew. It wasn't long before he was frantically crawling around, shaking the playpen and loudly demanding to be let out into the throwing circle.

We and the other athletes at the University of California athletic field were amazed at the remarkable coordination and agility of Mark from the beginning of his nursery athletic career. The simplest "exercises" of a baby—head lifting, turning over and back again, lifting the body on hands and knees and rocking back and forth—were too easy for our infant Atlas. So I tried to find out whether or not he would like a little more activity. I put a blanket on the floor for five minutes before his bath and went through a little routine of formal exercises. We started with the arms, circling them in front of his body in both directions, raising them above his head and stretching them down. Then the legs came up for a cycling motion. A few other simple movements brought the back and stomach into play. Soon Mark remembered and started the exercises the moment I placed him on the blanket.

Despite all this training I never tried to push him ahead of his physical development. I never made him sit up by propping him; I believed he would sit up and later crawl and walk by himself. However, when he made an effort to do some of these activities, I was on hand to give him help.

Mark was just nine months old when we were working out one day *(Continued on page 110)*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAYNE MILLER

Nobody knows more about an emergency than a doctor—or a girl who is in danger of losing her man

DIAGNOSIS: LOVE

The lamps at either end of Apple Street softly lighted the fog of the spring night, illuminated the bare branches of trees beaded with drops of water and glistened on the iron pickets that enclosed the yards of the houses.

The house in the middle of the block, where a porch light burned, was Dr. Peter Moore's. The flow of patients that had commenced at seven o'clock had fallen away to a trickle and by now—it was close to nine—had almost ceased. When a girl slipped out the front door and softly closed it behind her, it was not a patient, but Virginia.

Small and dark in her starched white uniform, she stepped to the porch railing and peered into the fog. She glanced up and down the street, looking closely at two or three parked cars; her shoulders drooped a little and she went back toward the door. As she put her hand on the knob a car drove around the corner into Apple Street. She turned, quick and watchful, but it passed on by. She watched it until it was lost in the fog and then slipped back into the house.

Dr. Peter Moore's front door opened on a central hall. On the left there was a parlor that served as a waiting room. The room directly across the hall was his office; behind this, through a connecting door, was the examining room.

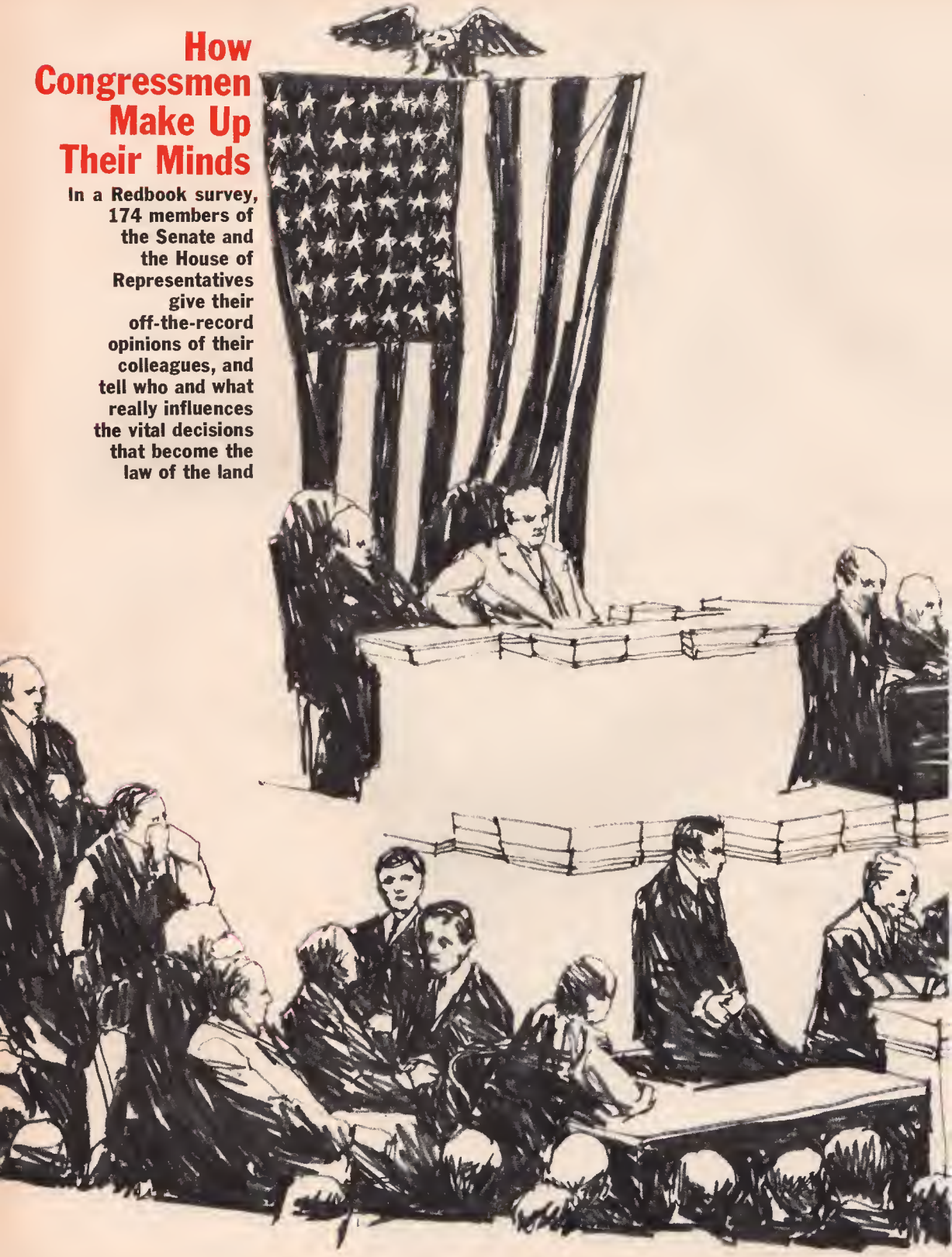
As Virginia entered the examining room, where her uncle Peter was working over a tense little boy, she avoided her uncle's brief, incisive glance and reached for a roll of adhesive tape. She dropped the roll, retrieved *(Continued on page 97)*

BY KAATJE HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

How Congressmen Make Up Their Minds

In a Redbook survey, 174 members of the Senate and the House of Representatives give their off-the-record opinions of their colleagues, and tell who and what really influences the vital decisions that become the law of the land



by Al Toffler

As the Congress of the United States opened its new session at the beginning of the year it faced not only grave international crises, but vital domestic issues affecting the life of every American. Before many weeks have slipped by it is likely to be engaged in bitter battles over medical care for the aged, taxes, defense measures and similar legislation. While it is in session Congress is in the news every day. Yet to most of us its inner workings remain vaguely mysterious. Have you ever asked yourself, for instance, who really are the most influential men on Capitol Hill, which are Washington's most powerful lobbies, how important the letter you write to your congressman is in helping him to make up his mind?

To answer such questions and to help clarify the way in which "outside" and "inside" influences affect the decisions of congressmen, REDBOOK has made a survey of congressional opinion. Of the 537 men and women who comprise the Senate and the House of Representatives, 174—virtually one out of three—took time from their crowded schedules to fill out a detailed, six-page questionnaire. There were more than 10,000 separate responses to individual questions. All respondents were guaranteed complete anonymity to encourage frankness.

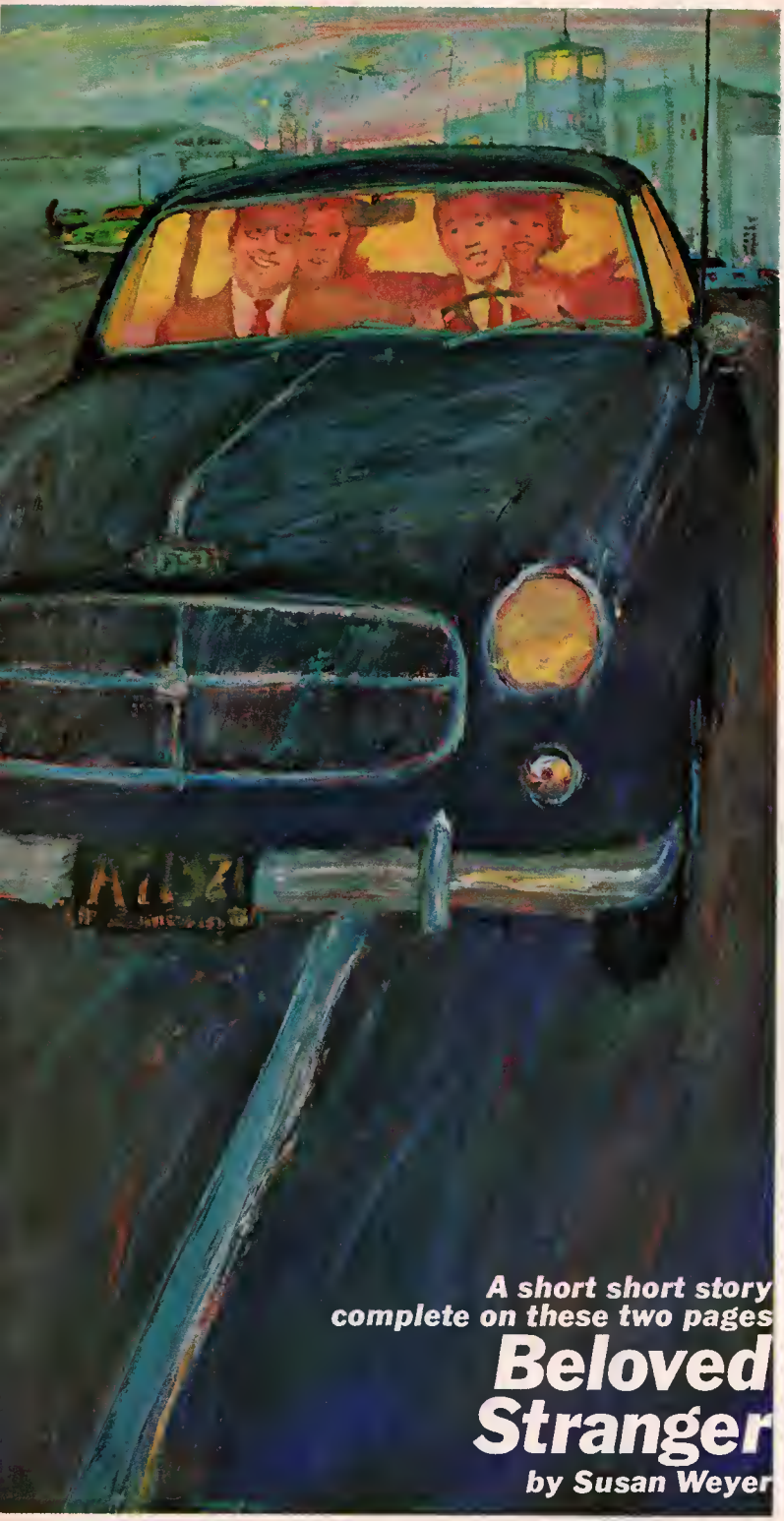
To help interpret the survey, congressmen, congressional staff experts and important lobbyists were interviewed. In addition, congressional reports, legislative calendars and papers by leading political scientists were consulted in order to insure objectivity.

The survey itself falls into two basic categories. The first reveals some of the attitudes of our senators and representatives toward one another, pinpointing the real men of power and indicating the way in which the members of Congress influence one another. The second category sheds light on the influence of outside forces—letters, lobbies, columnists, and even the wives of congressmen.

What you will read here, then, is an introductory guide to the current Congress. It will help you to understand *how* such things as personalities, pressures from the public and the desire for reelection play a part in the creation of federal legislation.

Ten Congressmen of Power

Who are the handful of men that dominate Congress? The leader of the Senate Democrats, the leader of the House Democrats, the GOP Senate leader and the House GOP leader wield enormous influence because they make committee assignments (*Continued on page 126*)



A short short story complete on these two pages

Beloved Stranger

by Susan Weyer

ILLUSTRATED BY LORRAINE FOX

Throughout the drive to the airport Nancy kept glancing at Hugo, trying to see him with her parents' eyes. All she asked of this so-important first impression was that her husband of four months and her parents of twenty years see each other as she, wife and daughter, knew them truly to be.

The trouble was, her parents would be prejudiced. They wouldn't see the truly great Hugo, the future eminent surgeon and Nobel prizewinner, because they expected to see an impecunious medical student who had robbed them of their only child (with one eye, doubtless, on her money) while they were half the world away.

Nancy had explained to them that she had known Hugo around the university for years before their sudden discovery of each other this winter, and that the thought of waiting to be married until her parents returned from their trip around the world had been unbearable. She also had explained that Hugo's parents were paying for medical school and that she had a job lined up for the day after her graduation. But what avail letters, cables, truth itself, with apprehensive, doting parents?

Actually, with graduation next week there was now the question of how long Nancy could hold a job. But she was thankful that at two months the question didn't show. There would be time enough later for Hugo to view her mother being twittery over babies.

Nancy didn't wonder that Hugo's capable hands were tense on the steering wheel. But she wished that anxiety had not impelled him to get an unneeded haircut or to wear his good-luck tie. The Polynesian maiden in full color could only bewilder her parents. And as for the little that was left of his crew cut, it—combined with a fresh coat of tan, set jaw and scowling brow—made Hugo resemble a worried monkey. Obviously, what they'd see when she said, "Mother, Daddy, this is Hugo," would be a Neanderthal man with a convict haircut and deplorable taste in ties.

She turned protectively to assure Hugo of her loyalty. But as she looked at his stern profile she drew back with a new thought. Hugo was worrying not about what her parents would think of him but about what he would think of them. He was prepared to make snap judgments, prepared to compare her parents (unfavorably) with his own.

The nerve! The presumption! For how could Hugo, who had a quiet, scholarly father, be fair to her father—a self-confident, self-made success, inclined to talk much too loudly. Hugo would miss entirely the truly great man beneath. And he'd judge her chic, gay mother as a mere lightweight, just because his own mother lacked the enterprise ever to change her hairstyle or even her hemline.

Well! If Hugo couldn't recognize true worth when——

Nancy pulled up short. Her role was not to take sides. Her role was to set the stage, create the mood, direct the actors so that true worth would blaze through deceiving appearances. Her role was to suppress whatever might delay the recognition of true worth. Better that her father, who gloried in man's prerogative to bring home the bacon, did not learn straight off that Hugo had five unproductive years ahead. And the news that Hugo's hobby was pressing wildflowers between glass could also wait until her sports-loving father had stopped jumping to conclusions and knew the real Hugo.

She glanced over to see how real Hugo was looking at the moment. Still scowling. Probably wishing he'd married an orphan. It was high time to create the mood with Hugo. They were already turning into the airport.

"Darling," Nancy said, "Daddy and Mother are going to be so proud of me for discovering you."

Her words circled in vain for a landing while Hugo concentrated on getting into a parking space. She might as well have said, "For Pete's sake, stop dragging your best foot, shake the chip off your shoulder and try to look human."

She tried again. "They'll be crazy about you and you'll adore them."

Hugo pulled on the brake and said, "Uh," or maybe, "Ug."

As the first passengers came through the gate Nancy, suddenly bound and gagged by conflicting loyalties, cast a last appraising, appealing glance at Hugo. Then her parents were there — her father, big and wonderful; her mother, slim and adorable.

"Princess!" bellowed her father.

There was hardly time to hate Hugo for thinking, What a cornball! before she was swept into a familiar bear hug. For a moment she felt safe as only a child can feel safe. Then guiltily she remembered the deserted Hugo.

Hugo didn't look so deserted with lipstick on both cheeks, she noticed just before being enveloped in expensive fragrance. Her mother always smelled so good to a little girl running into her arms, to a sleepy child being tucked into bed.

Nancy heard her mother crooning in her ear, "Baby, why didn't you cable me? When is it expected?"

Nancy backed off. "But it doesn't show!"

Her mother gazed at her fondly. "It does such miraculous things for the skin and hair. And your expression! That Madonna look!"

"You girls meet us out front," her father said. "I'll get the bags, and Hugo will bring the car around."

"Okay, Grandpa," said her mother.

Her father did a double take, yelled, "Why, Princess!" and shook his clasped hands above his head.

Around them the stupid stared, the quick-witted smiled.

Avoiding all eyes, Nancy prayed that Hugo had escaped. But there he still was, on his face a shy, smug smile. Apparently ready to take a bow. Nancy looked at him as if she'd never seen him before.

On the drive back to the campus, where her parents had reservations at the inn until after graduation, Nancy tried, above her mother's description of the new fashion silhouette, to keep track of the talk in the front seat.

"No, sir," Hugo was saying, "after that I'll still have to intern. It will all take longer, of course, if I specialize."

Out of a perceptible pause her father said, "Looks like you kids will need financial help."

Nancy leaned forward, ready to protect Hugo's pride, to refine her father's crudeness, to explain and interpret two truly great men to each other.

"When I was getting started," her father went on, "raising money for the factory, getting into production, my father-in-law threw some welcome crusts my way."

"Crusts, indeed," said her mother, who could talk and listen simultaneously. "Daddy gave us an allowance for years. And never let you pay him back, either."

"He hadn't the nerve," said her father, "what with the value of that first stock he received. He got his money's worth."

Hugo said, "Free appendectomy, anyone?"

Her father roared and clapped Hugo on the shoulder.

"Baby," Nancy's mother said to her, "he's adorable."

"I know," said Nancy. Suddenly in this warm climate she felt it would not be disloyal to apologize for Hugo's haircut.

"He just got it," she said.

"Obviously," said her mother.

"And his tie's a joke."

"Obviously."

"I mean, it's meant to be," said Nancy.

"Baby," said her mother, "the truly great can wear anything."

It suddenly occurred to Nancy that she should have trusted her mother to know a man when she saw one.

"Nice tan you've got there," she heard her father saying. "Been playing tennis?"

"No, sir," said Hugo. "Picking wildflowers."

Nancy put in hastily, "It's a scientific hobby, Daddy. Hugo's interested in botany."

Her father twisted around, looked past her and said to her mother, "Where's my butterfly collection?"

"Oh, that," said her mother. "We gave it to the junior-high science room when we moved from Ridgewood. Don't you remember?"

"Never heard a word about it till this very minute."

"Well, anyway," said her mother, "this is the first time you've asked about it for twenty years."

Her father turned back to Hugo. "How do you like that? And believe me, it's not easy to get a perfect specimen mounted. To begin with, you can't just slam the net over them as if you were trapping elephants. I guess there's quite a technique to preserving wildflowers too."

Nancy, feeling it was she who needed an interpreter, said to her mother, "Daddy collected butterflies?"

Her mother sighed sentimentally. "His first present to me was a butterfly net. Before we were married. He just couldn't afford to take me places, and though I was bored catching butterflies every Saturday and Sunday, I was keen on catching your father. So that's what we did. In the butterfly season, that is."

Nancy didn't ask what they did out of season. Doubtless something as hard to picture as her father chasing butterflies. Or being poor. Yet the husband who wanted his wife to have everything was still the boy who couldn't afford to take his girl places, and the man glad to help was the boy grateful for being helped. Though it made her father seem a stranger, she could see that people didn't stop being one thing when they became another. When she was a grandmother she would still be Hugo's wife, Hugo's bride, Hugo's girl and her parents' child. She'd always be those things. And she'd also be a stranger to her grandchildren.

Looking now at the back of Hugo's cropped head, she recalled a picture his mother treasured: Hugo at five, his head a chrysanthemum top of curls. Hugo, of course, was a stranger too.

Hugo stopped the car for the last traffic light before the inn, and as though he felt her looking at him, he turned around and smiled. It was the first smile he'd given her all day. It was broad and glad. A welcoming smile.

"Hi," Hugo said.

"Hi," said Nancy. And right then she realized that Hugo hadn't been worried about what her parents would think of him or he of them. He'd been worried that Nancy would stop being his Nancy and turn back into her parents' child. And now he wasn't worried about that any more. And neither was she.

As Hugo drove on, Nancy reflected that it probably made life more interesting that people resisted being stage-managed. In any case you couldn't do a thing with them, and you might as well not try. Strangers all. Darling strangers.

"Baby," her mother was saying, "have you thought of names?"

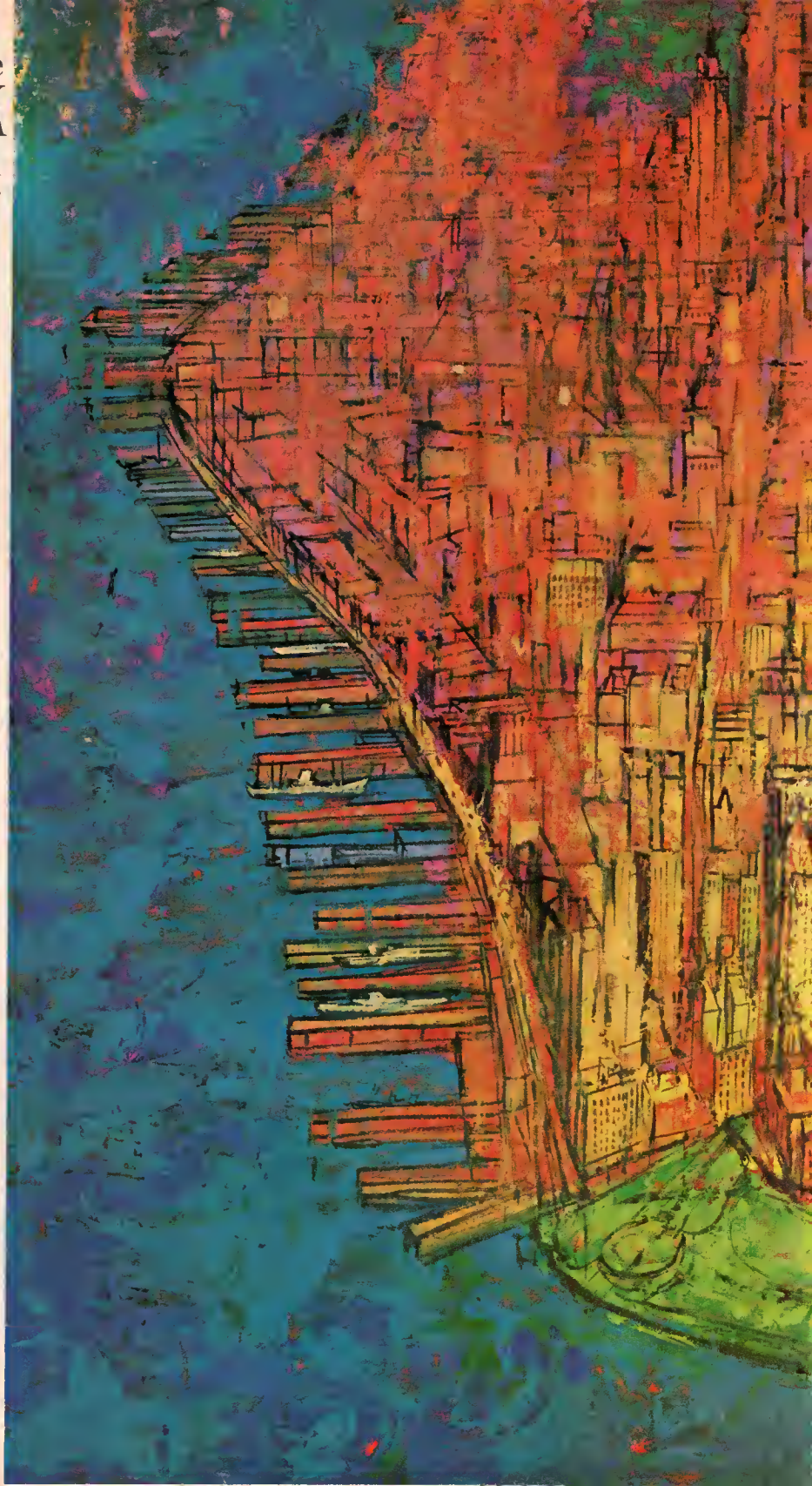
"What?" said Nancy.

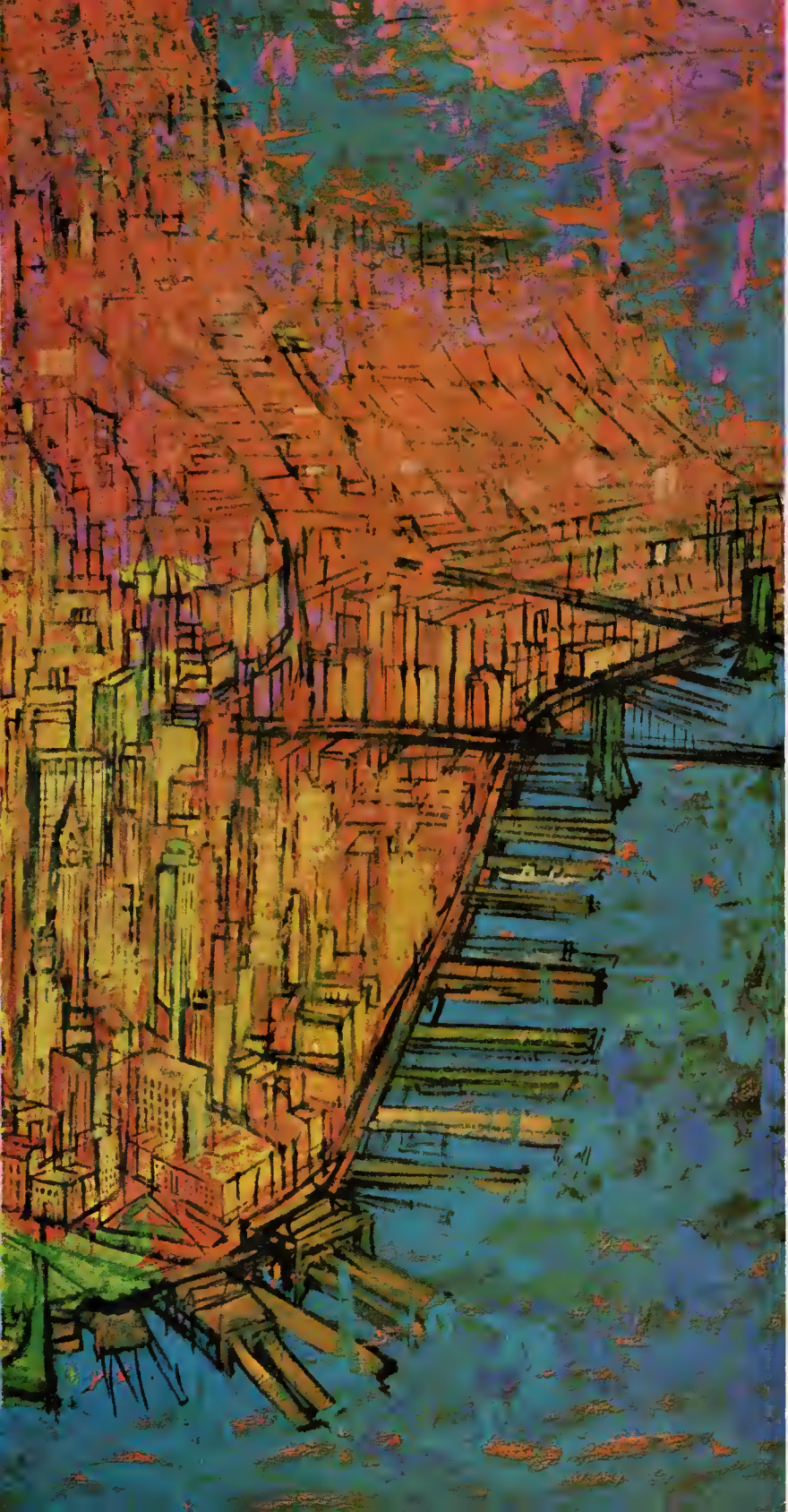
"A name," said her mother. "For the little stranger." . . . THE END

new way to see NEW YORK

by Martin Cohen

Sight-seeing in the nation's biggest city can be delightful, if you move at a child's pace and visit places that will excite a young imagination





I first visited New York as a boy—and I was goggle-eyed and sometimes my head ached. It was spectacular, pure fantasy. When I grow up, I promised myself, this is where I'm going to live.

Now I have lived here 13 years. I am married and have three boys of my own—Jimmy, four; Tom, seven; and Peter, eight.

And it is through the children that the city has begun to open for my wife Mary and me. They are the restless ones. So we began to roam the city, looking into shops and old buildings, eating frankfurters, stopping to let the children play. Our outings are designed to follow their pace.

One of our best tours begins at the harbor in Battery Park—at the southern tip of Manhattan, in full view of the Statue of Liberty. The park opens to the sky and the breeze rolls off the bay. We stop first at the swings, then the three boys race over to Castle Clinton. It was built as a fort in 1809, and it sits there now, unguarded, like a massive toy some child has forgotten. The walls are two feet thick, pierced by iron-laced holes. Enough for the children's imagination, and soon they are playing at war. One day the oldest, Peter, asks, "Was this George Washington's fort?"

My wife, a dabbler in old bones, geology and history, explains, "It was garrisoned during the War of 1812, but Washington had a fort here too. The British troops were over there on Staten Island, across the harbor, but they fooled him by crossing below Brooklyn Heights."

Clutching ice-cream sticks, the boys and I examine the fire-fighting boat tied up at the Fire Department's dock and walk along the waterfront looking at the ferries and the ships in the harbor. Then, just reacting as men always do, we lean on a rail and stare out toward the ocean. My wife elbows in and notes, "Right here at the mouth of the Hudson is the beginning of the ocean's biggest canyon. It's even deeper than the Grand Canyon."

The sea is still with us as we *(Continued on page 112)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SHORE

6:00 A.M.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WITCH

Every young wife will find a bit of herself in this delightful story of a day that should never be in the calendar, but always is

BY MIA HOWARD

Martha Standiss awoke at four, furious. Jenny—flop-haired, sleepy-eyed, five years old—was standing over her, toothbrush glass in hand.

"I want a drink of water."

"Fine. Get it."

"Okay." But still the child stood there. "Mommy——"

"What?"

"Are you really a witch?"

"No! Now go back to bed before I turn you into a black cat." Her voice was usual for the hour—harsh, forced, night-changed.

Jenny persisted in her own night voice, which was light and high, as if she had been inhaling pure oxygen. "Really, Mommy? A black cat?"

Martha sat up in bed. "A black cat," she said firmly.

Jenny, reassured (though as to what, neither of them at that hour could be sure), padded away. Martha, lying down again, heard the familiar sounds—the rattling of the toothbrush glass against every hard surface the bathroom afforded, the gush of water from the tap (the child would be drenched, would sleep out the rest of the night drenched). Then, holding her breath with sudden love, she heard the sound of the child's drinking, like a small animal or a thirsty plant.

After that Martha must have slept. When she awoke it was still more night than day, but everything was fuzzy with the fretful light and little noises of day. The whole world hates to get up, Martha thought. The whole world is peevishly opposed to coming out from under the cover of night.

Then, as always, she was suddenly strong to meet whatever small emergencies were certain to occur this day—almost eager to see what they might be and whether or (Continued on page 106)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT OSBORN

RAINWEAR THAT SHINES

A bright new collection of versatile coats for the whole family

Mother wears a double-breasted, Zelan-treated reversible coat with hood attached. The cheerful daisy print by Schwartz-Liehman reverses to an all-black J. P. Stevens poplin. Sizes 8-18, about $25, by Peter Conte for March & Mendl. Father wears a classic balmacaan that's a perfect topcoat too. Sizes 36-44 in regular and short; 38-46, long; about $33; Maincoat by London Fog. The boy is completely waterproof in his bright yellow canvas-backed rubber slicker, policeman-type hat. Coat, sizes 3-6x, about $4, hat included. By Bookspan.

RAINWEAR ON THESE TWO PAGES MAY BE SEEN AT ALTMAN'S, N. Y., AND BRANCHES.

Durable for everyday, pretty enough to wear to a party, this beautifully cut, back-belted coat of cotton ottoman has a front shoulder yoke and slash pockets. Available in a wide range of colors. By Debutogs, Inc. Sizes 5-15, about $20. Water-repellent rain hood of Bazaar Fabrics print by Madcaps, about $3. Black boots are by U.S. Rubber, about $10.

The first of the trio, right, wears a straightforward classic. Tailored like the man's balmacaan on the preceding page, this version too is made of Dacron-and-cotton Reeves fabric, and stays water-repellent through several washings. Sizes 8-18 in regular, 6-16 in petite, about $33; Maincoat by London Fog. Tall black rubber boots by U.S. Rubber, about $10. Madcaps rainkerchief, about $3. The multicolor floral cotton tapestry coat, center, with three-quarter sleeves, flares into an A-line, makes a perfect dressy coat. Sizes 6-16, about $30, by Tellshire. Far right is a red-and-white-checked, flared wool-and-Orlon raincoat, Scott-Foam laminated for insulation. The fabric is by Guilford Woolen Fabrics, Inc. It will double as your best spring coat. Petite sizes 6-16, about $35, by Sherbrooke. Textured rubber boots by U.S. Rubber, about $5. The red nylon umbrella by Uncle Sam costs about $7.

RAINWEAR IN PICTURE AT LEFT MAY BE SEEN AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. RAINWEAR IN PICTURE AT RIGHT MAY BE SEEN AT ALTMAN'S, N.Y., AND BRANCHES.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY SCHATZBERG

Completely waterproof, the reversible, hooded cape of black patent leather vinyl has a rayon print on the other side. The snug hood, doubly watertight, crosses in front, buttons in back. Regular and petite sizes in assorted colors and prints, about $7. Black "patentel" boots by Golo, about $16. The little girl's flared rayon-print coat also can be worn unbelted, and is covered with a taffeta-finish vinyl for double protection. Sizes 4-6x, 7-14. About $8, including matching Breton hat and umbrella. Both coats by Dolphin Rainwear. White rubber boots by B.F. Goodrich and Hood.

ALL FABRIC GLOVES BY KISLAV
COATS MAY BE SEEN AT MACY'S, N.Y. FOR OTHER STORES
WHERE THIS RAINWEAR CAN BE SEEN, SEE PAGE 120

Warm welcome for winter guests

Coffee and tea are the traditional starting points for informal entertaining, particularly in winter. But like many other simple acts of hospitality, the serving of coffee and tea can be raised to an art with a little imagination and forethought. Beginning on page 86 you will find the basic directions for preparing perfect coffee and tea, some special ways to serve them and a collection of delicious sweet breads, cakes and sandwiches that will complement these beverages any time they are served.

STAINLESS SERVER BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY. BAVARIAN CHINA, FOR TEA, FROM PAUL A. STRAUB & COMPANY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL FISCHER

CAN YOU RELY ON YOUR HAIRDRESSER?

Imagine having enough confidence in a hairdresser to wear a blindfold

while your hair is being styled. Impossible? Turn the page and find out

An able hairdresser is a composite of artist, diplomat, amateur psychiatrist and skilled professional with as many as 2,500 hours of study and technical training. There are thousands of these expert stylists all over the country; but according to our mail from readers, there are also many women with hair problems who complain of a lack of rapport, often resulting in disappointment

What customers complain about

"After all these years I know how I want to wear my hair. I don't want the hairstyle the young Countess of Moutwhip wears—let her wear it! She has her stylist do her hair twice a day. I want a good hairstyle that suits me and is easy to keep between shampoos."

"Hairdressers don't consider the total look of a person. They just turn out the current styles whether they suit me or not."

"Too many beauty salons make the mistake of dispensing with privacy. I want a feeling of being pampered when I go to a salon without feeling guilty about how much I spend."

"Why can't beauty shops be designed so that you stay in one place for the shampoo, set, drying and comb-out instead of having to gather up handbag, gloves, magazines, and so on, in an endless marathon? I want to relax when I go to a beauty salon."

"Not many hairdressers want to learn how to handle long hair. When I go to a strange hairdresser, the first thing that he or she wants to do is to cut my hair. There is only one hairdresser in town who has the imagination and the fortitude to work with my long hair."

"Why aren't more beauty shops open at night to give the working woman a chance to have her hair done leisurely?"

"There's only one good salon in town. When the shop opened, my appointments were made with an operator who did just soso styling. I went along with this, but when the owner added two very fine hairdressers I wanted one of them to do my hair. The girl at the desk said that it would cause hurt feelings if she booked me with anyone else. Isn't it up to the owner to see that I get better styling? I am doing my own hair because of this awkward situation."

"Whenever I want a new hairstyle I take a picture from a magazine along with me to show my hairdresser, but she is very reluctant to try these styles and always succeeds in talking me out of what I want. But I'm always dissatisfied and disappointed."

What hairdressers complain about

"Why won't women take professional advice from their hairdressers? One of my regular customers often insists on a particular style even though I tell her it will not look well on her. Then because the style she wants is not right for her, the customer is unhappy with it."

"Sometimes a customer with problem hair will accuse me of trying to sell her treatments she thinks she doesn't need, then will complain because her permanent is unsuccessful or her set doesn't stay in."

"One patron keeps coming back to me regularly, yet never seems pleased. It is such a letdown to have someone constantly react in such a negative way. If she doesn't like my work, she should go to someone else."

"My main peeve is a woman who asks me for a particular hairstyle, then tells me exactly how to cut it, how to set it. *She's* the expert."

"Time is the biggest problem for me. The women who most often have standing appointments are working women who are often late or stand us up altogether. Then they hurry me, and consequently the result isn't satisfactory for either of us."

"Some patrons come in with pictures of models or society women clipped out of the paper and want their own hair to look exactly like the picture. They don't realize that some of these styles are impractical to keep up or that they might look downright ridiculous in them."

"Many women who are constantly late for appointments don't seem to realize that they are wasting not only the operator's precious time but other people's time as well. They are very inconsiderate."

"When a woman comes in and tells me she wants a hairstyle that I know is not for her, I try to talk her out of it. If I can't, I try to modify the style so that it will be becoming to her; I think about her husband's or her family's reaction. I don't want her back in the shop the next day telling us her husband is furious and that we have to 'do something' right away."

and loss of confidence. To clear the air we asked a number of women and their hairdressers to let down their hair and tell us their pet peeves—and to reveal what they liked about each other too. Seven members of the American Women of Radio and Television helped with this nationwide survey. The quotations below from hairdressers and their customers should prove enlightening to both sides.

Compliments from customers

"My hairdresser has a thorough knowledge of hair—all kinds, not just mine. She knows how it grows, how the elements and different products affect it and how to correct problem hair. To me this is the most important qualification of a hairdresser."

"My hairdresser knows that I often have to take care of my own hair between the times I have it cut. He always shapes and sets my hair so that I can make a reasonable copy of this hairdo when I do it myself."

"I have the perfect hairdresser. She considers the face beneath the hair and she is an artist at cutting. I come out with a well-shaped head, not with some 'kookie' look that is a new hair fashion. She considers the shape of the face and the shape of the head when she cuts and sets my hair. What emerges is a complement to both."

"It's really worthwhile to go to the same hairdresser all the time—she can be a stanch friend in emergencies when you simply have to have your hair done in a hurry. Mine has rearranged her schedule to help me several times—I can always count on her."

"I literally couldn't 'do a thing' with my hair because of two cowlicks—one at the left temple and one at the crown. I finally found a hairstylist who eliminated the trouble at the front hairline by brushing the hair well over to the left side and cutting it so it stays in this flattering, diagonal line. She made a semicircular part to disguise the crown cowlick. Of course, she is an expert, and I am very grateful for her know-how."

Compliments from hairdressers

"You become fond of certain clients because they have pleasing personalities and good manners—it's always a pleasure to see them come into the shop. Most of my customers are courteous and it's a pleasure to work for them."

"I like the challenge of making difficult hair behave. A recent customer was sent to me because she had excessively curly, bushy, unruly hair—she literally couldn't do a thing with it. I have been successful in both straightening and cutting it at the tips only—not at the roots. (Thinning at the roots makes hair grow back in again bushier than ever.) Now she has a perfectly shaped head of hair that makes an attractive frame for her face. I feel that I have really helped her appearance and it is very gratifying to me."

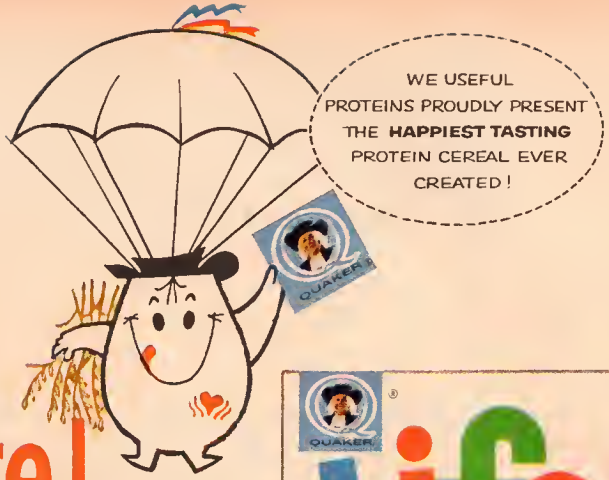
"One of my favorite customers knows that I would not give her a hairstyle that's unsuitable for her. She wears her hair short and simple but wants me to relieve the boredom of always looking the same by changing it occasionally, adapting current styles but still keeping the general look she likes—not anything complicated or fussy. I appreciate this confidence and enjoy creating new styles."

"It's easier to like the customers who keep their appointments on time, but that isn't the primary consideration. My favorite customers are those who take a real interest in how their hair is being done. I enjoy explaining why I'm cutting and setting hair in a certain way—I think it is reassuring to the customer and it helps her when she sets her own hair. Most of my customers appreciate this."

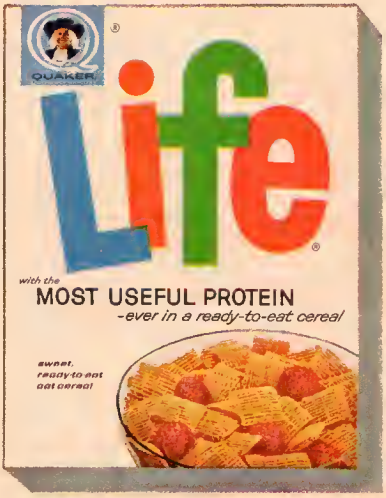
We think these words of mutual reproach and praise accurately reflect the attitudes of most hairdressers and their customers. Many of the complaints are in the category of constructive criticism; some reveal bad manners or carelessness. The praise discloses that the hairdressers are eager to please their customers and they in turn are eager to be pleased. Using the survey as a guide, and after weighing all the evidence, we have compiled a list of dos and don'ts for both women and their hairdressers—basic rules that should be standard operating procedure in the special world of beauty salons. They appear on page 96, and they should, if followed, lead to better relations between you and your hairdresser.

HAIRSTYLE ON PAGE 73 BY ENRICO CARUSO
PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD KRIEGER

NEW!



Life is here!



Life HAS The Most Useful Protein

-EVER IN A READY-TO-EAT CEREAL!

Now from oats... nature's richest protein grain ...Quaker brings you Life

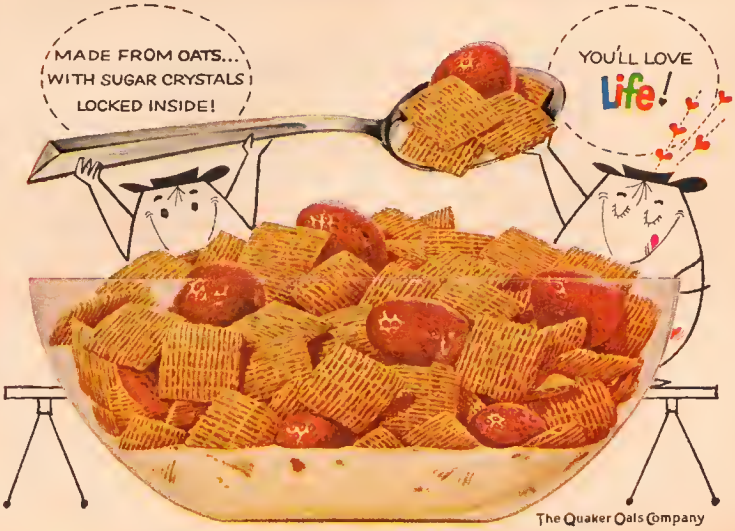
Kids love the sweet, toasty oats taste. **Mothers love** the protein build-up Life gives (and the way kids eat it up). **Everybody loves** Life's special protein—the same quality of protein in *meat* and *milk!* Tomorrow morning, enjoy life!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN PROTEIN...

Some proteins can't build your body. They lack the right amount of certain protein elements.

Some proteins are "hard working". They build the body. You need working, *useful* proteins every day.

Life gives you "working" protein—the *useful* kind—100% as useful as the protein in meat and milk!



The Quaker Oats Company

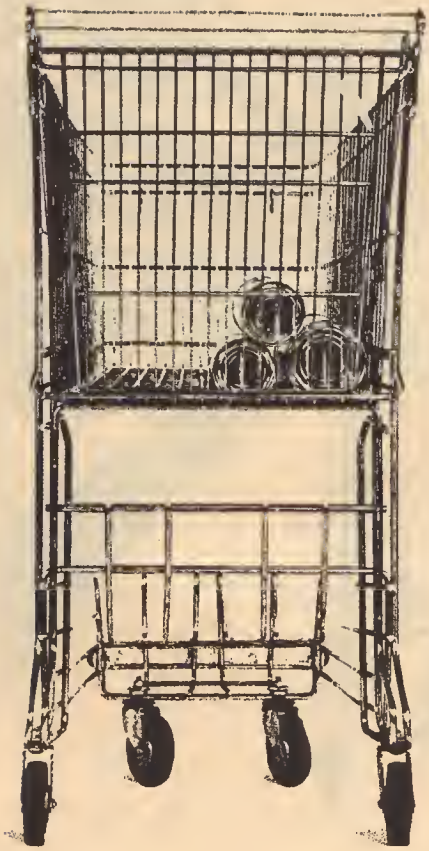
A REDBOOK BONUS FEATURE

Your Guide to Lower Food Bills

BY DARRELL HUFF

The average young American family spends anywhere from $20 to $40 a week in supermarkets. Much of this spending is done wisely and economically, but some of it —in many cases, perhaps, too much of it—is done carelessly and with insufficient knowledge. As a result, many of us spend 10 or 20 per cent more than is necessary on our annual food and grocery bills. That 10 or 20 per cent can be saved without hardships of any kind, because what you get for your money depends less upon what you buy than upon where and when you buy it, and under what name it is sold and in which size package.

Not long ago the prices for a typical list of meat, canned goods and dairy products were compared in seven stores in a city in Missouri. The cheapest store charged 10 per cent less than the average one and 16 per cent less than the most expensive. This kind of differential is not unusual. It simply reflects the fact that stores vary in the way they do business and in the kinds of items they choose to feature at low prices, either as a regular practice or to create customer-attracting specials. Some stores must charge more because they provide such services as deliveries and charge accounts. Some stores charge less because they provide less service. The point for the consumer to learn is that stores *do* vary, and knowledge of such variations can bring about substantial savings.



Few shoppers, however, want to put in the time and effort necessary to go bargain hunting or to do comparison shopping in several stores on each shopping expedition. But even when shopping is confined to one or two stores, there are many simple techniques for cutting food and grocery bills. What follows is a compilation of such techniques, especially prepared by REDBOOK to form a handy guide for supermarket and general serve-yourself grocery shopping. It should help you to make substantial savings in the course of the year.

Be sure that a "special" really is special. The biggest savings are offered during weekend special sales. It is particularly important to be able to tell the worthwhile "specials" from the run-of-the-mill or the worthless ones.

A "special" sign on an item does not always mean that you will save money. Sometimes, for instance, it merely means that the grocer thinks his regular price is less than his competitors' regular price. Or the sign may be a way of drawing your special attention to a particular product—even though there is no change in price.

How can you tell which are the real bargains?

First by the appearance of the "special" sign. If it is an attractive, commercially printed one, be wary. When a grocer is offering a real weekend bargain, his sign is more likely to be hand-lettered or marked in crayon; since the sign will be used for such a short time, it isn't worth the expense of commercial printing.

Be careful too of stacks of cans or packages in the aisles that proclaim "——cents off." They may be real bargains, but sometimes such displays are simply a way of making stock seem more attractive or of reminding you about a familiar product. The surest way of telling whether or not a display is offering a real saving is to compare the price offered in the display with the price of the same product in its usual location in the store. If the saving is a real one,

the can or package in the usual shelf location—or a sign attached to that shelf—should show very clearly what the price reduction is.

It is wise, too, to check shelf prices when your store offers a mixed lot of items at a group price—eight cans of soup for a dollar, for instance. Some of the soups offered may normally sell for less than 16 cents each, others for a good hit more. Getting a real bargain depends on which items you choose. If you select only the soups that usually sell for less than 16 cents, you may end up by not saving anything on a special.

Before you huy any special, be sure you know exactly how much of a saving is really being offered. Sometimes, for instance, a half-price offer applies only to the second item after you've paid full price for the first—a 25 per cent saving rather than a 50 per cent one. Similarly, if you have to tear off a lahel and use a 4-cent stamp to send for a 7-cent refund, the hargain is questionahle. Some of today's send-the-coupon specials are, of course, very worthwhile.

Although a special may be a good buy, a premium special is almost always better. One store, for instance, may offer soap at three hars for a quarter, hut the next store may include a sponge for the same price.

When a store is running low on a premium offer it may put the remaining premium packages behind the regular stock. It's always a good idea to check the backs of shelves to see.

Make your own specials. Some supermarkets have an advertised policy of meeting competitive prices on any item. Some don't announce such a policy but will follow it if asked. In any case, you can say to the manager: "So-and-so has this brand of canned chicken at ninety-eight cents today. Do you meet that?" You may get the special price without making the trip to the other store.

If you use large amounts of one item, you may be able to arrange a discount. Some stores will take off as much as 10 or 15 per cent on case lots of such things as baby foods, pet foods and other canned goods. Locally owned supermarkets are more likely to make such arrangements than are chain stores.

Whenever you shop, it is wise to stock up when large savings are offered.

If you see a new stack of packages or cans under construction in the aisle, this often means that the product will be featured at a saving the next day. If you need it right away, the store manager may he willing to extend the special price in advance, especially if he recognizes you as a regular customer.

How to save with saving stamps. Some stores make up the cost of saving stamps in increased sales or in lower profits. They can he a real saving for you. Other stores raise prices just enough so that in the end you pay for the stamps yourself. In that event your actual food costs are no higher (provided you get back the surcharge by redeeming your stamps for merchandise), hut you don't save anything either.

Stamps normally are worth, at discount-house prices, about 2 per cent of the amount you spend to get the stamps, or 2 cents for every dollar. Thus when your store offers a hox of soap at 99 cents and gives stamps, you can figure you're really paying 97 cents for the soap and 2 cents for the stamps.

If you find that saving stamps is a good way for you to accumulate useful articles, you should hy all means collect them. But don't pay more than 2 cents extra per dollar purchase to get them. If you do, you'll he losing money.

How to look at packages. Statistically, an average housewife opens more than 1,000 packages a year. All modern packages are designed to influence her satisfaction with a product. In one experiment with a group of women each was given the same instant coffee in a stock jar, in a stock can and in a special package. When asked to compare the flavors, 95 per cent of the women said the coffee in the special package tasted best. That's a perfectly natural reaction to a test of this kind and one a shopper should bear in mind. The appearance of a package, like the appearance of a dress, influences a customer's choice of products.

A package with a picture that covers the whole hox looks larger, for instance, than a package of identical size that has a horder or margin around the picture. Similarly, a box that has been made tall and narrow to elhow its way into extra shelf space may look larger than a shorter one.

Because appearance is so important, manufacturers have devised a variety of ways to make packages enticing. They perform the joh of silent salesmanship. If you are shopping with an eye on your budget, though, you should compare the net weights and prices of packages to find out which packages give you more for your money.

Often, of course, special features of packages justify premium prices. One hread mix, for instance, is sold in a package that adds 20 per cent to the retail price—hut cuts preparation time from 20 minutes to one minute.

Also, a pretty pitcher or a sugar dispenser or a jam jar can be worth premium prices if you don't have similar containers at home, as can the plastic hottles and jugs that are being used now for household bleach.

The "giant, economy size" is usually the hest huy, but there are exceptions and you should always check. (Powdered milk in convenient quart-size packets often costs more than in bulk packages, hut when offered as a weekend special it may actually be cheaper.) Also, you should question whether or not you can use an economy size properly. The saving is likely to evaporate if the hig hox goes stale before you can use it all.

When the economy size does suit your needs, the saving is seldom less than 10 per cent. For dry cereals, for instance, the relative price of individual-serving packages is much higher than for the large multiple-serving packages. You should know how much the convenience is costing you.

Learn from the label. Some of the most profitable reading you ever do will be the print, hoth big and fine, on the lahels of the things you contemplate buying. But read with care. Label reading will protect your hudget and improve your menus. It may, for instance, prevent your huying a fancy grade of tomatoes (whole, peeled) when the less expensive sauce or pieces and chunks may serve your purpose just as well.

It may steer you to fruit canned in light syrup, which is cheaper, lower in calories but has a somewhat tarter taste than fruit in heavy syrup.

It may help you to avoid paying as much for a low-potency product as for a stronger one. With laundry bleach, for example, check to make sure you get the strength you want.

All this will help you save money—but the most important information by far on most labels is the figure that follows the words "net weight." Unfortunately, it is not always easy to find; and once found, it may be difficult to interpret. How, for example, can you choose the better buy between 4½ ounces of something for 37 cents and 1 pound 6 ounces for $1.49? The answer is to calculate the cost per ounce.

The secret of making such calculations quickly is to approximate. With the problem above you may get rid of the fraction first by doubling: 4½ ounces for 37 is the same as 9 for 74 cents, or a little more than 8 cents an ounce.

Changing the weight of the giant package to ounces gives you 22 ounces for $1.49, or a little less than 7 cents an ounce. Thus you will save a penny an ounce by buying the bigger package. But remember that the bigger package may not *always* be best for your particular purposes.

Since mental arithmetic is both difficult and time-consuming, it may be worthwhile to get a calculator especially designed for supermarket use to help you figure out which buy is better.

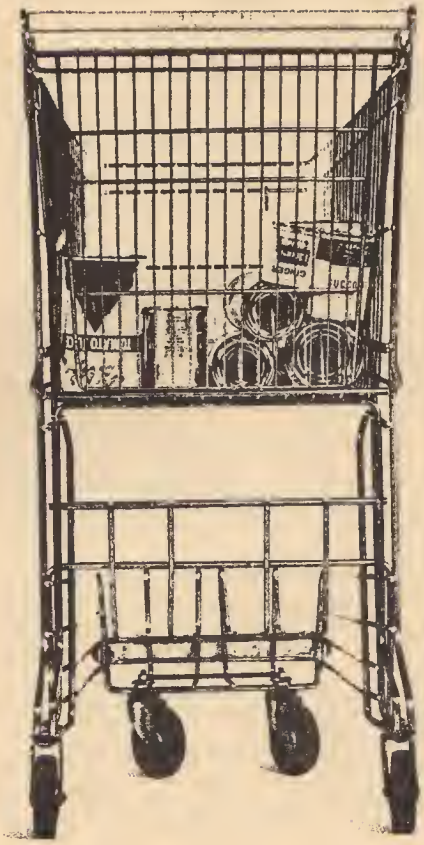
Choose fruits and vegetables with care. Don't take the price of fresh fruits and vegetables as a clue to quality. It is more likely to be set by seasonal scarcity and fancy appearance than by actual taste and nutrition. The first berries or melons of the season commonly cost twice what they will sell for in a week or two—and may have been picked before they were fully ripe. Just as a fresh food begins to come onto the market its frozen version often drops in price. Packers and jobbers may want to dispose of frozen strawberries, for instance, before the new season's pack appears. At the time when fresh berries are at a price peak, frozen ones may drop to half their normal cost. You can save immensely on frozen fruits for a short time, switching to the fresh only when their prices hit mid-season lows.

When you buy citrus fruit, keep in mind that a paper wrap has no influence on quality and that russeting (reddish discoloration) lowers price but not taste or nutrition. Choose citrus fruits that are firm, heavy and have fine-textured skin; they usually have the thinnest skin and the most juice, pound for pound. Medium-sized fruits are often priced most favorably.

Pears that yield to pressure at the base of the stem will taste best, but they must be eaten soon. Buy firm ones only if you must keep them for a while.

Strawberries won't keep unless the caps are attached. Look for solid, bright red berries; avoid the dull or shrunken ones.

Melons have the most food values just when they taste best. Favor those that have a sweet—not green—smell and that feel heavy for their size.



Cabbages and carrots are nearly always among the best available buys. Carrots should have firm skins and little or no green at the tops.

Celery should be thick and brittle. When it is broken the strings should break off cleanly too.

Corn is best when it has fresh, green husks and firm, plump kernels. Don't be impressed by large ears; slender ones may have as much kernel.

If you use only small quantities of fruits and vegetables, frozen produce—even at much higher per-pound prices—may be a better buy for you. Such things as green peppers, onions, parsley, chives and whole strawberries now come frozen and packed, so you can use as much or as little as you wish.

At the meat counter. Here it is important to shop at *unpopular* hours. Butchers almost always know a great deal about meat values, and they're usually glad to share their knowledge when they aren't rushed. The butcher may also advise you about which meat cuts are most economical for you.

In general you should buy the tenderer—and costlier—high-grade cuts for broiling, roasting and panfrying. The cheaper, less tender, low-grade cuts are good for braising, stewing and pressure-cooking. The lower grades are just as nutritious as the higher ones, and in fact often have greater food value.

Sometimes you will actually save money on meat by spending more. When you buy a roast, for instance, it is often a false economy to buy a small one—"just enough for one meal." It may dry out excessively in cooking and give you less for your money in both quantity and quality than one big enough for two or three meals.

Cheap hamburger is not always a bargain either, if it cooks down to half its volume. Overly fat bacon is equally uneconomical.

Be sure to read the label when you buy frankfurters. Some franks are not all meat; others are. Those containing cereals or dried milk are perfectly good, but you should not pay all-meat prices for them.

In comparing prices and values among such products as bacon and ham from the big packers, remember that company name does not tell the whole story. Each packer has several brand names to denote differing quality. You're getting good value when your butcher offers the top of a brand line as an end-of-the-week special at or below the price of lesser grades.

Although many stores prepackage meats, they are usually willing to cut to order. Simply ring the bell at the meat case to summon the butcher. With custom cuts you can get just what you need. And the cutter may be a little more scrupulous in trimming fat or bone when the meat is for a specific customer. He may also be willing at a non-busy hour to open, machine-slice and tie a canned ham. Slices will be uniform and there will be less waste.

By watching the butcher a few times you can learn how to cut up poultry. A whole chicken is five or six cents cheaper per pound than cut-up chicken; fancy grades in parts may cost you 25 per cent more.

Chicken and turkey have become good buys in recent years. Seize the opportunity when they are offered as specials; unlike many foods, poultry is not usually featured two weeks in a row.

Fish is usually a good buy even when it's not on sale. How well seafoods go down with traditionally beef-eating families depends on the cook. Most fish, being comparatively bland-flavored, take their character from sauces and preparation. Expensive salmon fried greasily may turn out to be less acceptable than delightfully broiled rock cod at less than half the price.

Whether you buy meat, fish or poultry, however, keep in mind that you are buying servings. With a boneless roast at 90 cents a pound and chicken at 40 cents, you can figure both cost 30 cents a serving.

In the dairy department. Eggs and dairy products offer so much nutrition per dollar that you may save money by buying more of these foods and less of more costly ones. Even if you don't buy more, you can save if you buy knowledgeably.

In some places white eggs sell for more than brown, and in others it is the other way around. Buy by price. There's no difference inside the shell.

Top-grade eggs (A or AA) are worth the extra price. They taste better and they look better if they're to be fried, poached or cooked in the shell. But grade B are just as desirable for baking and cooking purposes and for scrambling. They have the same food value.

How about size? When large eggs are selling for 50 cents a dozen, how much should you pay for medium and how much for small? The general rule is that, grade for grade, medium eggs should cost one-eighth less than large; and small eggs should be one-fourth less than large. There's usually one special offering a week which will save you at least 10 per cent.

For fine price comparisons you need to know weights. Jumbo eggs must weigh at least 30 ounces to the dozen. Each other grade—extra-large, medium and small—is 3 ounces less, right down to the peewees, which weigh only 15 ounces for the dozen.

Eggs cost less in the spring than at any other time of year—and that is a good time to feature them in your meal planning.

Milk is your best buy among dairy products, offering more for the money you spend than ice cream, cream cheese and so on.

Fluid whole milk is more expensive than milk in any other form, but you can often save by purchasing more than a quart at a time or by buying it at the store instead of having it delivered.

Canned milk used in cooking and baking is a cost-cutter. Both evaporated and condensed milk often are offered at big savings. If your store has concentrated milk (two parts water added to one part milk makes whole milk), you can save on your cream bill too. Concentrated milk diluted with only one part water has a rich, creamy taste and offers advantages for people who need to reduce calories. It may cost only half as much as cream.

The biggest economy of all lies in maximum use of powdered skim milk. You can substitute it in almost every recipe that calls for whole milk. If you want to make up for the lost fat and calorie content, you can do so with

butter or margarine—1¼ ounces for each quart. Even with tbis addition your cost will be much lower than if you use fluid whole milk.

Some people like dried skim milk for drinking. If your family doesn't, you can make it more appealing by adding some regular or concentrated whole milk.

You'll save about one third, perhaps even more, if you watch for specials on powdered milk. Price competition in this field (as well as in canned milk, cereals, canned soups, sugar and soap) is particularly lively. On one recent Tbursday when there were no major advertised specials, a check of a single supermarket showed powdered milk available in seven different brands or package sizes. Prices per quart equivalent varied from just under 8 cents to more than 10 cents, a difference of over 20 per cent. Special offers sometimes double this differential.

Luxuries on your budget. Much of the purpose of cost-conscious shopping will be lost if it produces complaints at the family table. You should be able to trim costs without downgrading tbe meals your family eats—and perhaps even improve them.

One avenue to this is the taste-tested innovation. Watch for the demonstrators who are posted in food stores to hand out samples of new products. They will give you a chance to be sure you like an innovation before investing in it. The demonstrator may even provide you with a booklet or recipe sheet of serving suggestions. Since products being sampled are commonly offered at prices even lower than normal end-of-week specials, taste-test day is an economical time to buy.

Not all gourmet foods need be purchased in special stores or at gourmet counters. Many are duplicated in plain containers on regular shelves. At one store marinated artichokes in a fancy jar witb a gold label sold at 49 cents a jar. Marinated artichokes of equal quality, but in a plain jar, were on sale in the canned-goods department at three for a dollar.

The shrewd shopper for specials soon finds that such luxuries as prepared mixes for cakes and pies need not stretch the budget. Cake mixes and frozen pies, luxuries at normal prices, suddenly drop in price when featured as weekend specials. The savings may be higher than 20 per cent. It may cost you less to buy the mix than to buy the ingredients separately and do the mixing yourself.

Frozen fruit drinks also are no extravagance when featured at special prices—often 10 cents for a can that makes a quart of beverage. Compare the price of these drinks in ounces per penny with bottled or canned soft drinks.

Be flexible in your shopping routine. If your aim is to get the greatest savings possible, you will have to shop at three to five stores, according to one expert. Sbopping in fewer stores will give you far less than maximum savings; shopping in more stores will mean that your loss in time and travel expenses offsets the savings.

What types of stores offer tbe best bargains? The big supermarkets are able to undersell the smaller stores regularly. But it is no longer true that the major chains have all the bargains. Smaller chains have learned in recent years to compete with them on equal terms, and so, in some instances, have the biggest of the locally owned supermarkets. (The latter sometimes are outstanding on fresh produce too.) The big cooperative stores often have the best buys in top-quality foods, while the national chains offer particularly good savings on standard-quality products.

Whatever stores you go to, you should try to do all your shopping when you can buy end-of-the-week specials. Before midmorning of the first day of a sale is usually best. Then the produce will be fresh and the big-demand bargains and choice premium offers won't be sold out.

Specials traditionally are on sale on Thursday, Friday and Saturday in most communities and are announced first in Wednesday-evening newspapers. But some stores start selling their specials ahead of the newspaper ad, making them effective all day Wednesday. In this case you'll find copies of the coming ad posted in the store Wednesday morning—a first-class opportunity to shop ahead of the crowds.

There's anotber advantage to shopping early. If you spot a super bargain in a product you use in large amounts —perhaps a 5-cent tomato juice concentrate or a 10-cent applesauce—under an unfamiliar label, you can buy a single sample and see how your family likes it. Tbere will be time to go back and stock up the next day while the special is still on. Super bargains are often closeouts or surplus stock from a canner and not likely to be repeated, but while tbey're on sale the savings may be as high as 50 per cent.

Althougb you must be flexible enough to take advantage of extraordinary specials, you must be strong enough to resist impulse buying. Nothing will wreak greater havoc with your budget. If you start with a written shopping list, you'll be abead of most buyers from the beginning. A spot survey of 1,450 shoppers in 70 stores revealed that fewer than half of their purcbases were planned in advance and seven out of ten were made on pure impulse.

Compile your list with three factors constantly in mind. One is the price specials, as listed in newspaper ads. The second is your menus for the coming week. The third is the physical layout of the store in which you will do your major shopping. (Fortunately, this will be almost the same in most supermarkets.)

Althougb for convenience you will want to follow the easy, established path througb the aisles, you should make several departures if you want to save money. You should, for instance, check the price of fresh against frozen against canned fruit and vegetables before choosing any. The prices will vary from week to week, depending on both season and specials.

Since so many of your menus will be built around meat, try to make it one of your first purchases. If the meat you planned to buy does not seem as attractive as the ad promised, you may want to make a sudden change of menu in the store.

Wait till near the end of your shopping trip to buy fragile fruits, vegetables, baked goods and candies; you don't want them crushed under a sack of flour or a heap of cans.

Load all frozen and cold things last. Load them all at the same time and keep them together. The less their

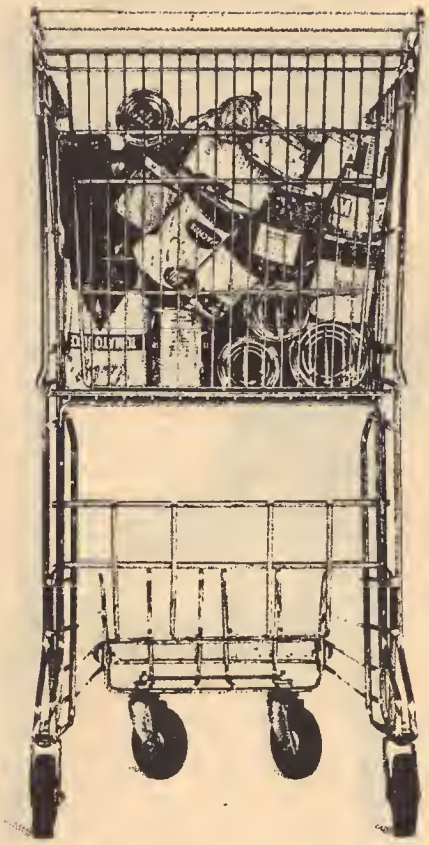
temperature rises before you get them into your refrigerator or freezer, the less chance there is of deterioration.

Be wary about buying from a freezer display cabinet that lacks a thermometer, does not hold temperatures down to zero or has packages stacked above the load-level line. If you find your store is mishandling frozen products, shift that part of your buying elsewhere, regardless of prices. There is no economy in buying frozen products that have lost flavor because they were stored at temperatures that were too high.

Get help when shopping. Combining forces with a neighbor can be an advantage, and so can husband-wife shopping, but only if impulse buying and keeping-up-with-the-Joneses is restricted. Husbands are often the wildest impulse buyers—even wilder than children.

To control impulse buying make a rule: Only the bearer of the list can put anything into the cart without special consultation. This is particularly important in the soft-drink, candy and cookie departments.

At the checkout counter. Have you noticed that some checkers have longer lines at busy hours than do others? This is no accident. Regular customers soon learn which checkers are the most competent and careful. Use this clue to choose a checker, and when you find a good one, stay with her. Most of the best checkers are women. Many of the men you see occasionally at checking counters are stock boys or assistant managers helping at rush hours. They seldom have the checking experience or knowledge of special prices that the regulars have.



A good checker won't be annoyed if you watch closely to see that she rings up the right prices, especially on the specials. Checkers know that they aren't perfect, and few of them can remember all the specials they are confronted witb, especially on the first day of a sale.

There are fewer mistakes when your checker calls prices as sbe goes. Many stores have eliminated this as a regular practice, out of regard for the limitations of the human throat, but the rule usually is that the checker will call your prices if you ask her to.

To help tbe checker, be sure to keep together the items that are priced at "2 for" or "3 for" a given amount. If you carelessly permit three small cans of juice, say, to become separated in your cart and be rung up individually at 7 cents each instead of three for 19 cents, you will lose more than 10 per cent.

Tbe checker to stay with is the one who asks if the lone can has companions hidden, who pulls out and replaces the bad banana you've carelessly selected, who segregates your frozen foods and double-sacks them for insulation. (You'll do better yet, though, to supply an insulated bag for them yourself.)

If your checker knows you, she will cash your checks without question, remind you of any specials you may have overlooked, cheerfully exchange unwanted merchandise and replace unsatisfactory or spoiled merchandise without questioning your word.

If you're buying too many specials to keep all the prices in your mind, carry a grease pencil and mark the special prices on the items as you select them. This is not an uncommon practice, and most checkers welcome it.

Because your help can be so important, there are three kinds of checkout arrangements you sbould be careful about. One is the counter where the casb register is placed so that merchandise blocks your view of tbe amounts being rung up. Another is the counter where the scales are similarly placed. The third is any moving belt or other device which keeps you so busy loading from your own cart that you have no chance to watcb what goes on.

If you're not accustomed to checking prices, all this may sound like more trouble than it is worth and a reflection on someone's honesty. It is neither. The mistakes that are made can add up to enough to affect your savings. And they do not tend to balance out. Since the usual error is to charge an item at the regular price instead of the sale price, the great majority of mistakes are bound to be in the store's favor.

Get to know the manager. Retail food industry authorities have estimated that a single regular customer is worth hundreds of dollars to a supermarket each year—so you are very important to the store manager. Cultivate him (you'll be able to do this best during non-rush hours) and he'll be happy to assist you. His information can help you to increase your savings.

He can lead you to the better values in produce, in which prices sometimes move drastically in a day. He can help you to arrange your own specials on bulk purchases.

The manager's help, in fact, can be so important that even if you devote little of your own time and effort to trying to cut costs, bis assistance may result in an appreciable lowering of your annual food bill. ...THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AARON ROSE

real orange flavor

Plus "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C

You can't fit a round orange into a square package . . . but we found a way to fit in the wonderful sun-ripened orange goodness . . . natural orange flavor enhanced with artificial flavor. Royal even adds "Fresh-Fruit Vitamin"-C. Nice trick? Here's another:

QUICK TRICK

To Cube: Prepare Royal Orange Gelatin according to package directions using only 1¾ cups water. Pour into 8-inch square pan. When set, cut in cubes.

For Sauce: Prepare Royal Vanilla Pudding (Instant or Regular) according to directions using 2 tablespoons pudding and 1 cup milk. Chill. Stir well and serve over gelatin cubes. Remaining pudding may be prepared as a pudding dessert using 1¾ cups milk, or saved to make another sauce at later date.

Always reach for Royal . . . 26 exciting Gelatin and Pudding flavors.

How to make good Coffee and 14 treats to serve with it

1. Start with fresh coffee. Buy coffee in the size of can or package that will be used within a week after opening.
2. Always use a thoroughly clean coffee maker. Rinse it with hot water before using. Wash coffee maker thoroughly after each using.
3. Use freshly drawn cold water. For best results use the full capacity of the coffee maker.
4. Measure the coffee and water accurately. The usual measurement is one standard coffee measure or two level tablespoons coffee to each three-fourths measuring cup of water.
5. Once you find the exact timing to obtain the desired results with your coffee maker, stick to it for uniform results.
6. Serve the coffee as soon as possible after brewing.

HALF-AND-HALF COFFEE

2 cups scalded milk
2 cups strong coffee

Pour the milk and coffee together, letting the two liquids meet as they stream into the cup. Serves 4 to 5.

COFFEE BRÛLOT

1 medium-sized orange
4 2-inch sticks cinnamon
12 whole cloves
6 cubes sugar
½ cup warm brandy
4 cups hot double-strength coffee

Cut rind from orange in thin strips; place in chafing dish with cinnamon, cloves and sugar cubes. Pour in warm brandy and light with a match. Stir until flame dies down and sugar is melted. Add coffee. Serve in demitasse cups after dinner. Makes about 1 quart.

VIENNESE COFFEE

½ cup heavy cream
3¾ cups hot coffee
Grated orange rind

Whip cream until it holds its shape. Place a generous spoonful of cream on top of each serving of coffee. Garnish cream with a sprinkle of freshly grated orange rind. Serves 6.

CINNAMON BOW TIES

1 14-ounce package hot-roll mix
3 tablespoons melted butter OR margarine
½ cup raisins
⅓ cup coarsely chopped pecans
⅓ cup brown sugar, packed
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Prepare hot-roll mix for richer dough as directed on package. When it has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll into an oblong ½ inch thick, about 7 inches wide and 18 inches long. Brush with butter. Combine raisins, nuts, sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle over dough. Starting with the wide side of oblong, roll up dough like a jelly roll. Cut into slices about 1 inch thick. Take hold of each slice and stretch gently, then twist tightly in opposite directions before placing on a greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Bake in a 375° F. oven *(moderately hot)* about 18 minutes. Makes about 2 dozen.

ORANGE-HONEY CUBES

(Photograph on page 71)

1 loaf unsliced day-old white bread
¼ cup light brown sugar
¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons orange juice
¼ cup melted butter OR margarine
¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*. Cut crusts from top and sides of bread. Cut bread lengthwise almost through to bottom crust, then cut crosswise into 1½-inch cubes. Combine sugar, cinnamon, honey and orange juice; add butter and stir until blended. Pour mixture over bread, letting some run down into cubes and over top. Tie loosely with string. Place on a cookie sheet and bake 20 minutes. Remove string and serve warm.

WALNUT HONEY ROLLS

2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon melted butter OR margarine
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts
6 brown and serve cloverleaf rolls

Preheat oven to 400° F. *(moderately hot)*. Grease 6 wells of a muffin pan. Combine honey, butter, nutmeg and chopped nuts. Divide nut mixture evenly into each well. Place rolls in wells. Bake 15 minutes. Let stand in pan 1 minute after removing from oven. Invert pan on serving plate to remove rolls. Makes 6 rolls.

RICH DOUGHNUTS

4 egg yolks OR 2 whole eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons soft shortening
¾ cup buttermilk
3½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 to 3 pounds shortening for frying

Beat eggs well. Beat in sugar and shortening. Stir in buttermilk. Sift together remaining ingredients and work them into the batter. Chill dough 2 hours. Roll out ⅓ inch thick, cut with floured doughnut cutter. Brown doughnuts about 1 minute on each side in 3 inches shortening heated to 370° F. *(hot)* in a heavy saucepan or deep-fat fryer. Drain on absorbent paper. Dust with confectioners' sugar. Makes 24.

BUTTERSCOTCH LOAF

¼ cup softened butter OR margarine
¾ cup brown sugar, packed
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons water
1 loaf unsliced bread

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*.

Combine butter, sugar, cinnamon, nuts and water. Beat until well blended. Cut bread, almost through to bottom crust, into 12 slices. Spread butter mixture generously between each slice of bread. Place loaf in a shallow baking dish. Heat 15 minutes. Makes 12 servings.

HOT CROSS BUNS

1 14-ounce package hot-roll mix
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
2 tablespoons melted shortening
½ cup raisins
¼ cup currants

Prepare mix according to package directions. With dry contents add sugar, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and shortening. Let dough rise in warm place until doubled, about 30 to 45 minutes. Knead in raisins and currants. Shape into 16 balls and place in greased 8-inch square pan. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot)* and bake 20 minutes. Brush top with melted butter and cool. Mix *½ cup confectioners' sugar* with *1½ teaspoons water* and *½ teaspoon lemon juice*. Spoon icing over the buns in crossed pattern. Makes 16.

(Continued on page 88)

SUNNYBAKE HASH

SUNNYBAKE HASH. Bake eggs with hash (make indentations for eggs with a tablespoon). Salt to taste, add tsp. of cream to each egg. Bake about 20 minutes at 350°

Corned Beef Hash like men order for lunch. That's the kind Armour makes. With plenty of good Armour beef, diced potatoes, and a touch of onion. But mostly beef. Try it—a meaty main dish for less than 14¢ a serving.

Reach for the Star

ARMOUR STAR CORNED BEEF HASH

BREAKFAST CAKE

1 loaf unsliced day-old bread
6 tablespoons melted butter
6 tablespoons flour
½ cup brown sugar, packed
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ cup soft butter

Heat oven to 450° F. *(hot)*.

Trim off crusts from bread and cut into quarters crosswise. Now halve each of these pieces lengthwise, making 8 rectangular pieces. Brush each with melted butter. In a bowl combine flour, sugar and spices and cut in soft butter with fork. Pile topping on each bread strip. Bake 10 minutes.

APPLE TURNOVERS

12 3½-inch pastry circles
¾ cup sweetened apple sauce
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg

Heat oven to 450° F. *(hot)*.

Place pastry circles on a cookie sheet. Combine apple sauce and nutmeg; put 2 teaspoons on one side of each pastry circle. Moisten edge of pastry. Fold pastry over apple sauce. Press firmly together with the tines of a fork. Bake 14 to 16 minutes until golden brown. Makes 12.

MINCEMEAT FOLDOVERS

1 can refrigerated buttermilk biscuits
½ cup prepared mincemeat
1 tablespoon undiluted evaporated milk
2 tablespoons slivered blanched almonds

Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot)*.

Place biscuits on a lightly floured board and roll each into an oval. Spread a spoonful of mincemeat on half the oval; fold other half of biscuit over mincemeat and pinch edge to seal. Brush top with milk and sprinkle with almonds. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 10 minutes. Makes 10.

CRANBERRY-GLAZED ROLLS

¼ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup jellied cranberry sauce
¼ cup brown sugar, packed
1 package brown and serve party rolls

Heat oven to 400° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Grease muffin pans generously. Sprinkle a few chopped nuts into each cup. Crush cranberry sauce with a fork; add sugar and blend. Divide cranberry mixture among muffin cups. Press a roll upside down into each. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. Let cool a few minutes. Invert pans and gently remove rolls. Makes 12 rolls.

PEANUT CRUMB CAKE

1 package white cake mix
1 cup finely crushed graham-cracker crumbs
¾ cup finely chopped peanuts
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Grease a 13-x-9-x-2-inch pan. Prepare cake-mix batter as directed. Blend crumbs, peanuts and rind. Sprinkle ⅓ of the mixture over bottom of pan. Pour in ½ of the cake batter. Sprinkle batter with ⅓ crumb mixture. Repeat with remaining batter and crumbs. Bake 30 to 35 minutes.

BASIC RECIPE FOR SPEEDY YEAST DOUGH

3 packages active dry yeast
9 tablespoons warm, not hot, water
1 cup milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
9 tablespoons sugar
¾ teaspoon ground cinnamon
6 cups prepared biscuit mix

Sprinkle yeast into warm water in a large bowl. Stir until dissolved. Add milk, sugar and cinnamon. Stir in half the biscuit mix and beat until well blended. Stir in remaining mix. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead about 20 times. Shape into a ball. Place in a greased bowl; turn once to bring greased side up. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. Punch down and use as directed in the following recipes.

COCONUT COFFEE RING

⅓ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ⅓ of dough)
2 tablespoons melted butter OR margarine
⅓ cup brown sugar, packed
½ cup flaked coconut
Confectioners' Frosting

Prepare yeast dough as directed in basic recipe above. When it has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Roll into an oblong ¼ inch thick and about 5 inches wide. Brush with butter. Combine sugar and coconut; sprinkle over dough. Starting at the wide side of oblong, roll up dough like a jelly roll. Form into a ring on a greased cookie sheet. Pinch ends firmly together. With scissors, make cuts ⅔ of the way through ring at 1-inch intervals. Turn each cut section on its side. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*. Bake ring about 25 minutes. Frost with Confectioners' Frosting *(recipe below)*. Top with coconut if desired. Makes 1 ring.

CONFECTIONERS' FROSTING

Heat *2 tablespoons milk* and *1 tablespoon butter* or *margarine* in a small saucepan over low heat until butter melts. Remove from heat. Stir in *1 cup* of *confectioners' sugar* and *¼ teaspoon vanilla extract*. Beat until smooth. Makes ½ cup.

APPLE KUCHEN

⅓ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ⅓ of dough)
1 20-ounce can sliced apples
Water
⅓ cup (1 2½-ounce jar) red cinnamon candies
1 tablespoon melted butter OR margarine
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Prepare dough as directed in basic recipe. While dough rises, prepare apples. Drain apples. Add enough water to the drained juice to make ½ cup. Combine juice and water with cinnamon candies in saucepan. Heat until candies melt. Add apple slices. Simmer and stir gently about 10 minutes, until slices are evenly colored. Cool and drain slices thoroughly. When dough has doubled in bulk, pat into a greased 9-inch square pan. Brush top with butter. Arrange apple slices in rows on dough. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes.

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*. Bake 30 minutes. Cut in squares; serve warm with plain or whipped cream. Makes 9 servings.

PRUNE SQUARES

⅓ recipe Speedy Yeast Dough (or ⅓ of dough)
1½ cups chopped cooked prunes
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
Confectioners' Frosting

Prepare dough as directed in basic recipe above. When it has doubled in bulk, punch down and turn out on a lightly floured board. Divide dough in halves. Roll each half into an oblong about 9 x 12 inches. Place one oblong on a greased cookie sheet. Combine prunes, lemon rind, lemon juice and sugar. Spread on dough. Cover with second oblong. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled, about 30 minutes. Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*. Bake cake about 20 minutes. When cool, decorate with zigzag rows of Confectioners' Frosting *(recipe above)*. Cut in squares. Makes 24 squares.

(Continued on page 92)

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How to make good Tea and tempting teatime sweets and sandwiches

1. Start with the freshest tea you can buy. Once a foil-wrapped container of tea is opened it should be put in a clean, dry, airtight container and kept in a cool, dry place.
2. Always use a teapot. It will keep the water temperature at the highest possible level. China, glass or earthenware teapots are preferable to metal ones. Rinse the pot with boiling water before adding the tea.
3. Use freshly drawn cold water in kettle or saucepan. Bring to a full, rolling boil.
4. In teapot use one teaspoonful of tea leaves or one tea bag for each cup of boiling water to be added.
5. Let the tea brew for at least three minutes but no more than five minutes. The color of the tea is no indication of strength and flavor, because some teas brew darker than others.
6. Serve the hot tea immediately with a choice of milk, lemon slices and sugar.

HOT CINNAMON TEA

4 cups boiling water
8 tea bags
½ cup sugar
2 lemons
2 oranges
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon
4 whole cloves
8 thin slices lemon
8 whole cloves

Pour boiling water over tea. Brew 4 minutes. Remove tea bags; add sugar. Squeeze juice from lemons and oranges and stir into tea. Add cinnamon and cloves and heat. Garnish each serving with a slice of lemon speared with a clove. Makes 8 servings.

MIDNIGHT TEA

3 cups boiling water
1 tablespoon tea OR 3 tea bags
½ cup orange marmalade
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Thin lemon slices

Pour boiling water over tea. Brew 4 minutes. Strain. Return strained tea to saucepan; add marmalade; bring to boil; simmer 10 minutes. Add lemon juice. Serve in pottery mugs or teacups. Garnish each with a thin slice of lemon. Makes about 3½ cups.

JAM BARS

1 13½-ounce package all-purpose cookie mix
1 cup raspberry jam

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot).*

Mix dough according to package directions for rolled cookies. Divide dough in halves. Pat half the dough evenly over the bottom of a greased 9-inch square pan. Bake 15 minutes. Remove from oven and cool 10 minutes. Spread evenly with raspberry jam. Roll out remaining dough; cut in ½-inch strips and place lattice-fashion on top of jam. Bake 15 to 20 minutes, or until lattice strips are lightly browned. Cool and cut into squares. Makes 16 squares.

CHOCOLATE TOFFEE BARS

½ cup butter OR margarine
½ cup brown sugar, packed
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup quick-cooking oats
1 6-ounce package semisweet chocolate bits
½ cup finely chopped nuts

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Grease an 8-inch square cake pan. Blend the butter, brown sugar and vanilla. Add the egg and beat well. Add the flour and oats. Blend. Spread in greased pan and bake 20 minutes. Cool slightly. Melt chocolate bits in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water and spread over baked mixture with a spatula. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and cut into squares while chocolate is still warm. Makes 16.

GREEK CRESCENTS

½ pound butter OR margarine
¼ cup sugar
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons brandy
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ cup chopped pecans
Confectioners' sugar

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot).*

Beat butter in an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Add sugar gradually and beat thoroughly. Beat in egg yolk and brandy. Sift together flour and baking powder; fold into butter mixture with a wooden spoon. Stir in nuts. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead gently with floured hands about 2 minutes. Using about 1 tablespoon dough, shape into crescents. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake 25 minutes. Cool slightly and sprinkle heavily with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 6 dozen.

CREAM CHEESE PRESSED COOKIES

1 cup soft shortening
1 3-ounce package cream cheese at room temperature
1 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind
2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Put shortening and cheese in a large bowl. Beat until well blended and fluffy. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until fluffy and smooth. Beat in egg yolk, vanilla and orange rind. Sift flour with salt. Stir into sugar mixture. Fill cookie press and form cookies on ungreased cookie sheet. Decorate with colored sugar, cinnamon sugar or chopped nuts. Bake 12 to 15 minutes, or until edges are nicely browned. Cool on wire rack. Makes about 6 dozen.

CHOCOLATE MINT SQUARES

2 eggs, beaten
½ cup butter OR margarine, melted
1 cup sugar
2 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ teaspoon peppermint flavoring
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup shredded almonds

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Combine eggs, margarine and sugar; beat well. Blend in chocolate and flavoring; stir in flour and nuts. Pour into a greased 9-inch square pan. Bake 30 minutes. Cool. Blend together *2 tablespoons butter* or *margarine, 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, 1 teaspoon peppermint flavoring* and *1 tablespoon cream.* Spread over cooled cake. When icing sets, melt *1 tablespoon butter* or *margarine* with *1 1-ounce square unsweetened chocolate.* Spread on icing. Cut in 1-inch squares when cool.

SCOTCH-BREAD DOMINOES

1 cup butter OR margarine
2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
½ cup ground blanched almonds
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ cup semisweet chocolate pieces

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot).*

Break up butter with a fork. With a pastry blender work in flour, confectioners' sugar, almonds, salt and almond extract until mixture is like coarse corn meal. Press into two greased 8-inch square cake pans. Pierce dough with a fork and cut into bars 1 x 1½ inches. Dot with chocolate pieces to resemble dominoes. Bake 30 to 35 minutes. Makes about 7 dozen.

(Continued on page 94)

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WATER-CRESS ROLLS
(Photograph on page 70)

3 slices bacon
1 3-ounce package cream cheese
1 teaspoon milk
6 slices thinly sliced white bread
Softened butter OR margarine
Water cress

Dice bacon coarsely; cook in a skillet over low heat until crisp. Drain pieces on paper. Beat cheese and milk together with a fork until smooth. Stir in crisp bacon. Remove crusts from bread; roll lightly with a rolling pin; spread with butter. Cut each slice in half. Spread ½ tablespoonful of the cheese mixture on each piece of bread. Place a small sprig of water cress on each side of one end of each sandwich. Roll up like a jelly roll with water cress extending over each edge. Fasten with a toothpick. Place rolls on a cookie sheet; cover with a damp towel and chill 30 minutes. Remove toothpick before serving. Makes 1 dozen.

CRABMEAT PUFFS
(Photograph on page 70)

24 2-inch bread rounds
Mayonnaise
Thin tomato slices
Salt and pepper
1 6½-ounce can crabmeat, drained and flaked
Lemon juice

Broil bread rounds on one side; cool. Spread untoasted side with mayonnaise. Fit a piece of tomato on bread. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Top with 2 teaspoons crabmeat, ½ teaspoon mayonnaise and a few drops lemon juice. Broil until mayonnaise puffs and starts to brown. Makes 2 dozen.

CALIFORNIA CHEESE ROLLS

1 cup shredded American cheese
¼ pound blue cheese
1 3-ounce package cream cheese
2 tablespoons port wine
¼ cup finely chopped walnuts
½ teaspoon grated onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
Dash cayenne pepper
Crisp crackers

Blend cheeses thoroughly. Add wine, nuts, onion, parsley and cayenne. Chill until firm enough to shape into rolls. Form 2 rolls, about 1¼ inches in diameter. Wrap each in waxed paper and chill overnight or longer. To serve, unwrap rolls; slice with a sharp knife and arrange slices on crackers.

HAM CORNUCOPIAS
(Photograph on page 70)

1 cup ground cooked ham
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
8 slices thinly sliced cracked wheat bread
Softened butter OR margarine

Combine ham, parsley and mayonnaise. Remove crusts from bread; roll lightly with a rolling pin. Spread with butter. Cut each slice in quarters. Place ¼ teaspoonful of the ham mixture diagonally on each square of bread. Fold two opposite corners over and secure with a toothpick. Place on a cookie sheet; cover with wax paper and a damp towel and chill 30 minutes. Remove toothpick before serving. Makes 2½ dozen.

SALMON SCALLOPS
(Photograph on page 70)

1 7½-ounce can salmon, drained and flaked
½ cup finely chopped cucumber
2 tablespoons finely chopped dill pickle
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
Salt and pepper
White bread
Softened butter OR margarine
Pimiento
Green pepper

Combine salmon, cucumber, pickle and mayonnaise in a bowl. Season to taste with salt and pepper. With a small, scalloped cookie cutter cut rounds from fresh bread. Spread with butter. For open sandwiches, spread filling on rounds. For covered ones, top with a second bread round. Cut tiny circles of pimiento and slivers of green pepper for decoration on closed sandwiches. Makes about 3 dozen.

CHICKEN AND ALMOND SALAD

1½ cups diced cooked chicken
½ cup toasted sliced almonds
¼ teaspoon dried rosemary
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 cucumber
12 slices white bread
Softened butter OR margarine

Combine chicken, almonds, rosemary, salt, pepper and mayonnaise. Peel and slice cucumber in thin slices. Spread bread with butter. Arrange a layer of sliced cucumber on half the slices. Spread with chicken mixture. Top with remaining bread slices. Makes 6.

CHIPPED BEEF—CUCUMBER TRIANGLES
(Photograph on page 70)

8 slices whole wheat bread
Softened butter OR margarine
Mayonnaise
¼ pound chipped dried beef
1 small cucumber, thinly sliced
Freshly ground pepper

Spread half the bread slices with butter, the remaining ones with mayonnaise. Arrange slices of chipped beef on buttered bread slices; top with cucumber slices; sprinkle with pepper. Cover with remaining bread. Cut each sandwich into quarters. Makes 16.

FRUIT-AND-NUT SANDWICHES

8 slices bread
Softened butter OR margarine
1 3-ounce package cream cheese
12 dates, chopped
12 figs, chopped
½ cup chopped walnuts
3 tablespoons cream
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon
Pinch of salt

Spread bread with butter. Combine remaining ingredients; spread on half the bread. Top with the remaining bread slices. Makes 4 sandwiches.

BROWN BREAD—CHEESE ROUNDS

2 cups cottage cheese
¼ teaspoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup finely chopped radishes
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
8 slices Boston brown bread
Softened butter OR margarine

Combine cheese, onion, salt, paprika, radishes and Worcestershire in a bowl. Spread bread with butter. Spread filling on each slice. Makes 8 sandwiches.

TUNA-DILL SPREAD

1 3-ounce package cream cheese
1 7-ounce can tuna, drained
¼ cup finely diced cucumber
2 teaspoons minced fresh dill OR ¼ teaspoon dill seed
2 teaspoons lemon juice
8 slices whole wheat bread
Softened butter OR margarine

Mash cheese with a fork. Combine with tuna, cucumber, dill and lemon juice. Spread bread with butter. Spread half the slices with tuna mixture. Top with rest of bread slices. Makes 4.

Pour in Hunt'sauce and you pour in a pound of whole, ripe tomatoes simmered to a thick, smooth sauce —spiced just right. It's the modern way to cook with tomato!

EASY OVEN STEW

2 lbs. beef, cut up for stew
2 tablesp. flour 1 teasp. salt
⅛ teasp. pepper ⅛ teasp. paprika
2 tablesp. Wesson, pure vegetable oil
4 to 6 small onions 1 cup sliced celery
4 small potatoes 4 small carrots, cut up
Salt and pepper to taste 1 cup water
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Roll beef in seasoned flour. Toss with Wesson in 3-quart casserole. Bake, uncovered, at 400°F. 30 minutes. Stir once. Add vegetables and toss with meat and meat juices. Add water, salt and pepper to taste. Pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over all. Mix well. Cover. Bake at 350°F. for 1¾ hours, or until stew is cooked to your family's taste. Makes 4 servings.

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

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CAN YOU RELY ON YOUR HAIRDRESSER?

Advice to customers

Be on time. Allow your hairdresser the same courtesy you give your doctor or dentist. It's almost as disrupting to be too early as too late—most salons don't have waiting space.

Try to make appointments in off hours when the salon is not busy; at least make them when you can allow enough time for a thorough job. When you rush away and say, "I'll comb it out myself later," you are not only cheating yourself but depriving the stylist of the most creative and valuable part of his work.

Don't receive personal telephone calls at the salon—it ties up business phones, wastes everyone's time and is generally annoying.

Don't embarrass the hairdresser by asking how much you should tip. Ask the shop manager or the cashier.

Always ask about the upkeep of a new hairstyle. If it requires a lot of care, forget it unless your budget and time allow for frequent trips to the beauty salon.

Tell your hairdresser what hair-length range to stay within. This is a strictly personal preference that you and possibly your husband must decide.

Don't smoke, eat or talk to someone else while your hair is being worked on. Many women are guilty on all three counts.

Show interest while your hairdresser sets your hair; be willing to hand him clips or rollers. He will be happy to tell you how to set your hair between visits.

Bring a photograph or sketch of the style you want—don't try to explain it. But don't insist if your hairdresser thinks your hair is not the right texture for the style or that it will not be flattering to you.

Choose a hairdresser whose work you've seen and admired on others, one you know is competent. Book enough time for consultation and for establishing a pleasant rapport on your first visit.

Don't take your hairdresser's services for granted. Let him know you like the work he does. He will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Advice to hairdressers

Always undercut rather than overcut. You can always take more off, but once you have cut too much only time will bring the hair back—and nothing may bring the customer back.

On a customer's first visit pay attention to details about her appearance. Her stature, figure and general type are almost as important in determining a style as her features and hair texture.

Be completely knowledgeable about the texture of a woman's hair and the limitations it presents before suggesting any style.

Do the best you can to correct any hair problem your customer brings to you. Don't just complain that someone else has given her a bad haircut.

Be personally neat—impeccable, in fact. If this means changing a uniform or jacket four times a day, do it. See that your working area is kept neat even when you're very busy.

Keep your customer informed on the newest styles but don't be insistent. Don't suggest all at once permanents, treatments, facials or any of the other services the salon offers, even if you think she would benefit from them. Women hate the feeling of being pressured.

Always caution a customer that she must give herself time to get accustomed to a brand-new hairstyle rather than making up her mind about it right after it's combed out.

Don't gossip about other customers and don't initiate personal conversations. Not everyone enjoys small talk, and one of the pleasures a salon should offer is relaxation.

Try to keep cool even if a customer is nervous and upset. Temperamental artists are out-of-date.

Be as individual as possible. Don't just follow all the current styles. Adapt these styles to each woman according to her own type.

Reassure her. Many women approach a hairdresser as if they were being led to the guillotine, even though they want and need a new hairstyle. Let your customer know that you understand her apprehensions and will abide by her wishes.

Diagnosis: Love

(Continued from page 55)

it from under the table and began pulling and cutting strips, which she thumbed to a nearby shelf. As her uncle gently cleaned the child's knee and elbow—skinned and dirty from a minor bike accident—he murmured abstractedly: "Cal waiting for you, Ginny?"

She looked quickly at him but answered with perfect nonchalance: "Nope."

She looked at him again and marveled at how preoccupied he was and yet at the same time how keenly conscious of what he was doing and saying, even though the words came from a distance. Glad to move out of her own troubled mind for a moment, she wondered what it was he thought about when he was like this. More and more often of late she had been aware of his withdrawal.

As he held a syringe at eye level there was nothing in his face to indicate the direction of his thoughts. Perhaps, it occurred to her, he's not even thinking; perhaps he's just exhausted. She had long since lost count of the day's office calls—patients had come and gone in armies—and she never knew how many house calls he made, for some went on record and some did not. It was almost nine now, and Mrs. Harris, his housekeeper, had said he had not been home at dinnertime.

"I had a nice roast chicken ready on the dot of six, and where was *he?*" she had asked Virginia earlier in the evening. But Virginia didn't know—she was at home with her parents at six, having dinner herself.

"Maybe we can grab him before he goes to the hospital," she had told Mrs. Harris. "Mrs. Carpenter is having her baby."

"Tonight?"

"All night, more likely."

It was this withdrawal of his, Virginia thought now, that made one remember him as a person as well as a wonderful machine, which for thirty years had turned its wheels to deal with everything from scratches to catastrophes. When the machine was at work and the man was withdrawn, you missed him.

Poor Aunt Belle had spent her life missing him, Virginia thought suddenly, though not missing him in the same way. "I don't mind his female patients falling in love with him," she used to say. "The poor things can't help it—why, just look at him! But *he's* in love with his *patients*—horrid little boys and squalling babies, cross old men and simpering hypochondriacs. If he's not off tending them, he's lying awake thinking about them."

When Aunt Belle died two years ago Virginia had just completed her training and was looking forward to hospital work. But at her mother's urging she had instead gone to work for her uncle Peter, whose nurse had left to be married. "Do it just for a little while," said her mother. "You'll be such a help to him."

After Virginia had thought it over she was happy about it, but in the past two years she had found that except for being an efficient nurse, she was quite useless to him. His resistance to meals and rest, she had found, was not always because of the pressure of work, but because he preferred being overworked to being alone. And she discovered that the loneliness of older people who had loved and been loved for a long time was something she could not fathom, any more than she could fathom the fatigue that gathers over the years and needs a better thing than sleep to ease it. Just as unfathomable was his curious preoccupation of late. His face now, still so handsome, so patient, was a mask.

But the machine was working, wheels turning, speaking its time-smooth language: "No doubt about it, Henry. You're the best boy that ever stretched out on this table. Damage your bike much?"

. . . When the dickens was it, Dr. Peter Moore was thinking as he squinted at the syringe, that those delightfully improbable women were in fashion? It must have been the late eighteenth century. Yes, that's when it was. . . .

"This will sting a little, Henry," he said. "Now grit your teeth, old man. There! It's all over. Good boy."

. . . They were fashionable English-women, he thought, painted by the fashionable artists of the day: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Romney. How exquisite they were with their small, expressive shoulders, neat waists and round little wrists and fingers and throats! Full of charm and nonsense and wonder. And the ridiculous hats they wore . . .

"You want to be careful riding in the fog, Henry," he said.

When Henry hobbled out—a wounded hero, proud with bandages—Dr. Moore said: "See who's next, Ginny."

"Nobody but Helen, I hope. It's almost nine." (Helen, four years old, had been hiccuping all day.)

"Well, bring her into the office to wait while I call the hospital and check on Mrs. Carpenter and Marge."

"Marge? She's not due for another month!"

"That's her story. I sent her in while you were home at dinner," he said, and picked up the phone. "Six babies and she can't read a calendar. If she owns one. Which I doubt." Even as he spoke he was still hollow with preoccupation.

"Uncle Peter?" Virginia paused in the doorway.

"Hm?"

"Is everything all right? I mean, are you worried about anything?"

"Marge and Mrs. Carpenter? No, they're fine. I won't need you tonight, if that's what you're getting at. Do you have a date?"

She hesitated. "No—nothing important."

"Oh?" He emerged from the spell that was upon him and his eyes focused sharply on her. Cradling the telephone receiver in his hand, he watched her intently and waited for her to speak.

She shrugged. "Just Cal. But it's nothing definite."

He studied her for another moment. Then he said quietly: "I don't need you, honey. You go on out with just-Cal."

A fleeting glint in his eye made her uncomfortable and she turned away.

"If anyone else comes in," he went on, "unless it's an emergency, tell them to come back in the morning. I've got a couple of house calls to make on my way to the hospital." He had dialed the hospital number while he was speaking; now he said into the phone, "Maternity, please." Once again his face assumed the expressionless mask.

"Busy, Dr. Moore. Will you wait?"

"Yes, thanks."

I wonder, he was thinking as Virginia went to bring in the little girl, what those eighteenth-century English painters would have done with some of today's fashionable ladies, those skinny fashion models with concave bellies and bony wrists. . . .

"I'm ringing them now, Dr. Moore."

"Hm? Oh. Thank you."

. . . But of all the portraits I can remember, he thought, one of Romney's comes the nearest—a portrait of Lady Hamilton in a hat, alive with charm, breathless, anticipant. . . .

Virginia opened the door and looked in. Seeing that he was still on the phone, she closed the door and said to the hiccuping child and her mother, who were waiting in the office now, "He'll see you in a minute," and went into the hall.

I'll call Calvin as soon as Uncle Peter's off the phone, she thought. I'll say— Oh, I'll think of something.

As she waited she thought with satisfaction of the empty waiting room. What a day! She sighed, and then caught her breath as she heard the ominous rustle of magazine pages in the waiting room. She shut her eyes. No! she thought. Oh, no! She looked at her watch—one minute to nine. With her face set grimly, she went up the hall to the waiting room and looked in—and saw the hat. It was pink. Pink and jaunty and absolutely amazing.

How could she? thought Virginia. How could she, after a day like this! She felt hot with anger.

"Good evening, Mrs. Updyke," she said, surprised that her voice was pleasant.

Mrs. Updyke lifted her head and looked out from under the hat. "Good evening, Ginny." She laid aside the magazine she held and smiled. "I'm afraid I'm rather late."

Her voice, as always, was softly breathless, as if she lived in the presence of something rather wonderful—something not quite to be believed, perhaps, but at least hoped for, even gently contemplated. "Do you suppose I'll be able to see your uncle Peter?" She leaned forward anxiously, her small, gloved hands clasped in her lap.

Oh, by all means, thought Virginia, her irritation rising out of all proportion. (What is the *matter* with me tonight?) Yes, indeed, you can see him—he's not dead yet! He's winding up a record-breaking day, he has two more house calls to make before he goes to the hospital to spend half the night, he hasn't had his dinner yet and he's so exhausted he's as vacant as a zombie. But he's still breathing, so do see him, by all means! (I'm

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getting hysterical, she thought, and took a deep breath to steady herself.)

"I'll tell him you're here, Mrs. Updyke. Excuse me."

Virginia went into the hall, but stopped beside the stairs and looked at the extension phone. I could just call him, she thought, and ask him to pick me up because—because it might rain, or something like that, and not say anything about last night. Swiftly then, for fear of changing her mind, she walked to the back of the hall and picked up the extension, but her uncle was still talking. She said to herself fiercely: I'll wait. And with a determined effort she switched her mind from Cal to Mrs. Updyke.

Pink! A pink hat this week! And no doubt a brand-new ailment to go with it. A new complaint and a different hat every single, solitary week for the past two and a half months. The woman was perfectly shameless!

Last week the hat was green and misty, and she had the most devastating little twinge in her wrist. Uncle Peter had had to unbutton her glove to examine it. The time before that she was having difficulty sleeping and the hat was a white one—a flyaway thing. One of the feathers tickled Uncle Peter under the chin as she had passed him in the doorway. If she holds out for a year, Virginia calculated, she will need, all in all, fifty-two hats and fifty-two ailments. She's shameless, thought Virginia, no matter *what* Mother says.

Virginia's mother always defended Margaret Updyke. "If she is shameless," her mother had said last evening, "at least she is forgivable. She has been tragically lonely since Howard died, and that was almost three years ago."

"Is that any reason why she should badger Uncle Peter to death during office hours?" Virginia asked. "She's the picture of health. Why, she's as old as you are and she doesn't look half— I mean, she's just a faker!"

"I don't care," her mother went on serenely, not making much sense, if any. "She is sweet, if you'll forgive my using an old-fashioned word. And she's lovely."

"And she knows it," Virginia said.

"That is not her fault. Men keep reminding her."

"She's a flirt, if you don't mind *my* using an old-fashioned word," said Virginia. "I saw her holding hands with Daddy once!"

"I don't suppose he was yelling for help, was he?"

"I should think you'd be jealous."

"I am," said her mother, "and proud of it. Now mind your own business, you brat. And, darling—" here she terminated the conversation with one of her characteristic irrelevancies—"if you're going out this evening, couldn't you wear something a little—well, prettier than a skirt and sweater?"

"Heavens, Mother, I'm just going out with Cal."

Then came her mother's reserved: "I see."

Well, Virginia thought now, I'd better tell Uncle Peter she's here again. But first——

She took a deep breath and picked up the receiver. When she heard her uncle still talking, she felt a surge of annoyance. Why, she wondered, had everything that had happened all day made her either sad or angry? But she knew why. She had lived through the day under a mental tent of not-thinking-about-last-night, and the tent was beginning to collapse.

Instead of seeing friends or going to a movie, as they often did, she and Cal had taken a moonlight drive last night, out into the country and home again, talking all the way, amiably, endlessly. It had been like so many evenings in the past year on which they had spoken of their world, their work (Cal had completed his first year with his father's law firm) and their families; of plays they had seen and books they had lent each other; of their childhood and the difference the five years between them had made then. Over the months Cal had asked now and then: "What about next year, Ginny?" or "What about the future?" Her answers were always the same. "I love working for Uncle Peter," she would say, or, "There's always the hospital."

Until now the thing Virginia had most appreciated in Cal was his detachment. Impersonal and decent, he was so pleasant to be with, so easy. Now and then he would hold her fingers and stroke the back of her hand, smiling faintly, looking past her at nothing while she talked. "I like you, Cal," she said once as they drove home through a light snow; "you're so nice." It had sounded idiotic—she had said it without thinking, simply out of happiness. But he only gave her a quick smile, tucked her hand under his elbow and drove more slowly.

Last night the evening went like clockwork until the final moment—down Jessamine Street, around the corner into Pine and up before her house, where the porch light burned. "Well, good night, Cal. I——"

"Ginny." His cool, impersonal voice interrupted her. "Would you consider marrying me?"

She slowly turned her face toward him and stared. In the dim light of the dashboard she saw that he was looking past her at nothing and that his eyes were wide and grave.

She put her hand on the door handle as a curious kind of fright rushed up within her. And it was then that she shot out a quick, impulsive defense. Instead of saying, "Wait. Something is wrong—there's a gap where something is missing, a wide gap that frightens me," she whispered, "No!" and immediately let herself out of the car and hurried into the house.

Alone in her room, with the door shut and the lights out, she curled up on the foot of her bed. She locked her arms around her knees and shook. At first she thought she was cold; when she realized that she was not shivering, but trembling, she said out loud: "What is the *matter* with me?" Yet by the time she had come to the end of a half hour of painful weeping she knew what the matter was.

Without knowing how she knew, and without caring, she knew that she was in love with Cal to a degree that was total and final. She knew that it was not sudden and not superficial, for she felt the roots of it and pulled at them, and they held. There was no escape from it. But where was Cal? Where was he with his civility, his detachment? Was he too trapped, held inescapably by vital roots? Or was he strolling around her in a wide circle, coolly considering. "Would you consider marrying me?" Consider!

She had wept again, softly, miserably, until at last she crawled under the covers and slept, dreaming grotesque dreams of betrayal and doubt.

This morning Virginia had buckled on the armor of habit and had come invulnerable through the day.

Why don't I simply pick up the phone, she thought now, and dial his number and tell him that last night I was stupid and rude—that I want to apologize and try to explain it? Why don't I? I don't, she told herself, because I'm a nitwit and a coward and a prig. Good! That's all cleared up.

She clenched her teeth to check any possibility of tears and marched up the hall, the armor of habit clanking boldly. She entered the office, found Helen and her mother still waiting and went into the examining room.

"Are you ready to see Helen, Uncle Peter?" His back was toward her; he was staring out the window at the night. He didn't answer.

"Uncle Peter?" Apprehensive, she approached him. "Is everything all right?"

He turned, nodding but preoccupied.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" she asked with an edge in her voice.

"Nothing," he said, suddenly attentive. "But what's the matter with you?"

"Me? Nothing."

"You've been dropping things all day, staring into space, joggling my elbow, and you jump when you're spoken to." He looked at her reflectively for a moment and then understated whatever it was he was thinking. "You need a little relaxa-

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tion, Ginny. Why don't you go for a nice long ride with just Cal?"

As if she had been slapped, she quickly turned her face away from him. "Stop," she said through her teeth. "Stop saying that. Don't you dare say that again!"

He put his hand on her shoulder and turned her around. He felt for a handkerchief, and not finding one, took a cotton swab from a canister and blotted the tears on her cheeks. Then he tipped her face up and looked at her. It was a detailed, searching inspection. He sighed.

"Bring Helen in," he said sadly.

She walked to the doorway and paused. "Mrs. Updyke is here again. Shall I tell her to come back in the morning?"

"No, I'll see her."

"But you said that unless it was an emergency . . ."

"It is undoubtedly an emergency," he answered, his face an expressionless mask.

"But you're due at the hospital now, you've got two more house calls to make—" again, unaccountably, she was becoming furious—"and since six o'clock poor Mrs. Harris has been keeping a roast chicken for you."

"Well, tell her to have it mounted," he said calmly, "and bring Helen in."

Virginia tightened her mouth, stepped into the office and nodded to Helen's mother.

Helen approached and stopped short in the doorway, her embattled expression testifying to her recollection of cold stethoscopes, sharp needles and gagging tongue depressors. She hiccuped and marched to the table like a leathery old veteran.

"You know, Helen," Dr. Moore said as he lifted her to the table, "I've never known a case of hiccups in a girl who wasn't extraordinarily pretty. Peculiar thing, isn't it?" He turned to Virginia. "Please tell Mrs. Updyke I'll see her."

Virginia turned abruptly and walked across the hall to the waiting room. Mrs. Updyke was looking out the window.

The fog had thinned and a light rain was falling soundlessly. A drop or two hit the windowpane and slowly rolled down. Mrs. Updyke seemed to be caught in a spell as she watched the rain. Her profile—the face beneath the amazing hat, the line of her throat, the slope of her shoulders—suggested a searching wistfulness, as if for a moment she had lost sight of an entrancing specter and was waiting on the edge of desolation, hopeful and still.

As Virginia watched her, she felt something warm begin to stir deep within her memory, something familiar and certain, as if an old instinct had begun uncoiling and was spiraling upward. At that moment Mrs. Updyke turned and smiled.

Virginia, caught in the smile, returned it. "Uncle Peter will see you in a few minutes. Will you come into the office?"

As Mrs. Updyke joined Virginia in the hall the telephone rang. Mrs. Updyke waited beside the newel post while Virginia went to answer it. She walked quickly, but it stopped ringing before she reached it. She hesitated, lifted the receiver, heard her uncle discussing someone's temperature and replaced it. When she turned around she found Mrs. Updyke watching her.

"I thought it might be for me," she said.

Still watching her, Mrs. Updyke said lightly but carefully: "I talked to Cal this evening, Ginny."

Virginia started, but Mrs. Updyke continued: "It's the first time I've seen him in ages. He grows more like his father all the time—the same splendid eyes, the same nice mouth. He even holds his head the same way. You know—" she gave a small laugh—"Cal's father was an old beau of mine, and I don't mind confessing after all these years that I was rather in love with him." She paused, as if to reflect. "What a maddening boy he was," she said then. "So aloof!"

Virginia walked slowly toward her. "Of course, I was very young and had neat little notions about how people should behave. I supposed his manner to be indifference, which wounded my pride dreadfully! In those days my pride was so much more important to me than anything else—how well I shielded it!"

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Virginia stood close to her now and leaned against the newel post, listening intently. Mrs. Updyke smiled with gentle amusement and said: "You know, a grown man who tags around after a woman isn't indifferent, though he may be cautious. Particularly," she added softly, "if there's much at stake."

Helen and her mother came out of the office, said good night and went out.

Mrs. Updyke patted Virginia's hand. "I mustn't keep your uncle Peter too long. I know he's fearfully busy as always." She turned toward the office.

"Wait, Mrs. Updyke." Virginia roused from the stillness that had settled on her. "If you don't mind telling me," she asked shyly, "what seems to be the trouble—this time?"

Mrs. Updyke threw back her head and laughed until the amazing pink hat trembled and shook and flopped. "A twinge," she gasped, catching her breath at last. "The most devastating twinge of conscience for coming here when he's tired and busy, just to show off my hats. Just to see him and hear him laugh. But when else can I catch him—and how else?"

When the office door closed behind Mrs. Updyke, Virginia rested her head on the newel post and smiled faintly and pondered, scarcely aware of the voices and the laughter behind the closed door. She shut her eyes and let words and phrases tumble about in her mind and fall into place and give up their meanings.

She had been shielding her pride with a great show of nonchalance. And Cal, a grown man with much at stake, as Mrs. Updyke had said, was not what he seemed—detached and impersonal—but cautious. I wonder, she thought, bracing herself against an answer, I wonder how much damage I've done. Oh, Cal.

Out into the hall came Mrs. Updyke, smiling. She walked to the front door and turned to wave gaily to Virginia.

"Wait, Mrs. Updyke, wait! Did he like the hat?" It seemed to her immeasurably important all at once.

"Better than that," Mrs. Updyke replied in a conspirator's whisper, "he reacted to it."

"Will you be back next week?"

She nodded. "I will if I have to." And she stepped lightly out into the rain.

When Virginia heard her uncle coming, she hurried down the hall to get his raincoat from the closet. He was already at the front door when she emerged with the coat.

"Uncle Peter! Wait—your raincoat!"

"What? Oh, fiddlesticks! A little spring rain never hurt anybody." And he was gone too, whistling.

She stood in the shadows at the back of the hall, holding the raincoat, thinking she had better go turn out the lights. Instead she picked up the phone. When she had dialed the last digit of Calvin's number, the front door opened, causing her to jump and face the door.

Cal closed the door behind him and stood still and uncertain. He didn't see her.

"I'm here," she said doubtfully.

He came to where she stood in the shadows and stopped short. "What's the matter with you, Ginny?" He was alert and anxious. "You look scared."

She sagged against the wall and, fumbling, replaced the telephone receiver.

"I am scared," she said. "Because I love you. And I've been scared for a long time—because I couldn't tell about you."

He drew her away from the wall and put his arms around her very tightly, as if she might escape, and he said in an odd sort of voice she had never heard him use before: "It's a pretty scary business until you get used to it—if you ever do."

"Cal?" she said presently.

"What?"

"Have you ever wished," she asked earnestly, "that you were middle-aged?"

. . . THE END

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Ivy Palmer's Victory

(Continued from page 51)

not admirers of Tony's parents, who in their view had been undependable, irresponsible and suspiciously artistic. It was no surprise to the aunt and uncle when the mother and father (the men were brothers) died tragically young in an automobile accident. It struck them, in fact, not so much as a tragedy as a reassuring instance of the retributive force. As a successful free-lance illustrator Tony's father had earned a good bit of money, and it was one of his wickedest gestures that he had left them nothing but Tony—to whom they were scrupulously fair and—by definition, really—unloving.

It was perhaps predictable that Tony, remembering his parents vaguely but with adoration, would despise his guardians. It followed logically that he disliked rich people, whom they so ardently admired. Nothing, therefore, could have been more ironic than that out of all the young men at Braddock University, Ivy Palmer (Main Line, Philadelphia) should have set her cap for this one. For Tony.

They met the first day of the semester in Dr. Fisher's course in criminology, a course Tony had elected because he mildly admired the professor and one Ivy had seized on to avoid an eight-o'clock class. (Later she awarded Fate the responsibility for having so arranged things.) Tony was a senior engineering student working his way through; Ivy was a junior who had just transferred to Braddock from a famous women's college in the East. She needed only one look at him as he entered the room—tall, wiry, with eyes that seemed to her to be broodingly romantic—and the chase was on.

Throughout most of the semester Tony fled successfully, spurred by what he termed the typical rich girl's assumption that in all things she had only to choose. A toy? It would be wrapped for her at once. A man? Price him and charge him to her father's account. He told himself her open pursuit was effrontery and her refusal to be discouraged was downright insulting. On occasion he told this to her too. She listened and was undeterred.

From the first, however, it was an unequal struggle. Ivy Palmer was a golden girl—beautiful, uninhibited and absolutely certain that their destinies were inextricably joined. She was also warm and loving, and she blew on the rather dry substance of Tony's young life a breath of such sweet moisture that he was, so to speak, irrigated despite himself.

"Good Lord, Ivy," he said one night as they stood with their arms about each other, "what do you see in me?"

She smiled. "I see you in you."

The initial phase of Ivy Palmer's war was over.

For Ivy, becoming Tony Graham's girl meant she saw him for some part of every day, spent Friday evenings with him until twelve and Saturday evenings until one (curfew hours). Actually she passed less time in her sorority suite than she did in his boardinghouse room, where they studied together or made a mild kind of love or listened to music on his ancient phonograph. The love they made was not serious love because Tony was careful that it not be. Ivy, for her part, was careful of almost nothing.

One Sunday Tony came off the afternoon shift at the sorority house where he waited on tables to find Ivy asleep on his bed. She was in her slip, the white lace hem of which made a heart-quickening contrast against the deep tan of her legs. On a chair, strewn untidily, were her dress and stockings.

He closed the door quickly and crossed the room to the window. He stood there staring out, shaken. Suddenly he was furious with her. It was criminal to be so unconcerned. And it was typical—arrogant. Just like that, she had taken off her dress and gone to sleep, with never a thought as to who might come in or, even if no one else did come in, what effect it might have on Tony himself to find her that way.

"Ivy," he said without turning.

She stirred, but he had to call her twice more before she was fully awake.

"Put your dress on," he said.

He heard her get off the bed and make sounds that indicated stretching. "I had such a good sleep," she said. "I was dreaming. I dreamed about you, Tony. Shall I tell you?"

"Just put your dress on."

She was silent a moment. "Are you angry with me?"

"No."

"Oh, yes," she said.

"What are you, a lingerie model?"

He heard sounds now that told him she was dressing. "Sometimes you can be so terribly stuffy," she said. "It isn't as if I were naked."

"You border on it."

"Have you examined women's bathing suits lately?"

"I'm not talking about women. I'm talking about you, here in a rooming house with everyone looking at you."

"Who is everyone?"

"Lord knows!"

"I'm dressed now," she said. "You can turn around."

He did. She was sitting on the bed pulling on her stockings, and he turned back again.

"Stop it, Tony. Now you're just being stubborn."

He didn't answer.

She went to him then, putting her hands on his shoulders. "Tony?"

He didn't answer.

"I love you," she said. "Please don't fight with me. I get all upset when you do. I just didn't think. I'm sorry if I made you angry, and I promise from now on I'll be more careful."

He let his breath out heavily. "I made a big thing out of nothing," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her. They sat down on the bed together, their hands clasped.

After a moment she said, "Well, I know what it was all about even if you won't admit it. Every now and then I do something—some little thing—and a special look comes into your eyes, and I know what you're thinking."

"What?"

"You think: She did that because she was born rich. Only a rich girl would do a thing like that. Am I right?"

He didn't answer.

"Yes, I *am* right. It's so odd. You let such odd little things bother you."

"You without your clothes on—that bothers me."

She nodded. "Yes, and there's that too. I don't understand you, Tony. You say things like that, and yet I have to practically force you to kiss me. Why?"

"You know why."

"No, I don't. Every time I ask you, you say, 'You know why,' and then you won't talk about it any more. I *don't* know, Tony. I want you to tell me."

"Because I know what can happen," he said.

"What can happen?"

"Listen, if I had any sense, I'd tell you right now to get out of here and not come back. It would be the best thing for both of us."

"Why?"

"Why! Why! Why!" He moved a little away from her. "You're like a little baby, you know that? All right, I'll spell it out for you. If I kiss you once too often, we'll make love. If we make love, that's a trap, because I have my own life to lead and I can't lead it the way I want with you hanging around my neck like an albatross. Is it clear now?"

"Why would I be an albatross?"

He set his teeth. "Because the things I want to do you wouldn't want to do."

"What things?"

"I don't *know* what things, but whatever they are, you wouldn't want to do them. Maybe I want to write a book. Maybe I want to hop a tramp steamer and go chasing off to Europe. Maybe I just want to be a bum for a couple of years. I know you, Ivy. I know what you are, where you came from and what you want. None of it's for me."

She got up on her knees and leaned against him, putting her arms around his waist. When she spoke, he could tell she was smiling. "Now *you* sound like a baby," she said. "Like my little six-year-old cousin who gets angry when he feels pressured. Is it immoral to have money?"

"No," he said, trying to disengage himself, "but when I have some I want it to be what *I* earned. Nobody—I mean it, Ivy—is ever going to be able to look down a long, aristocratic nose at me and say, 'Son, I made you what you are; it's time now for you to kiss my foot.' "

"Who would do a thing like that?"

"I said nobody would."

"Are you implying that my father would?"

"I made a point of mentioning no one by name, but rich fathers of rich daughters have been known to behave in a pattern not unlike that."

"A lot you know about rich fathers," she said. "And anyway, it's all beside the point."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is. Did I say anything about making rules? That if you do this or that, you automatically have to do something else? I love you, Tony. I've never loved

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anyone else but you. I've never wanted anyone else to touch me, only you. But I don't make a single rule about it. I want you to kiss me and make love to me, but there are no rules about what you have to do afterward."

He was silent for a long moment. Then he said, "You think you're pretty clever, don't you? I can see the wheels turning in that clever little brain of yours."

"You can?"

He broke away from her. "Well, it sure isn't hard to see them turning. No rules—that's a riot, that is! All I do is make love to you, and then whenever I want to I sniff at the trade winds and tell you I really must be off. Fat chance."

"Tony——"

"You know damn well I couldn't do it, don't you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Ivy, don't talk to me as if I were the village idiot. You know I couldn't do it, and that's what's in the back of your mind."

"Why couldn't you?"

He got off the bed and went to stare out the window again.

"Because you love me too?" she asked.

He didn't answer.

"Tony?"

He didn't answer.

She went to him, turning him around so that he was facing her.

"What do you want from me?" he demanded, almost in a groan.

"I want to hear you say it."

"What difference does it make what I say? You know. You've always known."

Her smile was triumphant. "Then, aren't you being silly? I'm not asking for anything. I want to give, and you're going out of your way to hurt us both."

"It's still a trap," he said. "And if I love *you* now, it doesn't mean that later on there won't be some other woman I can love."

The smile died slowly and her hands slid away from his arms. "Oh," she said. "I didn't realize . . . Of course." And then suddenly she had turned and was running from the room.

"Ivy!"

She was out the door before he could catch her and bring her back. "I'm sorry," he said, holding her tight against him, kissing her hair, her face. "I didn't mean that. I'm sorry. Please, Ivy, stop crying."

Finally she did, still hiding her face from him.

"Are you all right now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Forgive me?"

She shook her head. "There's nothing to forgive. It was my fault. I'm just what you always say I am, a child."

"No."

"Yes," she said. "And I guess I did make rules, even if I didn't think I did. You were right about that too. Tony, just don't send me away. I mean, you said before that if you had sense, you'd tell me to get out. Please don't do it, even if it is the right thing to do, and we'll do everything else just the way you say we should."

"Ivy——"

"Only this one thing. Every now and then you have to kiss me and hold me close to you, even if it's only a little bit. Because if you didn't, Tony. I think I'd——"

His mouth stopped her words, and in terms of Ivy's campaign, the new emotion in this kiss was equivalent to, say, the opening of a second front.

Over the Easter vacation Ivy Palmer took Tony Graham home with her, which was by no means a small accomplishment in strategy.

"You're closing in on me," he had told her. "I know how you operate, Ivy."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "I'm quite certain *they* won't even like you."

"Well, I don't trust you *or* them." Yet he could not quite hide his discomfiture.

It was only on the day set for her departure, when she swore that if he did not come she would not go either (no matter how bad it might make her parents feel), that he accepted the inevitable.

Mrs. Palmer proved to be a quiet sort of woman who watched Ivy with all mother love in her eyes, but to Tony it was evident that at times she found her daughter as difficult to cope with as he did himself. Mr. Palmer, on the other hand, gave the distinct impression of being able to cope with anything. He was tall and powerfully built, with a rugged chin, a Roman nose and a wide, intelligent forehead. Though he laughed easily, he wore the look of one accustomed to giving orders—which, in turn, he was accustomed to having obeyed.

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The Palmers had been manufacturers of haling wire for several generations, and their house—large but not gaudy—reflected the solid increment to be derived from this business. If it was true that they did not like Tony, they at least put on a brave show. In fact, it was not until after dinner on the third night that the first real irritant appeared on the comparatively smooth surface of the Palmer-Graham relationship. Discovering that Tony was a chess player, Ivy's father had issued an immediate challenge. Tony trounced him soundly.

There had been very little talk during the contest, but now Mr. Palmer, pushing his chair back, asked, "How many times out of three, Tony, would you say you can beat me?"

Knowing the man was suffering the pangs of defeat, Tony considered diplomacy. Then stubbornly he decided against it. "Three," he said, "or maybe two and a draw."

"Really?"

"You're bright but you're not sound. Erratic."

Now Mr. Palmer considered for a moment. "It's my guess you're overestimating yourself. It——"

"What are you both getting so angry about?" Ivy asked, interrupting. They turned to look at her. "You let him alone," she told her father, "because he has to take me to the movies now." Coming across the room to kiss his cheek, she then turned to Tony. "You," she said, "have very little sense. If you win, you win. You don't have to rub his face in the dirt."

"I didn't rub anyone's face in the dirt," Tony said. "He asked and——"

"Ivy, please," Mr. Palmer said. "When I need anyone's help I'll call your mother."

"Come on," she said, pulling on Tony's arm. "Let's go. I knew something stupid like this was going to happen."

In the movie Ivy sat as far away from him as she could get, so doggedly uncommunicative that he could not refrain from shooting several investigative glances in her direction. She returned none of these. The movie over, they went back to her house, where she said, "Good night, Tony," and started immediately for the stairs.

"What are you so sore about?" he asked.

"I'm just tired."

"I told you it was a rotten idea in the first place, my coming here."

"That's right, you did, Tony. Good night."

Unhappily he watched her stiff-backed retreat up the stairs. He wandered into her father's study, found the Scotch and poured himself a drink. The chess pieces had been newly mounted on the chess board and he sat down in one of the chairs, gazing morosely at them. He hated fighting with Ivy and wished, not for the first time in his life, that he were the kind of man to whom the art of graceful apology came easily. Finishing his drink, he got up from the chair and left the study.

When he opened the door to his room he found Ivy waiting for him. Wordlessly she took his hand and led him to the easy chair near the window. She pushed him down on it and sat in his lap, her head resting just under his chin. Neither of them spoke for a moment.

"You can't ever leave me," she said softly, "can you?"

He didn't answer.

"*Can* you?"

"No," he said, the word wrenched out of him. Then: "But if you marry me, Ivy, you'll do it my way. I won't take a blessed thing from your father."

"He wouldn't ever *give* you anything, Tony. What you get from him you'll always earn."

"What I get from him will be exactly nothing," Tony said. "It's obvious he doesn't like me, and as far as I'm concerned it can stay that way."

"Will you just talk to him? All I ask is that you just talk to him." And as she said these words Ivy Palmer's war entered its final stages.

When Tony ventured into Mr. Palmer's study the following afternoon, by arrangement, he found Ivy's father concentrating on the board, the newspaper open to a chess problem.

"Would you like a drink?" Mr. Palmer asked, pushing the board away.

"No, thanks," Tony said. He took the chair opposite and crossed his legs, hoping to demonstrate unconcern.

Mr. Palmer mixed one for himself.

"The answer to your question," Tony said suddenly, "is no, of course not."

"What question?"

"Can I support her in the style she's accustomed to. Isn't that the traditional one?"

Mr. Palmer smiled thinly. "Traditionally one waits for it to be asked," he said. "Besides, I already know the answer."

Tony kept silent.

"There are other answers I'm not quite so certain of."

"Such as?"

"Does Ivy really mean so much to you?"

"Do you think I would inflict this on myself for any other reason on God's green earth?"

Mr. Palmer's eyebrows formed two sharp, inverted Vs. "Inflict? What an absurd word for you to use! Shall we examine the situation as it actually exists? A young man, almost a complete stranger, comes into my house, behaves with all the arrogance of a full-fledged snob——"

Tony sputtered. "Snob? Me?"

"—Flaunts his triumph over me with hare-faced mockery, and then has the ultimate bad taste to use the word 'inflict' in reference to something happening to *him*."

"Did you say 'the situation as it actually exists'?" Tony demanded angrily. "The situation that actually exists, Mr. Palmer, is that I am here requesting permission to marry your daughter."

"Is that a fact?"

"What am I supposed to do—get down on my hands and knees?"

"Please don't take me for a fool," Mr. Palmer said with quiet grimness. "You know as well as I do that if Ivy wants you, she'll have you, and no withholding of permission or anything else between heaven and hell could prevent it. Assuming for the moment that I wanted to prevent it, I would have to declare myself checkmated. I am fully aware of that, Tony. I ask only that you credit me with a modicum of basic intelligence and that —to use my daughter's phrase—you have the decency not to rub my face in the dirt."

Wanting desperately to protest, Tony discovered that he was intimidated by the obvious truth on his adversary's side. "I never looked at it that way before," he said finally.

Mr. Palmer shrugged.

"No, really. I didn't," Tony said. "It's ironic, isn't it?"

"Why ironic?"

"Don't you think there's irony in the powerful finding themselves powerless?"

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Mr. Palmer grunted. "What's powerful about me?"

"All that money," Tony said.

"In the first place, there isn't that much of it. A comfortable amount, yes. A superabundance, hardly. In the second place, do I have to point out to you that money and power are not always in direct relationship? Could a million dollars buy your last canteen of water in the middle of the Sahara?"

"No," Tony said.

"I think Ivy was eight when I stopped being able to tell her what to do."

Suddenly Tony grinned. "She's a handful, isn't she?"

"I hope you have a deep appreciation of that fact. For both your sakes."

Tony studied him. "You know, you're not such a bad guy."

"Thank you."

"I mean, for a rich guy."

"Actually, I'm a vicious exploiter of the underprivileged, but I cover it all up with charm."

Tony smiled. "Mr. Palmer, I'd like to marry your daughter."

"All right."

"But I won't come to work for you."

"I don't remember suggesting it."

"I think you were about to," Tony said.

Mr. Palmer sighed. "Well, it would really make a great deal of sense. You're an engineer, and I assure you I need engineers as badly as the next man."

"I don't know a blessed thing about baling wire."

"It's not something instinctive. It's not something you're born with. It's something you learn if you're interested enough. Could you be interested enough?"

"No," Tony said.

"Why not?"

"It's a matter of principle."

Mr. Palmer snorted. "A matter of arrogance is what you mean. However, if you weren't exactly the way you are, I doubt that Ivy would have been interested. And Lord knows it could have been worse."

Tony gave him a close, hard look. "Do you really mean that?"

Mr. Palmer hesitated a moment. Then: "Yes, damn it, I do," he said gruffly.

Half embarrassed, half elated with themselves, the two men gripped hands, and on the other side of the door Ivy Palmer straightened up from the keyhole to smile victoriously. . . . THE END

A Day in the Life Of an Ordinary Witch

(Continued from page 63)

not she would be equal to them. I'll never learn, she thought. I am unteachable.

The whole world was suddenly blue-eyed and flop-haired and wore a damp flannel nightgown and, in the form of a giant child, loomed for the second time over the bed.

Martha scolded.

Somewhat later she made oatmeal.

"Oatmeal? Oh, no, not *oatmeal!*"

"Yesterday you loved oatmeal."

"I *hate* oatmeal."

"What do you love today, your highness?"

"Cinnamon toast."

"Well, you're having oatmeal. With lots of brown sugar."

"I *hate* brown sugar."

"Yesterday you loved . . ."

Yesterday we loved. Martha sighed and put on the coffee.

Larry, her husband, was bumping around in the bedroom. Martha closed her eyes, waiting.

"Marth!"

"Yes!" Her tone exactly matched his; her exasperation was neatly tailored to his.

"Martha?"

"I said yes!"

"Where in the name of all that's holy is my——"

"In the top drawer."

"How did you know I wanted my tie clasp?"

"Haven't you heard? I'm a witch."

A drawer banged. "I believe it."

Now, how was she supposed to take that?

Blessed coffee . . .

Larry grabbed his cup and drank from it lustily. He spluttered and said something their child would repeat later at some terribly inopportune moment, in Sunday school or before a grandparent. He said it and, predictably, he explained —or accused: "Burned my tongue!"

Predictably she scolded. "You always do. You never learn." So they both were unteachable. How did we ever get through school? Martha thought. And how will we ever get through life?

How will I get through this one ordinary day? she wondered, despairing.

Coats . . .

Jenny's was wrong side out.

"How in the world did you manage to get your coat wrong side out?"

Jenny thought perhaps the fairies had done it.

There was elastic in the cuffs; it was really quite hard to turn it right side out again. "How did you *do* it?" Martha said.

"I'm strong."

"You're careless."

"You're going to make me late to kin-der-gar-ten." The child spoke precisely, a bit prissily—and with her father's accusing tone.

"*I'm* going to make you late!"

Larry Standiss, coated and spurred for the day's tilting and jousting, stood in the doorway. "What's the matter with you ladies? Jenny, are you coming with me or aren't you? You're going to make me late to work."

"It's Mommy."

Mommy, with a yank, restored the small red coat to blooming health and wrapped her clear-eyed, blooming child in it. Then, with two kisses and a sigh, she caused them both to vanish. Her lovely child and her handsome husband vanished, and she felt nothing. . . . Nothing nice.

Afterward she stood looking with great distaste at her alter ego in the bathroom mirror.

"You're enough to alter anybody's ego," she told herself. Mouse-colored hair, rat's-nest hairdo. Vaguely blue eyes —they used to be bluer. "Good Lord, they're *gray!*" She hadn't realized eyes could fade like everything else. But either hers had faded or they never really had been blue. So—her driver's license lied about more than her age. "You're a mess, you know that?" The face in the mirror nodded; the face in the mirror knew.

She started her housework. Her cigarette, lighted but unsmoked, sent up its feeble little smoke signal—help!—from the cracked saucer on the ironing board.

She ironed: therefore it must be Tuesday. Tuesday is blues-day.

And Wednesday is ends-day. And Thursday is worse-day. And Friday is—cry-day?

And Saturday is smatter-day—for getting all those smattery, bits-and-piecey things done. Or maybe Saturday is everything-the-matter-day. Or scatter-day. (Shatter-day?)

And Sunday is fun-day.

Like fun.

Sunday is run-day. Run to church, run home, run up a quick but special meal (thanks to things frozen, things canned, things fixed with foresight and gritted teeth on smatter-day night). And then run to the country, run home, run Jenny into her bath, into her nightgown, through a quick story, into her bed. Run down, like a clock.

Monday is blues-day. No, that is Tuesday. Monday is—Monday. (Stunday?)

At least it's Tuesday already, she thought.

Ten A.M.

What—so soon? She suddenly found herself laughing, but a sob had got tangled up in there somehow. She had just found herself standing at the kitchen counter eating cold, congealed oatmeal from which all the brown sugar had been abstracted with a chemist's skill by her precocious child.

The telephone tolled. Ask not for whom . . .

"The Women's Club is having a fair," a voice said.

"The Women's Club is always having a fair," Martha replied. "Or just getting over one."

"Now, Martha." It was the cheerful, I-can-cope-with-anything voice of her best friend, Celia. "It's still the most successful money-raising gambit—you know that."

"I know, but why can't we ever try anything different?"

Celia's voice was wryly humorous now. "White-elephant sale, maybe?"

"Oh, Celia, you know what I mean. *Really* different."

"Cheer up, dear. I'm assigning you to the cider-and-doughnuts booth."

"Full circle, huh?" Martha said. Five fairs ago she had been at the cider-and-

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doughnuts booth. Four fairs ago, the homemade-toys booth. Three fairs ago, the used-books booth. Two fairs ago, one fair ago, the Aunt Polly grab bag and the penny toss, respectively.

"Better not trust me with cider and doughnuts. The way I feel today, I might turn into a compulsive eater and eat up the profits."

"Oh, Martha—you always give my day a lift, you know that? You should have been a comedienne."

"Instead of a witch?"

"A which?"

"Oh, never mind, Celia." Never mind.

She hung up, wondering: Is that what I should have been—a comedienne?

The daydreams began. Her cigarette hung — dangerously, forgotten — between two fingers. She sat in a kitchen chair before a cooling cup of warmed-over coffee and gave herself up to dreaming, as to a demon lover. . . .

Ladies and gemmun, I don't have to tell you there are very few first-rate woman comics. This little lady is not only beautiful—she's funny, really funny, and she's not sick, sick, sick either. She's *warm* and funny—y'know what I mean? Now here she comes and I want you to give her a great big hand. Mrs.—Martha—Standiss!

The crowd applauded: someone (Jack Paar?) kissed her cheek; someone else (the King of Kookooland?) bent low and kissed her hand.

The cigarette burned her index finger. She burst into tears.

"I don't know what's the matter with me!" she cried to the empty, cluttered house. "Leave me alone!" she cried to no one in particular.

The vacuum cleaner, straining on its leash, dragged her through the house. The vacuum cleaner ravened: it roared like a lion and pounced unerringly on Jenny's favorite paper doll and ate it up.

Jenny's mother said out loud, "It serves you right for leaving her on the floor," and felt how tight, how hard, how triumphant was the smile on her witch's mouth. In the kitchen the caldron bubbled. *Toil and trouble, toil and trouble, burn fire and soup bubble. . . .*

I hope, Martha thought, oh, how I hope that Jenny loves beef-noodle soup today.

Jenny!

The clock threw up it hands. Noon? Already?

She felt like someone (not the heroine) in an old silent movie, snatching off her apron, throwing on her coat, running out the door, running back in to tie a wrinkled scarf about her rat's-nest hair, running out again and walking—hurriedly, ungracefully in her flat-heeled shoes—the three long blocks to school.

Jenny greeted her with tears.

"What's the matter with Mommy's big girl?"

Miss Pugh, wearing a fixed smile, stood just inside the kindergarten door. *Miss Pugh, how do you do; I wonder just what's wrong with you?*

Jenny was what was wrong. She would not stop crying. The two grown women got down on her level and made sympathetic noises. The two grown women, who would much rather have popped her one, made falsely sympathetic noises. "Jenny, dear . . ."

Finally the truth came out—or rather, came just to the tip of Jenny's tongue and lodged there, unutterable.

"Mommy, Sukey Carter said you are not either."

"I are not—I mean, I am not what?"

"I won't tell."

Sukey Carter now came weeping—accompanied by her own mother, own court jester, own slave—out of the cloakroom. "Sukey, *dear.*"

Miss Pugh and Mrs. Carter and Jenny and Sukey all stood suddenly, looming above Martha, who found herself kneeling alone in the middle of the kindergarten carnage of packing-box choochoos and improbable stuffed animals and tiny cooking pots and works of poster-paint art.

"I am not *what?*" asked Martha, resolved to know the worst.

Jenny wept afresh, and now her tears dislodged the truth. "Sukey Carter says you are not either a witch. Mommy, turn her into a black cat!"

Martha stood up. "Some other time," she said pleasantly. "Say good-by to Miss Pugh."

And then by brute force she yanked her beloved child out the door, down the steps, down the street, into their house, over to the kitchen table.

"Sit, eat your soup, and I don't want to hear a single word out of you."

"Mommy——"

"Not a word!"

"I just wanted to say the blessing."

Dear Lord, Martha thought, for what I have received—my husband, my child, our home, our health—why cannot I be grateful? I know man cannot live by bread alone, but I have a good deal more than bread. Haven't I? Haven't I the sweet cake of an occasional moment like this? Shouldn't that be enough?

Make it be enough! she prayed silently, fiercely, irrationally as a child. If You don't make it be enough, she threatened silently, foolishly as a child—if You don't, I won't play!

She was aghast. There are more ways than one to get down to a child's level. Shaken, she stood up and went over to the sink with Jenny's soiled dishes. The child, who knew she had not eaten enough soup, sat dispirited, casting sheep's eyes at a leftover half of chocolate cake showing from under its plastic cover on top of the refrigerator.

"Oh, why not?" said Martha. She cut a large piece of cake and slapped it down on a paper napkin in front of her child. "Eat yourself silly." She was childish; very well, she was childish.

Jenny crumb-kissed her mother and ran out to play, banging the door.

"You come right back in here and wash your face. And put on your coat!"

Jenny, with clean mouth and buttoned coat, finally escaped to the yard.

The kitchen door banged. Jenny, all tears and baleful looks, stood there.

"Must you always be crying, Jenny? What's the matter now?"

"Dody Summerlin has to take a nap."

"Good. So do you." It was always a terrible shock.

After a time the sobs stopped and Martha ventured a look into Jenny's bedroom. The child slept. She was beautiful.

And why can I take no joy in that beauty?

Jenny's coat, wrong side out, lay on the floor. Her mother wrestled it right side out again and hung it up. At least that was one small victory against encroaching time—one thing accomplished now that might otherwise have crept over into the enemy land of Later and lurked there, waiting with all the other tawdry, killing little guerrilla chores.

What a lovely image, Mrs. Standiss. You should have been a writer.

"I should have been a witch," she said—but she was her only audience. Very well, she would play to that audience. She fixed the child's already disordered Tuesday room with her own evil Tuesday eye. Nothing happened. Clean clothes did not fly back into the drawers, soiled clothes did not sail into the hamper, toys did not vanish in a puff of smoke. . . .

Smoke!

She smelled it, surely. Her hand went to her throat. For a moment she almost—almost—hoped that something would happen. Not a fire, of course. She'd have to be really insane to hope for such disaster, even in the interest of excitement. Still . . .

She ran, shivering, out onto the back porch.

Major William Potter, Retired—tall man, militant mustache—was burning trash in his yard next door. He raised one work-gloved hand in a jaunty salute. She waved and went back inside her house.

And she found herself blushing. Oh, honestly, she thought. Oh, sick, sick, sick.

Jenny rose, rosy, from her nap and played again. Her father, driving up, was the usual marvelous surprise. Jenny jumped, puppylike, around him and was scolded for playing too near the driveway. And was kissed, which negated the reprimand. Larry Standiss was home from the commercial wars.

"Hi, honey," he said to Martha, and kissed her.

"Well. You don't look as though you've had a hard day at the office."

"Haven't." He had the gall to grin. "Shooting the breeze most of the afternoon." He had got a haircut. His hat was on the back of his head. He was young and handsome and riding with no effort at all on top of the world.

She mounted her broomstick. "That suits you better than working anyway."

Her husband vanished. In a few moments she heard him working in his basement workshop and knew that he would be taking no pleasure in it.

The kitchen darkened. Dusk—industrious spider—wove the gray light into a baleful web about her where she stood stirring half a cup of bitter red wine into leftover stew. Spitefully she peppered it, in lieu of hemlock and hellebore.

Jenny, in the living room, had turned on the television. "Helloooo, boys and girls, this is old Uncle Nuncle, inviting you to enter Cartoonland. . . ." Jenny entered Cartoonland with a blissful sigh and had to be called to Supperland three times.

Larry came to supper promptly, unsmiling, a smear of varnish on his cheek.

Even the dessert pleased no one. It was too gooky for Larry, not gooky enough for Jenny, and a terrible temptation to Martha, who was dieting fiercely as punishment for her sins.

Then came Jenny's bedtime. Bath time, kiss-teddy time, glass-water time, another-glass-water time . . .

Martha collapsed on the sofa, from which Larry promptly leaped as if her weight had propelled him. "I'm dog-tired," he said. "Coming to bed?" It was not an invitation.

She hated him. "No. Later."

Day people and night people should never, never marry, she thought.

Half an hour later she heard him tossing in their bed. He would not be able to sleep till she put things right between them with a word, with a touch. Jenny too was restless.

McMortha hath murdered sleep.

For a moment she savored her wickedness. *Be miserable along with me; the worst is yet to be.*

She sighed and stood up, stretching. Lazily she untied her apron, folded it and let it slide from her hands to the sofa. Tomorrow . . .

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The child clutched her. "You're not really a witch."

"Yes." Martha hugged her. "A good witch. Nothing but good magic. Look . . . listen. . . ."

And Martha made the teddy bear speak gruffly: "Good night, Jenny; sleep tight." She made the moon nod in at the window and croon: "Good night, Jenny-penny; sleep tight." She moved the pile of books and toys that was casting such a threatening shadow against one moonlit wall. "Good night, good night."

Jenny slept enchantingly, a smile on her rosy mouth.

Her husband, his mouth tight and unhappy, leaned on one elbow in their disheveled bed.

"Tell me, Martha, is it so grim?"

"No. . . . What, Larry?"

"Life. Your life. Ours. Have I failed you so completely?"

She shook her head and sat on the bed beside him. For a moment they stared at each other, wary as strangers. Then she leaned to kiss him and felt him finally, firmly, kiss her. "No, darling. No," she told him as she straightened up, "I'm very happy. Really. It's just been one of those days."

Reassured, he gave her a hushandly pat and turned over. "Coming to bed?" It was not an invitation, hut it was also not unfriendly.

"In a minute, darling. Wait for me."

He meant to, he really did mean to. . . .

But, smiling, she knew he would be asleep before she could do the little chores of putting the soiled supper dishes in the sink, taking a last look at Jenny, putting up a few symbolic pincurls, taking a swift hath, turning out the lights. Still, when she did come to him, in his sleep he would turn to her; in his sleep he would put his arms about her and squeeze her hard before his arms went limp again.

Some nights, she thought with sudden certainty, some nights this is how love is made.

She looked at the Martha in the hathroom mirror.

Your husband, your child, your home, your health . . .

Her child laughed in her sleep. Her husband snored, magnificent and low.

Martha leaned forward, staring at her reflection, pleased. *Mirror, mirror, on the wall . . .*

Call it miracle, madness, a simple act of magic: Her eyes *were* hlue after all.

. . . THE END

A Trophy For My Son

(Continued from page 53)

on a grassy athletic field. He was crawling around collecting some dry eucalyptus leaves. Suddenly he got up, took several steps and cried out in surprise. It threw him off balance and down he went. The rest of the afternoon Mark spent practicing his first steps. I spent it in enjoying the strange sight of my son in an upright position.

Mark's achievements in walking and soon after in running brought our family workouts to a temporary end. He refused to stay in the playpen and was happy only when he was running around in the middle of the discus ring. We finally were obliged to banish him from the field for a few months.

It was not until after the 1960 Olympic games, after I had decided to retire from competition, that Mark returned to the stadium. Now that my workouts are recreation and not concentration, I can keep an eye on our champ, who is happiest and wildest on the huge grassy field. Ducky Drake, the UCLA coach, sighs, "If my boys were that energetic in their training, I would have no worries ahout the coming season."

These days Mark is too independent to be led in exercises, but likes to join me in gymnastics. When I do my ballet kicks, I find him standing against me trying to do the same. We do sit-ups together, toe raises and all kinds of stretches. Our miniature athlete has a pair of small track shoes and a one-pound discus. On the field we jog together, jump in and out of the sandpit of the broad jump and swing on the high bar. The sight of his red cheeks and sparkling eyes on the way home from the training field fills me with far more pride and joy than that Olympic gold medal I won in Melbourne.

In the weight-lifting gym, instead of trying to lift the dumbbells Mark rolls them enthusiastically all over the floor under the feet of other people. The heavy punching bag is his only enemy in the playroom of barbells and suspended weights. It punches back.

The place that is perhaps still more interesting than the track or the gym is the beach. Here he can get covered with sand, inside out, in ahout 30 seconds. There couldn't he any more fascinating activity than digging holes in the sand. My husband and Mark spend most of the time we are there drilling themselves into the ground.

The strength of the ocean seems to impress Mark deeply. Sometimes he sits quietly with his eyes fixed on the surf. But most of the time he considers the waves his playmates and keeps running into them again and again, though invariably he gets upended in the foamy surf. If we hadn't watched him every second, the waves would have kidnaped him a long time ago. The times when we went to the beach to relax are over. Nevertheless, when we find ourselves with a free afternoon Mark and I pick up Harold at the school where he teaches and ride to the seashore.

My husband will often say: "Wouldn't it be great to have another little boy?" I am tempted to agree, but then find myself thinking of a petite, quiet girl who won't have Mark's wild passion for climbing. Often when I enter his room believing him to be asleep, I find him balanced on the one-and-a-half-inch-wide rail of his crib, with his hands and feet lined up neatly one after the other, and I am afraid to breathe lest I blow him down in the wrong direction. Fortunately, he never loses control on his neck-hreaking trips, but my pulse has yet to come under control. I still get as frozen as I did seven months ago when in an unguarded moment Mark left the playground sandpit, climbed up the high slide and took a ride headfirst.

Despite my fears and frustrations, my son is getting stronger and healthier every day. I decided that if he is smart enough for his games, he is smart enough for a few household duties. Mark performs them well, answering requests in both Czech and English, for he is learning both languages. At mealtime he comes into the kitchen saying, "Papey, papey, please," to let me know that he is ready to eat and wants to carry the dishes from the kitchen to the table, where his father helps to set them up. Of course, when Mark carries a dish with honey or preserves, the temptation is too great, so he sits down in the middle of his journey and examines the quality of the product. When there is an accident and something is dropped or spilled, he puts everything aside and rushes to the kitchen to get a hroom and the dustpan or a sponge to wipe up the damage. In his enthusiasm he also wipes off the walls, the furniture and the neighbor's visiting cat. On laundry day he regards it as a personal affront if he is not allowed to load the washing machine with the dirty laundry. My housework takes twice as long with this devoted helper, but Mark is learning to accept and conquer challenge.

My sports-minded friends cannot make up their minds which athletic event is the right one for Mark as they see him go from jumping under hurdles to practicing starts and fundamentals of the game of soccer. As a matter of fact, when a coach from a prominent Eastern university saw him performing with the discus not long ago, he practically offered us a college athletic scholarship for him then and there.

I listen to the various guesses and predictions but I have my own theory as to my son's athletic future. I suspect that athletic achievements will be so natural and so much a part of the life of my little boy that he prohahly will never see an outstanding challenge in sports and will not become the athletic champion everyone expects. This will not bother me, because his background will give him the most important fruits of athletic striving, fruits that every child can have—a healthy body, self-confidence, and a good balance between physical and mental activity.

That will be Mark's greatest athletic award. He will become a champion of life, and I pray he succeeds in whatever he does.

. . . THE END

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New Way To See New York

(Continued from page 61)

cross to the corner of Whitehall and South. The buildings on South are old and short. Some were once hotels that catered to General Lafayette and Jenny Lind. Now they are warehouses, or weathered stores whose windows are jumbled with tools of the sea: cork floats, life-saving gear, brass marine hardware and brilliantly colored ropes. To our right is an extension of the sea, a huge tidal basin erroneously called East River.

In the river a tughoat blares a sound remarkably like a magnified Bronx cheer. At the docks are ships from Japan, England and Sweden. We stop a block from Coenties Slip and look over the trees of a small park at a lighthouse tower that pokes up from the roof of a broad building. I explain the contraption on the tower. It is a time ball, the only one in the world still working. "It's been there almost fifty years. Ships now get time signals by radio. But before radio was invented, when ships lay in the harbor, the first mate would set the chronometer—that's what sailors call a clock—by the fall of the ball at noon."

We talk about the fierce pride of sailors and the dangers of the sea. ("Could a wave come as high as our apartment?") And I tell them, "It's a lonely life, for sailors are often far from home. That building with the time ball is called the Seamen's Church Institute, and it is actually a small city inside, with beds and a barbershop and even movies for sailors away from their families."

We go into the building. The children are alert but awed. Our elevator opens at the third floor and the youngsters stare flabbergasted at a two-man, six-foot wheel that once steered a sailing vessel. A figure off the prow of a ship leads them into the Marine Museum, to one of the finest collections of ship models in the world, valued at half a million dollars.

We study models of Henry Hudson's *Half Moon* and the fleet of Columbus. All the models are documented and they speak of adventure and mystery. There is the *Mary Celeste*, found abandoned in the Atlantic on the afternoon of December 4, 1872. Everything was shipshape, even to dishes laid out in the galley, but there was no one aboard. To this day no one knows what happened to the crew.

"A creepy space monster got them," says four-year-old Jimmy.

I could spend a day in the museum but the four-year-old can't, so it's back to South Street and on to Wall. We are at Murray's Wharf, where President George Washington debarked for his first inaugural parade.

Granted, it takes a bit of imagination to visualize the Presidential procession at the intersection of South and Wall. There is a gasoline station on one corner, and on the opposite a dull office building. But the sea is still there, and Washington had been rowed to the wharf in a gaily decorated barge. The streets were banked with clapboard houses. And, as a teen-age girl wrote then, "The throng was so dense it seemed one might walk on their heads."

We follow the parade up Wall to Pearl Street. I remind the boys about street names in old New York. Each name is a picture. In Maiden Lane the pretty girls flounced and flirted. Canal Street, now burdened with truck traffic, was once a quiet canal dug by the Dutch, and it stretched across the island. Wall Street took its name from a ten-foot-high stockade built by the Dutch. Pearl Street in the old days glistened with oyster shells. Then, *sotto voce*, as we crunch across the shells of the past I deliver my ace. "Captain Kidd, the daring pirate, lived on Pearl Street."

Washington's processional turned right on Pearl, but we leave it in search of pirates and one of the oldest buildings in New York, Fraunces Tavern. Now the small buildings, George Washington's city, are on our left. On our right are the skyscrapers, mountainous cliffs leaning over our shoulders. We pass a cafeteria, pause at a frankfurter stand for the children, walk by parking lots. And then we are at Hanover Square. A curious building on one side of the square is India House, a structure built in 1837 by a group of traders. Today it is a private club. Across the square, at 119-21 Pearl Street, is the site of Captain William Kidd's home. It was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1835.

We go on to Fraunces Tavern, a jaunty building, as a tavern should be. It was built as a home in 1719 by a wealthy Huguenot, Stephen De Lancey. In 1762 a West Indian, Samuel Fraunces, bought the house and turned it into Queen's Head Tavern. In its Long Room Washington said good-by to his generals after the Revolutionary War.

On the first floor of the tavern there is a public restaurant. The second and third floors are maintained by the Sons of the Revolution for visitors like us. We go at once to the Long Room. All details have been preserved or reconstructed as they were in Washington's day. I read to the boys a few words from his farewell speech: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you . . ." and tell them that the generals were so touched that tears came to their eyes. Boys should know that great fighting men can speak of love and cry.

Then merely by crossing the street we are in another world. We enter the caverns of Manhattan and walk up Broad Street. Money is everywhere except on the streets. Everything is granite and marble. We pass one bank building after another and each is like a mighty rock mountain. We walk into the New York Stock Exchange and look down on the floor from the public gallery at what seems to be a madhouse. The floor is littered with scraps of paper. My wife, a nonmaterialist, as a writer's wife should be, says, "It looks like Coney Island on a hot Sunday."

Diagonally across from the Stock Exchange, at the corner of Wall and Nassau, is the Federal Hall Memorial, a shrine built on the site of our first capitol under the Constitution. Here is a reality that is difficult to explain to the children. This was a handsome structure. Now it is run-down. Inside, the walls are dirty and paint peels from the ceiling. It is a distressing note, a lapse in national pride. But we go up to the second floor and follow the tableaux that trace the exciting story of Peter Zenger, the New York editor who defied the British Crown, was imprisoned for libel and finally acquitted.

Out on the sidewalk, we look up the narrowest part of Wall Street and there is the slender spire of Trinity Church. Trinity's graveyard speeds us back to colonial days. Even the sun is lost in its aged markers, most of them stone tablets so eroded by time that the inscriptions are difficult to read.

A large monument sits over the grave of the commander of the frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain James Lawrence, shot down on the deck of his ship in the War of 1812. But, as the inscription reads, ". . . Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound or the horror of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were, 'Don't give up the ship.'" That happened on June 1, 1813, when Lawrence was 32. Twenty feet away lies Alexander Hamilton, patriot, soldier and statesman, killed in a duel with Aaron Burr—and the boys must have the story.

Last stop, and by demand, is a look at the Cunard fleet. The doors of the Cunard Building at 25 Broadway are heavy, but the public is welcome. Inside it is the way an English business should be, sedate, dignified and handsome. Eighteen-foot models of the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary* fill one hall. In other rooms models trace the line back to the *RMS Britannia*, a wooden vessel with side paddles, launched in 1840. She made headlines with a voyage from Liverpool to Boston in 14 days, 8 hours. The *Britannia* is a thing of beauty. Next to her a spaceship is no more than a pointed pencil. And the young generation that belongs to the space age comes out of the building talking about the advantages of being a sailor—excuse me, ship's captain.

Now, that is a day. On our way back to our uptown apartment we ride past village after village of rusted tenements. At Delancey Street, named for the wealthy Huguenot, we are in the middle of them. I explain to the children that these are not truly slums, not the homes of beaten people, but one-generation stopovers for the proud and industrious, the Irish, the European Jews, the Italians and Poles and Germans, who go on to better homes in Akron or Houston or on Park Avenue. These are the people, with their sons and their grandchildren, who have built the skyscrapers.

We have many such days in New York with our children. We may start from the handsome United Nations buildings on the East River; go west on 42nd Street and into the lobby of the *News* Building and watch the turn of an earth's globe so large that it sinks into the next floor; then on to Grand Central Station, where we stare at the huge golden clock and walk through the echoes of the enormous hall.

Along Third Avenue we look into the windows of the shops that cater to man's whims: nightmarish chandeliers, oriental statues, head-hunting weapons. ("I want one of those for Christmas.")

Walking over to Beekman Place we once passed Garbo ("Daddy, who's she?"), and in Sutton Place I noted a dark brown building and announced, "Marilyn Monroe slept here." (Seven-year-old: "What's so special about her?" My wife: "Ask your father.")

As a boy I considered a trip to a museum unparalleled torture. But Manhattan's two principal ones, the Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, are wondrous and exciting, and I use these words conservatively. At the Met there is the children's wing, where children can press buttons, pick up earphones, turn wheels and get to the meaning of art. On the main floor is the Egyptian tomb that shivers the timbers of the children. And then the mummies.

Asks the four-year-old, "Is it a live mummy?"

"Yes."

"A real live mummy with a body in it dead?"

"Yes."

His hand slips into mine and we go out to look at the knights in armor. We lunch by an indoor pool in the museum—not an indoor swimming pool, but a pool in the grand Roman manner, with muses spouting water through apple cheeks under a Pompeian red ceiling.

We meander across the park to the Museum of Natural History and into a world of drama. There are life-size dinosaurs and a whale; the South American Hall is complete with jungle sound effects and Indians with poison-tipped arrows taut in bowstrings. We walk into the African Room, with its herd of elephants and beautiful jungle beasts. The children are fascinated by personal radiophones which, the headsets clipped to their ears and the receivers slung about their necks, guide them through many exhibits. And if there is time, we step into the Hayden Planetarium and lean back for a trip into space.

Sometimes on a Saturday or Sunday, when everyone else seems to leave the city, we stay with it. We get into the car and pick our spots, for traffic is comparatively light and most parking restrictions are off. We may drive to the northern tip of Manhattan via the East River Drive and Harlem Drive. We pass a dozen curious bridges, an elevator bridge, and one the boys call a "turn-around" because the center span revolves to permit ships to pass. We cross over to the West Side and Fort Tryon Park, where we leave our car to visit the Cloisters, a branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It contains one of the most important medieval-art exhibits of the world. In the building are five cloisters brought over stone by stone from monasteries, but for the children the long, dank passage that we first enter evokes only images of knights and dragons.

The four-year-old asks, "Daddy, are you scared of dragons?"

"Well, I guess I would be. Are you?"

"A little bit, but you know there's no such thing as dragons."

The room containing the 14th-century Nine Heroes tapestries and ornate coffins does nothing to wash away the image of medieval melodrama. In other rooms there are precious religious relics, including the Chalice of Antioch, earliest known Christian chalice. This does not interest the children, but when my wife runs her hand over a stone bench and says, "A man built and sat on this bench eight hundred years ago, three hundred years before Columbus was born," they pause—briefly.

When we have gone through the whole of the Cloisters we take a footpath through the park to the crest of a hill where the ramparts of Fort Tryon once stood. The site is marked by a flag, a few cannons and a parapet that looks toward the city and over the Hudson.

While the children tumble in the grass my wife and I collapse on a bench and look up the Hudson River. It is a river of magnificence flanked by wooded cliffs, and it takes little imagination to visualize Henry Hudson sailing his *Half Moon* against the current in search of a short cut to India; or to see the British frigates that came later, their decks piled with sandbags to protect the men from colonial sharpshooters hiding along the banks. Look south and there is the silver arc of the George Washington Bridge, cars streaming back and forth across it between New Jersey and Manhattan. If you have the energy to stand up, you can see down into the city. Down there the UN is in session and a television show is going out to the entire country and an architect is planning a new building to poke up into the sky.

What strains the imagination is the realization that so much has happened and so much is happening in an island that is only twelve and a half miles long and two and a half miles wide. . . . THE END

General Information: A postcard addressed to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, Inc., 90 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y., will bring you a "Calendar of Events," a selection of sight-seeing tours and a copy of "A Visitor's Guide to New York," including a map of the city. You may also have for the asking a guide to the restaurants and shops and a list of New York's major transient hotels with their addresses and rates. Rates for a double room run from $5 to $35 a day. Make reservations early for minimum rates. Overnight garage storage averages $2.50. Baby sitters are available at hotels or through agencies listed in New York City's classified telephone directory. There is even an organization that will take your children sight-seeing.

An Island Of Her Own

(Continued from page 45)

and they sponge off her shamefully, and she's sending one down because his nerves are supposed to be unraveling, and I didn't phone her in time to fend him off. Darn Liz anyway!"

"What's this got to do with me, Mary?"

"He arrives today, in an hour. I brought the *Beastie* in early to get the motor fixed. It won't be ready until tomorrow. So I wonder if you could . . ."

"Why the big buildup to ask me to run you out to the island? No charge for that."

"I want you to stay over. I don't want to be there alone with one of Liz's wounded ducks."

"What about Maudie?"

She looked at me with exasperation. "If Maudie were going to be there, I wouldn't need you, would I? She had to go up to Naples three days ago to help her kid sister, who is having a baby. She'll be back tomorrow afternoon."

Maudie lives on an island near Mary's. She looks a little bit like Tony Galento in his prime, but with longer hair. She checks on Mary's place when Mary is away, and when Mary is in residence she lives on the island and does the cooking and cleaning.

"If I can decide right off he's harmless, you won't have to stay over, Barney. But I want to be ready in case he looks susceptible to tropical passion."

"I thought you could handle anybody, girl."

"Well, you were easy, Barney. But you don't know Liz's friends."

I told her I was at her service and the fee would be payable in food, drink and conversation. It would work out fine. I could bring her back to the mainland the following afternoon in my *Baylady II*, and by then her *Beastie* would be running right and Maudie would be back from Naples and ready to return to the island. In a watery world you learn to kill nine birds per stone or you waste a lot of gas.

She went on back to the bar at the Pink Elephant, where she would meet the stranger, and I went aboard my *Baylady* and got dressed. Then I walked to the Pink Elephant, where I found Mary Dawes waiting alone at a table. As I sat down across from her she gave me a weary smile.

"I wouldn't mind so much if I didn't have such a lot of work piled up, Barney," she said.

"I used to be full of guilt and anxiety too, honey."

"Don't be so smug!"

"Good old Five Hundred Fifth Avenue. Good old commuters' train to Larchmont."

She scowled at me in a questioning way. "Was there some sort of last straw that did it? You've never told me."

"After Jeanie decided she'd been married long enough and took off, I put the house on the market. One evening a guy came to the door—I thought maybe he was a buyer. Instead he wanted to sell me a cemetery plot. I suddenly real-

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ized that somebody actually believed my ultimate destiny was a hole in the ground in Larchmont, and I had no good reason that he shouldn't think so. So I took off for Florida the day I closed the deal on the house."

"How about a hole in the ground in Boca Grande?"

"It's just as final, but somehow it isn't as distressing. And at least I'll have a better tan."

"How is it going, really?"

"If you mean money, I've actually got some in the bank, much to my astonishment. If you mean all the other aspects of it, I have a healed ulcer, enough muscles to gaff a green tarpon, an unclouded mind and a restful disposition."

"No yen to set the world on fire?"

"I tried that, honey. With damp matches in a high wind." I reached over and touched her lightly between the eyebrows with an index finger. "Last year those two up-and-down lines hardly showed at all."

"Erosion, dear. I'm not exactly subdeb, you know." She glared toward the doorway. "Where is that idiot?"

"What does he look like? What does he do?"

"I have no idea."

"What's his name?"

"It was a bad connection. We were screaming at each other. But he'll be looking for me, and you aren't exactly foundering in tourists around here. If I know Liz, he'll be terribly creative, vastly neurotic and totally unable to cope with a cruel, indifferent world."

Just as she finished speaking an enormous man came in out of the sunlight. He wore a dark city suit and carried a topcoat and an aluminum suitcase. He looked young, benign and fat. He stared around vaguely and moved toward the bar.

"Go herd him this way, please, Barney," Mary Dawes said.

I crossed the room and approached him. At close range he was not young, not benign and not fat—just extremely large. His blond brush cut was salted with gray. His eyes were cold, ceramic blue.

"Have a nice trip down from New York?" I asked merrily.

"Hardly," he said. "Who are you?"

"Barney Wescott. Friend of Miss Dawes. She's right over there."

He nodded at me and repeated my name in a way that made it sound as if he had printed it on a card, slapped the card into a file and slammed the drawer.

"I didn't catch your name," I said.

I am sizable, but he looked down at me—with distaste and incredulity. "Stonebarger," he snapped. "The architect."

He followed me to the table and I introduced him to Mary. He did not acknowledge the introduction until he had placed his suitcase on an empty chair and put his folded topcoat over it. Then he gave her an abrupt nod, sat, turned to me and said, "Club soda, one cube, juice of half a fresh lemon, thank you."

"Do you have a first name?" Mary asked owlishly. "We're quite informal here."

"Are you? I suppose you would be, at that. Morgan."

"I may call you Morgan?" she asked, feigning anxiety.

"If it pleases you, my dear."

"And how is Liz?"

"I despise that particular contraction, Miss Dawes. Elizabeth is in good health. She keeps very busy."

"I've noticed that," Mary said.

Morgan Stonebarger turned his massive head and looked at me without expression. "I'm really quite thirsty, Wescott, if you don't mind."

I broke out of my trance state and got him what he wanted. As I brought it back to the table Mary was saying: ". . . really very primitive on the island."

"I did not know there were any existing structures."

"Did you think I slept in a tree?" Mary said.

"Inasmuch as I didn't know anyone lived on the island, Miss Dawes, I'd formed no opinions about where and how you might sleep. I shall be happy to stay on the island."

"Thanks a lot!"

"You're quite welcome, my dear."

"We can leave anytime you're ready." Mary said, visibly calming herself.

"Are there just the two of you?" he asked.

"The mayor had other plans," she said tartly, "and the brass band has disbanded."

"There's really no need for sarcasm," he said quietly. "Actually, I prefer it this way." He banged his empty glass down and stood up. "Let's be off, then." He was almost at the door before we could get to our feet.

"The next time I get my hands on that sister of mine . . ." Mary muttered.

"I'd better stay over, don't you think?"

"To keep me from killing him, if nothing else."

Aboard the *Baylady*, Morgan Stonebarger settled himself in one of the fishing chairs immediately. Mary helped me cast off. He said, "Are you a charter fisherman, Wescott?"

"That's right."

"Before I go back I'll take a day with you."

"Sixty a day."

He gave me a cold smile. "My dear fellow, if I were concerned about the rate, I would have asked about it."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Stonebarger, sir."

"Both of you seem to have a talent for sarcasm," he said, and swiveled the chair and sat looking out over the transom, presenting us with a huge expanse of excellently tailored back.

Mary came and stood close beside me at the wheel. "Stay alert," she murmured. "The back of your neck is so-o-o red, sweetie."

"If I had five or six men here to hold him, I'd walk right up to him and I'd——"

"Uh-huh. This is as weird as Liz has *ever* got, bless her."

"Cheer up, woman," I said.

We were out of the inlet, rounding the entrance marker. I shoved the throttles up and my *Baylady* came sweetly alert, quartering across the choppy water of Charlotte Harbor. Mary swayed against me accidentally with the change in motion, and I took my right hand off the wheel and with an elaborate casualness put my arm around her waist. I thought for a little while she might endure an intimacy so harmless, but I soon felt the tensions and restraint build up. She moved away and I put both hands back on the wheel.

There was a shared scene in our past and it always came between us. It happened two years ago. She was nearing the end of a two-month stay at her island, and between charters I'd used up all her time that she'd let me have. One day we took a sailboat out into the Gulf and beached it at high noon on La Costa Island. We swam, ate our sandwiches, sprawled on the sand. We kissed with increasing enthusiasm until she broke it up very abruptly, her eyes wide and startled.

"Why?" I demanded. That is ever the forlorn question of the spurned male. "Why, honey?"

"Because you are a sweet guy, Barney, a very *simpâtico* and amusing guy, and as I have just learned, a very exciting guy."

"You're reading the wrong lines. Those are mine."

"And because I am not a random girl with random habits. I am a for-keeps girl, and it just isn't in the cards."

Young Mothers

We are interested in your experiences. Each month REDBOOK hopes to publish an article describing a significant problem in the life of a young mother. We invite you to send us an account of some experience in your family, social or marital life that you feel may be particularly interesting and helpful to other young mothers. For each article (1,000 to 2,000 words) accepted for publication, REDBOOK will pay $500. Manuscripts, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, must be signed (although name will be withheld on request), and mailed to: "Young Mother's Story," REDBOOK Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"Shuffle and deal again. Maybe it is."

"No, Barney. I work at something I'm good at. I like to be good at things. I wouldn't be good at all at being a wife. Everything I heat sticks to the pan. Children terrify me. And anyhow, I'd either have to drag you North or be a dead weight on you down here. So we stop right now, before we've done any kind of damage to anybody."

"But——"

"We'll he friends, the way we have been."

"That isn't exactly what I had in mind, miss."

"That nice breeze is getting a little sickly, Captain. Let's get hack while we can."

Once the two of you have played that familiar scene, it leaves you in a kind of emotional limbo. You can't get back to where you were and there's no place else to go. In the two years since it happened I've found no one I could classify as a reasonably adequate facsimile, nobody with eyes so blue.

Some fifteen minutes later Mary's little island began to emerge from the larger islands beyond it. As I slowed for her private channel marker Stoneharger came forward to stand behind me.

"This is it?" he asked with a flavor of incredulity.

"Your home away from home, Morgan," she said.

"I was expecting something much larger."

"We'll get the dredges and drag lines working first thing in the morning," Mary told him.

He looked at her with a ponderous vacuity. "Ho, ho," he said. "More sarcasm. Slow it down, Wescott. I want to get a longer look at it from this angle. First impressions are important. Where's the tide right now?"

"An hour off full, on the ebb," I told him.

"Then those flats over there could be filled cheaply, I suppose."

Mary stared at the flats and then turned and stared at him. "Nifty place for bowling alleys," she said.

"Ho, ho," he replied with a certain dutifulness. "Is there high ground over there?"

"Indian mounds," she said.

"Can I get hack in there easily?"

"Not easily, but if you want to, you can make it. The hugs are fierce, though."

"Um," he said absently, staring with great intensity. "Okay, Wescott. You may take her in now."

I backed the *Baylady* into the covered slip where the ancient *Beastie* was usually moored. Stonebarger hounded up onto the dock. While Mary and I were making the lines fast, the scout mosquitoes whistled a billion of their *compadres* out of the swamps. We made a run for the house, prancing and slapping ourselves.

When we were inside, Stonebarger asked, "Will I be staying here?"

"No," said Mary. "I will be staying here. And Barney will be staying here, on that couch. And you will be staying over in the cabin. It's all ready for you. But I'd better come over with you and show you how to work the hot-water thing and the lamps."

"If there's anything beyond my ability, I'll ask for help, Dawes."

She stared at him. "*Dawes?*"

"Excuse me. I forgot your local custom, Mary. Is that more suitable, my dear?"

"Just *who* do you think——"

But he ignored her hecause he had spotted her work area in a large alcove off the living room. Still carrying his suitcase and topcoat, he walked by her and went to the big tilted drafting table. We both followed him. He looked at the nearly completed drawing pinned to the board. He turned and smiled at Mary Dawes. I had the curious feeling he was actually looking at her for the first time.

"A hobby, Mary?" he asked. "Or isn't it yours?"

Her throat worked visibly as she swallowed. "It's mine. A poor thing, but mine own. I prefer it to knitting."

He looked at it again and put his coat and suitcase down. "Container for what?"

"A new hand lotion. Expensive."

"The draftsmanship is fairly good," he said, "but the conception is tasteless. It's a fraudulent version of decent classic proportions. We call it Supermarket Moderne."

"What?" she said. She looked stunned. "Who are you to— Listen, the market research behind that design is——"

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Hawaiian Ham Sandwich

(Serves 4)

Mix ⅓ c. **Golden Dipt Breading**, 1 Tblsp. parsley flakes, ¼ tsp. each salt and ground cloves, and ½ c. juice off canned, sliced pineapple. Mix in ½ lb. each ground smoked ham and pork. Shape 4 patties. Bake on ungreased pan at 325° 45 min. Blend 1 Tblsp. each brown sugar, mustard. Spread on patties. Broil until bubbly. Sandwich between rye bread with a pineapple slice.

Oven Barbecued Chicken

(Serves 8)

For sauce: Mince 1 garlic bud. Mix with ¾ c. lemon juice, ½ c. vegetable oil, ¼ c. minced onion, 1 tsp. each salt, pepper, thyme. Chill 24 hrs. Coat 2 cut-up fryers with **Golden Dipt Chicken Fry Mix.** Brown quickly in 1 cup hot shortening or oil in skillet. Put chicken 1 layer deep in shallow pan. Add sauce. Bake at 325° 1-1¼ hrs. Turn pieces 3 times while baking.

Domino Meat Loaf

(Serves 6)

Mix ½ c. **Golden Dipt Loaf Mix,** ½ c. water. Add ¼ c. drained pickle relish, 1½ Tblsps. minced onion, 2 oz. Cheddar cheese cut into ¼ in. cubes. ⅓ lb. ground beef, ½ lb. seasoned bulk pork sausage. Shape loaf. Bake on greased pan 1½ hrs. at 325°. Top with ¼ c. catsup. Bake 15 min. more. Cool 5 min. before slicing.

Other Golden Dipt Products include Fry Batter Mix, Hush Puppy Mix, Fish Fry Meal, Burger Boy, Fluffy Stuffing and Croutons.

"It will sell." he said. "Of course it will sell. There is almost no limit to the ability of the American public to absorb contrived bad taste. But the true area of integrity in design is to create something that is clean and beautiful and *also* salable." He looked around at her working sketches of other projects, taped to the alcove walls. "But you do not have that kind of talent, my dear. And don't be upset. Few do."

In a strangled, deadly voice Mary said, "There is just one little thing you don't know, Stonebulger. I happen to be——"

"For example," he said. His huge paw dipped into a box of drawing materials and then moved so quickly to the drawing on her table that I did not see that he had selected a fat stub of charcoal. There was nothing tentative about his approach or hesitant about the lines he drew. You can never fail to recognize the peak of professional excellence when you see it, whether it is displayed by a diver, a skier, a shortstop or a mountainous man making marks on a piece of paper. "We eliminate this rather horrid and pointless bulge, balance this line, widen the base and at the same time give it more of a look of grace and delicacy. . . ."

Mary Dawes made a weak, hollow sound. She was trembling. She reached to stop him, but he had moved over to the wall. He went from one sketch to the next, making his dark, firm, flowing lines without the slightest hesitation, talking softly about what he was doing, why he was doing it. Then he tossed the remaining fragment of charcoal into the box, wiped his fingertips on a rag, smiled and nodded at Mary and said, "Now you'll have good starting places, my dear. Just restrain yourself from adding little vulgarities. But when you attempt to market these, I must ask you not to trade on my name—which is Stonebarger, by the way, not Stonebulger."

"You idiot!" she yelled. "You—you egomaniac!" She braced for a major effort and cried, "Get out of here!"

He looked startled. He picked up his suitcase and topcoat and beckoned to me. I followed him out onto the porch.

"I believe I've actually upset her," he said. "Maybe when she quiets down you might let her know that I would charge ten thousand dollars to a commercial enterprise for that amount of consultant design service."

"I'm sure that will straighten her right out," I told him.

He stared at me. "You people have a curious attitude down here. I have some work with me, so please bring my dinner over whenever it's convenient. Nothing fried, please. And no potatoes in any form. For breakfast I'll want juice, a three-minute egg, three strips of crisp bacon, two slices of buttered toast and a pot of coffee. And if you'll get your dinghy in the water in the morning, I'd like you to take me on a circuit of the island right after breakfast."

"You would? Gee. I hope you give me time to rig a canopy and chill the wine."

He stared at me. "You people really have a most unusual sense of humor. It's more difficult for me than it would be for most people, I imagine—I've been told that I have no sense of humor at all. Perhaps that is correct. So you will just have to be patient if I fail to laugh in the right places." He walked off toward the small cabin.

When I went back into the living room Mary was staring at her drafting table. I walked over and stood beside her.

"No fried foods," I said. "No potatoes in any form. And he wants it brought to him."

"What?" She looked at me in a confused way and I saw tears running down her face. I started to repeat it all, but she wheeled, ran to her bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

In a little while I lighted the kerosene lamps. I went and tapped on her door and she told me to go away. I sat and read a magazine. I ran down through the mosquitoes and checked the lines on the boat, grabbed my toilet articles and ran back. I tapped on her door again. Same result.

Before I became too weak I foraged in the kitchen and cooked enough dinner for four. I ran two portions over to the cabin. Morgan Stonebarger sat in a white robe at a table covered with some sort of work sheets, his back to the door.

He moved the papers and made room for the tray. "Ah, thank you, Wescott. Is Dawes all right now?"

"Dawes is fine. Every once in a while she bangs her head on the wall and mentions her sister. Otherwise she's feeling pretty chipper."

He nodded at me. "Good night, Wescott."

I galloped moodily back through the mosquitoes. I found Mary sitting on the living-room floor in a welter of ancient magazines. As I came in she thrust one toward me. Her face was tragic. "Read it."

I sat and turned the page toward one of the lamps. It was the beginning of a big, glowing article entitled "The Genius of Morgan Stonebarger." I learned he was ten years older than my maximum estimate. And I looked at some startling color plates of his work—two United States embassies in far places, a resort hotel in Puerto Rico, office buildings in Dallas and Montevideo, a church in Genoa, an auditorium in Atlanta.

"Yes, indeed," I said.

"He's a great man," Mary said in an awed voice.

"He won't eat fried foods."

"And the poor, poor darling has slipped a ratchet. Liz knew he had to get away. But she could have told me, couldn't she? Don't you understand it all, Barney?"

"Understand what?"

"He's always been so dreadfully important, he just can't adjust to being—incompetent. He has this persistent delusion he's still working. He has to act as if he's here to work instead of rest, because it's a sort of defense mechanism for him. It saves his pride."

"So I have to save his pride tomorrow morning by rowing him all over creation in my dinghy?"

"If that's what he wants, Barney, that's what you do."

I reheated our dinner and she said it was fine. She ate like a wolf. She told me that crying always made her ravenous. It made me feel dizzy with pleasure and pride to be able to please her in any small way. I wanted to make a career out of pleasing this woman.

After we finished cleaning up, she took a lamp back to her work alcove and stood silent, looking at what he had done.

"But he's right," she said in a small, lost voice. "So right. Barney, I have all the willingness and all the diligence in the world. But I don't have a single crumb of real talent. I've been kidding myself for years. I'm—meager, Barney. And vulgar and pretentious and—" she turned toward me, her fine face all squinched—"and so darned self-important!" she howled, and fell into my arms.

I held her and soothed her and patted her and thought up fifty ways of telling her that she was superb on all counts and Stonebarger was in no condition to judge anybody's work. Yet I had the sinking feeling a man gets when he hears himself talking himself out of a promotion and can't stop.

When she had finally let me talk her out of it, I felt cheated. She became practically festive. We sat on the couch where I would sleep. "The poor, dear genius," she said. "I didn't know Liz knew any really impressive people."

I tried to express something that had been bothering me. "Mary, honey, a guy like this Stonebarger—wouldn't he be sort of an industry in himself?"

"What do you mean?"

"He'd be a fine living to a whole battalion of people, wouldn't he? So if he happened to get a little—confused, say, wouldn't they be getting him the world's finest and fastest treatment? Would they let him come stumbling down here alone? Would they let him get mixed up with your sister?"

"What's wrong with my sister?"

"Now, don't get irritable. If I've heard you say it once, I've heard you say it forty times. Your sister lives in a welter of spongers, nuts and artistic phonies."

"Are you trying to tell me Liz couldn't become a friend of a man like Morgan Stonebarger?"

"He doesn't seem to try to win friends, Mary. Anyway, skip it. Tomorrow I'll take him his breakfast, row him all over Pine Island Sound and salute him."

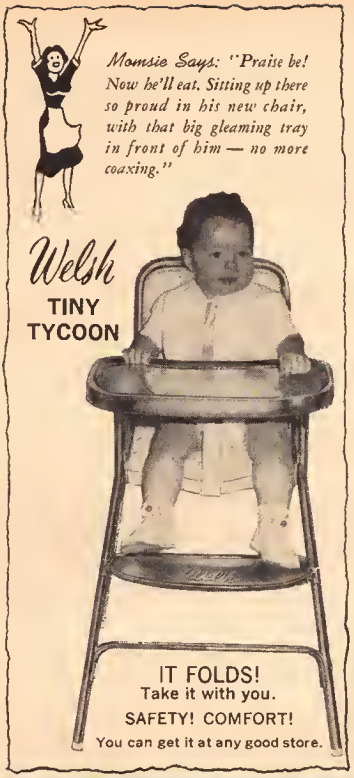
And row him I did. He brought along a sketch pad and a notebook. We were sitting only three feet apart, but he

LOVE, HONOR AND MONEY

Some men are born to make money and some are not. And a wise wife knows the important difference.

Turn to page 149.

BY GLEN AND JANE SIRE



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gave the orders with hand signals—right, left, keep going, stop.

It was nearly noon when he finally said, "Let's go back in, Wescott." I headed back, favoring a new blister. "Quite a challenge," he said. "Dreary little button of an island. Merge structure into environment when you have something dramatic to start with, and ignore it when you don't. So I'll just think of it as a platform."

"Like a launching site, huh?"

"I'm thinking aloud, Wescott, not trying to elicit moronic comments."

"Excuse me, indeed."

"This afternoon, Wescott, we'll be on foot. I'll need your help in some measurements."

"This afternoon, Stonebarger, you'll be on foot."

His neck grew visibly, from an estimated size eighteen to a twenty, but his voice became very soft. "I said I'll need you, Wescott. All afternoon."

"But I have to go back to——"

"I'll need you."

"Uh—okay."

Mary was on the dock to meet us, her splendid legs agleam with insect repellent. "Have a happy morning, boys?" she sang out.

"Comfy," I said with a certain moroseness.

"Tomorrow," Stonebarger said. "I shall want the best botanist in the area. And I also want to talk to someone of reasonable intelligence who has spent his entire life on one of the islands in this area. I could also use a competent geologist, but that can come later. I want the first two here in the morning, as early as possible."

"Of *course* you do," Mary said soothingly, with a fond, warm smile.

I looked north toward the main channel and saw the distinctive bow wave that only a big Huckins will make when it is at top cruising speed, really up and out and flying. A moment later I recognized it as being the Browdon cruiser, usually docked at Browdon Island, down below Captiva Pass.

She tilted around Mary's channel marker, lugged down until she turned into a displacement hull and came burbling cautiously toward us. I hadn't known any of the Browdons were down as yet, and I didn't know any of them knew Mary.

She came in. I caught a line and made it fast. The hired captain, Albert Something-or-other, swung the stern in. The first onto the dock was the nervous little caretaker of Browdon Island, Mr. Weech. I'd seen him around Boca. He came trotting directly toward Stonebarger and stopped a cautious six feet away, wringing his hands. "Mr. Stonebarger!" he said. "Heavens, Mr. Stonebarger, I've been nearly out of my mind!" Several other men had climbed off the cruiser. They all were of that familiar breed of young accountants and young lawyers who act stark naked if they aren't within a hundred feet of a city cab. They looked as if their sports shirts still had the pins in them.

"Who are you?" Stonebarger demanded.

"Mr. Weech! Mr. Weech! I was supposed to be there to meet you. We were late getting to the airport. You were gone. Dear heaven, I've been so upset. How did you get to Boca Grande?"

"I took a taxi, you idiot!"

"Exactly what is going on here?" Mary demanded in a loud, clear voice.

Weech spun around. "Oh, the Browdon family and some other people have bought Kimbrough Key—a lovely island, just lovely, utterly wild and deserted—and the famous Mr. Morgan Stonebarger has been commissioned to design a five-million-dollar resort project on it. He's down here for his first look at it, for preliminary thinking, and we—we lost track of him. I couldn't imagine what had happened until somebody said they saw——"

Shut up, Weech," Stonebarger said, with such a weary emphasis that all of us stood very still in the midday sun. Stonebarger took a long look at Mary's island. "I despise childish jokes," he said to her. "You could have told me this is not called Kimbrough Key."

"You didn't ask," Mary said. She lifted her chin. "You are an arrogant fathead, Mr. Stonebarger. There was no joke."

Weech moaned faintly. Stonebarger looked at Mary in a troubled way. "Just who are you, Miss Dawes?"

"I own this island. I'm a partner in a firm of industrial designers in New York. My sister was sending a friend down—I didn't catch the name. I was supposed to meet him at the Pink Elephant. I—I even asked you about Liz. Remember? You claimed you knew her."

"I know no one named Liz, believe me. My wife's name is Elizabeth."

"Just like it said in that article you showed me, Mary," I said.

Stonebarger was not satisfied. "But *why*, Miss Dawes, *why* would you let me go through the motions of preliminary planning if you thought I was just a guest? I was told that the Browdon service staff and some people from their St. Louis office would be here to help me. Why did you let me make a fool of myself?"

"My sister's friends are—quite unusual. That's why I asked Barney to stay over, because you seemed like some kind of a nut."

He swiveled his big head and peered at me. "You rowed me around for hours," he said accusingly.

"I was humoring you."

He snorted and went plunging off to the cabin.

Weech clapped his hands and said, "Run, Charlie! Run after Mr. Stone-

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barger and carry his things back down here for him." Charlie took off like the favored greyhound in the daily double. "My word!" Mr. Weech said. "he's masterful, isn't he?" There was a trace of incipient hero worship in his voice.

"That's one way of putting it," Mary said.

Morgan Stonebarger came striding back down to the dock, Charlie a burdened and dutiful six feet behind him.

"Are we off?" Mr. Weech asked pertly.

"When I'm ready," the great architect said.

He took my upper arm in one giant hand and Mary's in the other and led us away from the others. He stopped, released us and said, "I was very rude about your work, Miss Dawes."

"Maybe it was the kind of truth that——"

"I am a very rude man. I have consciously practiced rudeness for years. I have a lot of work to do in whatever time is left to me. I think it is important work. I think it is more important than sweet forbearance, which merely encourages people to waste your time with their nonsense. When they waste my time, they waste pieces of my life. So I have no time to be apologetic to you. Miss Dawes. Nor do I care to be so dishonest as to leave doubts in your mind. Your work is pedestrian. That is an expert opinion."

"What gives you the right to——"

"But up until now you haven't known it's rather dull work, which is greatly in your favor. Self-deception is better than cynicism. Your commercial success is not satisfying to you."

"Now, just a minute!"

He turned to me. "Is a one-day charter still possible, Barney?"

"While I was doing all that rowing, it went up to a hundred bucks, friend."

"Fair enough," he said. "I'll let you know." He grabbed my hand and chipped flakes off every knucklebone. "Bring your Miss Dawes along with us, Barney, and we'll discuss art, life, purpose, destiny and—rude architects."

We watched from the dock as the big cruiser swung south and disappeared beyond the fringe of Mary's island. Stonebarger didn't wave. He wasn't the waving kind.

Mary frowned at me, reached out and squashed a mosquito against my forehead and said, "Is he one of the good guys or one of the bad guys?"

"He hasn't had a chance to be either one. He's one of the busy guys." I smiled at her. "And you notice how bright he is, calling you *my* Miss Dawes?"

"Don't get carried away."

After a pickup lunch we went to Boca in the *Baylady*. Each time I glanced at Mary she looked better to me. She seemed broody. I spent a lot of time devising subtle plots. Good old Stonebarger had started a little constructive erosion. I could play it very cool, very safe, move very slowly. Sooner or later I'd get my chance to sell her my plan. I knew it would work. We'd live on the island full time. I'd work my charter-boat business out of there. I'd put up some more cottages. Maudie would be on hand full time. I'd work a package deal for the most dedicated fishermen, those who would go for the rustic, primitive island life. There would come the right moment and the right place, and I'd handle it just right this time.

Liz's friend was in Boca, feeling rejected. He was a sad, sallow little man with a half bushel of lank hair, a battered violin case and a concerto half written. Questioning revealed that it had been half written as long ago as 1952. Maudie was back from Naples and ready to leave for the island. Even the *Beastie* was ready, her motor repaired.

I walked to dockside with them and helped stow the groceries aboard. Maudie was the most animated of the four of us. The violinist was sullen and my Mary had been growing ever more somber throughout the afternoon. For my part I was quietly, pleasantly thoughtful. I was making plans.

They went aboard. I was waiting to cast off the stern lines when Mary gave the word. She stood at the wheel with her back to me, but she did not start the *Beastie*'s antique power plant. She turned and came back to the stern and stepped ashore.

I do not know what this next incident proves, unless it's that the only thing you can count on is luck, or that nobody ever gets to know anybody else except in the most tentative way.

Mary tilted her head to one side, put her hands on my shoulders and looked into my eyes. I have never seen her eyes so blue. "If you're ready, I'm ready, Wescott."

"I—it—it can work out fine, Mary. I know just how we can——"

"Details, details," she murmured, and her eyes and her mouth looked sleepy. "Make the deal. Draw the contract later. Kiss your commonplace girl, Wescott. Kiss your tiresome wife-to-be."

When the world creaked back into its customary orbit, I released her.

"Tiresome, Dawes?" I said. "Commonplace?"

"Maybe I'm not so very," Mary said. She beamed upon me. "I'll probably be seeing you around."

She boarded her craft, wobbling slightly on her way forward, and started the engine. I could not stop grinning. She put it in gear. Maudie came back, smirking, to free the stern lines. I was beyond figuring out why the *Beastie* wouldn't move.

Mary waved all the way to the bridge. She's the waving kind. . . . THE END

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A Queen's Tragedy

(Continued from page 41)

I was not quite sure how to do this, but I had spent a lot of time thinking about it.

So there I was, a young girl deep in very profound thoughts, a girl who was hopeless at mathematics and who, as some of my teachers still remember, sometimes read a cowboy story or a historical novel under my desk!

To me Hussein was just a young boy at school, miles away, who had little to do with my life.

Two years or so after that first meeting, I became an undergraduate at Cambridge. I had gone there with the ambition of preparing myself to write about the Arab world from the woman's point of view. No one had done this, except superficially, and I was wondering if I could. So at Cambridge I read English literature.

I hated the first few months. I was alone in England. My mother had brought me over but had returned to Cairo. I was lonely, the climate was cold and I was too worried about my work to make many friends.

While I was at Cambridge both my cousins Hussein and Faisal were at Harrow, and naturally I spent as much time as possible at King Faisal's family house just outside London. It was a second home to me because of the warmth they radiated within their family circle.

Cousin Hussein was there very often too, but it was not until 1951 that I met him after that first meeting in Amman. At this time he was still at Harrow.

It was a very sad meeting. His grandfather, King Abdullah, had been assassinated a little time before, and Hussein was still grieving and so was I. I was particularly sorry and sympathetic as he had been with his grandfather at the time of the assassination and for a young person it must have been a cruel shock. My cousin was extremely quiet and sad, and very different from the little boy I had met in Amman.

By this time I had left Cambridge with more success than I had anticipated and was taking a course of social study at London University, which I decided would equip me for work I thought I should try to do in our part of the world.

Soon afterward I returned to Cairo and began planning a career as a lecturer at the university there. My plans were interrupted, however, when suddenly one day some of my relatives surprised us with the message that Hussein had asked them to persuade me to marry him.

It was startling news and I don't know which emotion filled me most strongly—annoyance, shock or anxiety.

He was seven years younger than I was—in fact, he was still almost a schoolboy. Above all I didn't want to marry at that time. My cousin had just ascended the throne, but I had no ambition to be a queen. I wanted my own career and I resented his interference.

My relatives also passed on a request from King Hussein that I visit him at his palace.

They were insistent, but I refused.

When they had gone I told my mother about it. I knew that despite my indignation I was being paid a very great honor, and I begged her to go to Jordan and explain why I could not marry the king. She agreed to go and I felt much happier. I was sure that she could make King Hussein understand that he really was too young for marriage.

But my mother was not successful. She came home with two letters from the king. One was for my father and one for me.

King Hussein formally asked my father for his consent to our marriage and his letter to me was extremely charming. He explained the difficulties of a young man so recently placed on a throne and said he needed me.

But however high the honor, I was not going to have anybody interfering with my life before I had established a career. I had things to prove I could do, and I was determined not to marry him or anybody else.

I sat down that evening and replied to his letter. Naturally I didn't express my true feelings. I thanked him and again pointed out his age and urged him to wait for at least two years before taking such a serious step.

I added that I knew his new life as monarch must be hard and that he wanted someone beside him, but that I could help him just as much where I was. He would always have my support. Why was marriage essential?

When I had posted the letter I had a feeling of relief all over again. I was sure that my arguments would convince him—but I didn't know King Hussein very well. He is very persistent. When he gets an idea there is no contradicting him.

He can be charmingly persuasive. His enthusiasm boils up and bubbles over until it overwhelms everyone. Unfortunately, these enthusiasms often die almost as soon as they are fulfilled.

There was to be no rest for me. That September King Hussein's mother, Queen Zain, arrived from Jordan. She is strong-willed, a very positive personality and a person of great charm.

She saw me alone, and with family loyalty as her theme begged me not to be stubborn but to yield to her son's wish. "Please don't discourage him now," she entreated. "Not when he has so much responsibility placed on his shoulders. He needs you by his side. Without you, he cannot carry on. At least see him and discuss his proposal."

I blushed with embarrassment. I didn't know what to do or what to say, but I clung determinedly to my decision that I would not go to the palace at Jordan. I was not going to meet Hussein where he would be most powerful and most at advantage.

It was agreed finally that we should meet in Switzerland in about three months. I had no choice. There was nothing I could do except reluctantly agree. Queen Zain appeared not to notice my unhappiness. She left obviously pleased with the result of her errand.

At the end of December, 1952, my mother and father flew to Lausanne with me. They knew I was miserable and they were very understanding. They made it perfectly clear that the decision was mine, and whatever course I chose, they would support me. At the same time, of course, according to tradition I was not supposed to marry outside our family circle. From that point of view the marriage would be right.

We stayed in a hotel at Lausanne as guests of Queen Zain. The king arrived three days later on holiday from Sandhurst.

I will never forget my first glimpse of him when he arrived. We were having luncheon in the restaurant when suddenly he came rushing through the door. He was 17 now, and his eager, happy young face, much more mature than I had remembered it, made me forget my doubts. I felt suddenly that perhaps I should set aside all personal considerations and simply try to make happy this person who needed me and who because of many ties and family associations was dear to me.

In those few days in Switzerland I discovered that I liked him a lot for himself now and enjoyed his company tremendously. When I was not thinking of the future it was all great fun.

During the following week we discussed his proposal again and again. Despite his insistence and his charm, I reminded him of our age difference, the lack of need for haste and how important it was that he finish his military training.

He refused to be convinced or even to listen properly to what I was saying. Toward the end of those days in Lausanne he grew much more dramatic.

"I want to marry you now," he said. "I need you. I have this great burden as king to carry, and without you, I don't think I can go on."

I feel now that I shouldn't have spent those days arguing with him and that I should have given in right away, but I wouldn't have been true to myself if I had.

It is a great pity, for there was something very young and idyllic about our time together at Lausanne. It is one thing I have to look back on with nothing but warmth and pleasure. I particularly remember a wonderful bouquet of white lilacs the king sent me on New Year's morning, and how delighted I was to receive it.

Shortly before we parted, we had one last private talk. King Hussein was more upset than I had ever seen him. There was no lightheartedness then.

He said: "I will soon be going, and one thing is certain—if you will not marry me, I know that I cannot continue as king."

I felt selfish, disgracefully selfish. I studied his face for a moment, and then, as calmly as I could, I told him: "It's up to you. If you want my life, you can have it. You can do anything you like with it, but please remember all I have told you. I don't agree with the proposal and I think it is wrong. But if you decide we must be married, then please, at least do not announce it for a little while. Then if you change your mind, no harm will be done."

Despite this plea the king announced the news to all the family immediately. A few days later at a small party he gave me a beautiful cabochon emerald as an engagement ring.

The long weeks of argument were over and at least one of us was content. I remember feeling at the time that if I myself could do no good in the world, I had at any rate helped somebody who was in a position to do a great deal.

I was upset, however, when news of the engagement leaked out, because apart from wanting a long engagement, I would have liked it announced in Jordan, not abroad.

There was no point in showing the king how distressed I was. Before we left I arranged to meet him in London and to attend his graduation at Sandhurst.

By the time we had spent another two weeks in England, all my old doubts had returned, and a new fear had beset me. I was 24, and I thought that people would regard the difference in our ages as ridiculous and that they would think I was just after a title or a kingdom.

I told this to King Hussein, but he waved it aside and said: "Rubbish."

I was not so easily reassured.

Soon afterward we had our first disagreement, and it turned out to be a very grave one.

King Faisal was to be crowned on May 2, 1953, and for some reason that I don't understand to this day, King Hussein decided to have his own coronation at the very same time. I thought it was wrong and perfectly ridiculous. He finally promised me that he would postpone his own coronation or hold it earlier.

After I left London I heard that he was in bed ill with sinus trouble. When I telephoned him to see how he was, his first words on the telephone were that he was having his coronation on May 2nd after all. The king has never liked explaining his actions to anybody, and he refused to tell me why he had broken his promise. He just said curtly: "I'm sorry. Nothing can be done."

It was all so absurd. Half the people invited wouldn't know which ceremony to go to, and since many of the guests would be related to both kings by blood, it would either be troublesome for everyone or become an unhappy joke, and that would be very unfair to both him and King Faisal.

I told King Hussein that I didn't understand his decision at all, and immediately after I put down the telephone I wrote to him and repeated my argument.

Later I wrote to him again. I was very perplexed. Suddenly we had stopped seeing each other and anything he wrote to me was remote and casual. All the urgent insistence on marriage seemed to have evaporated overnight and my life had become one big question mark. Again I insisted that my original idea was the better one, that he should postpone all thoughts of marriage for some time—certainly until his mind was absolutely clear.

I received a prompt reply to this letter. The king said: "I agree with you. I shan't marry for years. Instead I shall devote myself to my country."

It was the answer I wanted and it made me very happy, especially because I thought he had made the right decision for himself and his people.

I was happy for myself too. Life was suddenly very peaceful. I settled down happily to teaching English literature at Cairo University, enjoying the fine young students who were so full of honest ambition and so keen to learn. King Hussein was still my amiable cousin. I had one letter from him asking how I was, and later, on the anniversary of our meeting in Switzerland, a New Year's card.

A whole trouble-free year went by.

But in February, 1955, King Hussein brought the turbulence back into my life.

He was paying a state visit to Egypt, and in between the banquets and the pomp he found time to come and see me. It was the first time we had spoken to each other since the engagement had been broken, and after some mutual embarrassment we talked in a friendly fashion for a long time.

Feeling that I was safe now, I asked him, on the spur of the moment, to answer a question that had always made me curious. Why had he been so anxious to marry me in the first place?

Since his state visit was brief and he had many engagements, I was completely taken aback when he answered me by saying: "I can't tell you now. I'll explain when I see you tomorrow."

Until then there had been no suggestion that we should meet again. The next day he hurried from an appointment to our house. As he chatted with my family I studied him with interest. He was very charming indeed.

Eventually we were alone, and almost his first words were: "Forget about the

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explanation I promised you. Can we start where we left off? Will you marry me?"

For the second time in his life he left me breathless with surprise. I knew in a moment that it was my careless question that had created this new crisis. Before I could answer, he started trying to persuade me with all the old arguments.

This time they carried very much more weight. When he told me he couldn't go on without me, I felt he was speaking from experience and not just from wild enthusiasm. He knew what it was like to try to govern his country alone. He was more grown up, too. Although be was only 19, the age difference between us didn't seem so great any more.

Yet there were facets of his character that frightened me. I had seen his obstinacy and his stubbornness and his insistence on getting his own way. My own ambitions, moreover, were now no longer just vague plans. I had actually started on a career of my own.

We began to argue, but dreading a repetition of all those arguments I remembered from the past, I found myself meekly compromising. "Give me breathing space," I begged. "Give me just three days. Telephone me then."

He seemed hardly satisfied with my answer, but I thought he would accept it. Then as he was leaving the house he turned and looked at me and said: "Can't I announce our engagement now? When I telephone you, you are bound to say no. I understand you now."

I was very firm. I answered: "I must have three days to think—and I don't know what my answer will be."

My experience should have told me what would happen next. The following day I was awakened by a commotion of telephone calls and photographers. King Hussein had announced our engagement almost the moment he left the house.

Again it was no good being angry. What purpose would it serve? There had been far too much dispute between us already. And anyway, I had a feeling that I probably would have said yes if he had waited those three days. The best thing for me to do was to be as wholeheartedly on his side as I was capable of.

Ten days after the king left Cairo I flew to him in Jordan with my parents. It was a wonderful experience! Although it was a private visit, the streets were lined with people who smiled warmly and shouted and waved enthusiastically. It was very clear to me that none of my secret doubts were shared by the people of Jordan.

It may seem an odd thing to say, but I felt that there was a bond between the people of Jordan and myself right from the beginning. From the day I arrived in the country I fell in love with them and their land.

King Hussein, looking very handsome in his uniform and smiling cheerfully, met us at the airport, and we went to the house of the king's mother, Queen Zain.

She was the only person I met during that ten-day visit who did not seem completely happy. It was hard to tell exactly what she was thinking, for she was as charming as ever, but her whole attitude was very different from what it had been that day she called on me in Cairo and wept as she begged me to marry her son. I hoped that the change was only because she was upset at the suddenness of our second engagement, but I was not sure.

Even Queen Zain's unhappiness was hardly visible on the surface, and everyone else was so warm and wonderful that as I stood by the window that first night and looked out on the lights of Amman I felt that life held a lot that could compensate for my doubts and anxieties.

My happiness did not end with that day. While we were there the king arranged a small engagement party just for the family, and in the midst of the laughter and the celebration he presented me with an engagement ring. It was not the beautiful emerald I had previously returned. It was a glorious ruby ring that his grandfather, King Abdullah, had been wearing when he was assassinated. King Abdullah had always had a place in my heart, and I was very touched by this gesture.

Just before my parents and I were to return to Cairo, King Hussein raised the matter of the wedding date. He insisted that it should be in three weeks' time. I protested that this would not give me enough time to prepare and that it would mean I would have to leave my splendid students in the middle of a term. A few more weeks could hardly matter, I said. But there was no swaying the king.

It was a fantastic task he had set me, to prepare for a formal wedding in 21 days. I cannot think of many future queens who have faced such a problem.

At first I could see one advantage in this situation. I didn't want to have an elaborate white wedding with all the expensive pageantry. It seemed a wicked extravagance when there were so many needy people in Jordan. I felt certain that King Hussein would agree with me. But when I put foward my plan for the simplest possible wedding, he was just as firm about this as he had been about the date. I flew back to Cairo with my mind full of anxious thoughts and hasty marriage plans.

From the moment the plane landed on the edge of the city my privacy was gone. Everywhere I went, there were stares. There were smiles too, but I found these equally embarrassing. It was not easy to travel around freely or to do the necessary shopping. It is difficult for anyone to be so suddenly the focus of public attention. Temperamently I was particularly unsuited for it.

There were endless things to do and farewells to say to my old life. Three days before I was due to fly back to Amman I lost my voice. The king sent his own aircraft to carry us, but when I got to the airport I couldn't even whisper good-by to anyone.

Since the Amman airport had no facilities for night landings, we had planned to fly from Cairo immediately after luncheon. But I always find it difficult to be punctual, and especially on this final day the last-minute preparations delayed us so much that we were extremely late in taking off. We chased the setting sun in a race to see which of us would win, our aircraft or the darkness. We lost.

At Amman it was decided that we should turn back, but King Hussein was angry and wouldn't hear of it. On his instructions cars were commandeered and lined up to light the runway with their head lamps. That incredible scene was my welcome to my new home.

The crowds were there once more and so were the heartwarming cheers, but there was no pleasure on the king's face. Somehow my new life seemed to have started on the wrong footing. There was an unmistakable change in the king since our last meeting. I still do not know what forces or pressures he had been subjected to in the interval.

Again I stayed at Queen Zain's house, and three days later I was married in traditional Moslem fashion.

Luckier than most royal brides, I woke on my wedding morning completely certain that at least there would be nothing wrong with the weather. Unfortunately, I hadn't got my voice back.

Through the night the crowds had been gathering around the palace, and each hour they grew greater as they laughed, jostled and waited patiently for a glimpse of the king and his bride.

Early that morning King Hussein had decided to prepare himself for the long ceremonial by driving hard and fast in his sports car to Jerusalem and back.

He adores speed and is a brilliant driver. Despite his invariable hurry, he is the only motorist I feel safe with. I would like to have raced along the desert road that morning with him, but that would not have pleased tradition at all.

On his return he called for me in slacks and blazer, and together we stood on the palace balcony watching the brilliantly colored pageant of the people who had come to wish their king well. The Bedouins in their robes and with silver-hilted swords danced below us. I had a special interest in them because I felt they were part of my family. I belonged to them. The Circassians too, in their splendid turbans, because my mother was a Circassian. There were Sunni Moslems with trim beards, and Arab women from Nablus and Bethlehem in exquisitely embroidered dresses that were as gay as the day. They too I particularly noticed, because the Palestinians represented some of the finest elements in the country.

The Jordanians are a proud and military people, and mingling with the crowd were stiff-backed soldiers in battle dress and flowing headgear, and with them was the king's own bodyguard in handsome gold-and-silver tunics.

It was a sight no one could ever forget—the color, merriment and vitality of those wonderful crowds. Among them was a little group of people to whom I waved especially long. They were a party of undergraduates from Cairo who had drawn lots to see who should come and cheer me at my wedding.

For a few moments the king and I stood at attention while the national anthem was played. Then with a last look and a final wave we turned back into the palace and parted, not to see each other again until after we were married.

When it was time for the wedding, my family and I were shown to a small room where we sat and drank tea while next door and out of sight the king signed the marriage contract before the witnesses, his cousin King Faisal and the Qadi of Amman.

The legal ceremony was all over in about five minutes, and I went back to my apartment, still without seeing my new husband, to change into the wedding dress I would wear in public. It was a white dress patterned with pearls and rhinestones. Although a famous designer from Rome had offered to make my wedding gown, I had preferred to have it made in Cairo by Arab hands.

Over the dress I put on for the very first time the silk sash and glittering diamonds of the Order of King Hussein, the Nahda, instituted by King Hussein of Hejaz, the king's great-grandfather. This again was a gift from the king, which I cherished greatly.

On my way to the throne room of Raghdan Palace to meet my husband, my car was slowed down over and over again by dancers, bonfires and a barrage of fireworks.

The entrance to the palace was lined by the royal bodyguard. They towered above me, magnificent men in black cloaks, astrakhan hats and high boots.

The throne room was filled with women guests in evening dress. While a Moslem marriage ceremony is witnessed only by men, the first meeting of the bride and groom is watched by women.

At the foot of the stairs the king was waiting in his full-dress uniform. He smiled warmly at me as I took his arm, and followed by bridesmaids and pages, we walked slowly into the room to receive our guests. But the indefinable feeling of the change in him was still there.

The next morning when I looked out the window of this palace on the hill, I could see that calm had come back to Amman. All that remained were the ashes and the blackened rings of burned-out bonfires in the sand.

During my first six weeks at the palace my mind was full of new plans. I honestly believed that I could help the Jordanians, whom I liked more and more each day, but I realized that things must be done slowly in spite of the people's great wish for reform. First of all, therefore, I tried to understand my new life.

I had hoped that the king would help me, but he always seemed to be busy. Even at his most amiable he was an impossible person to get any explanation from. His attitude was simply a kind of run-along-and-don't-bother-your-head view of the situation that was impossible to resent—at first, anyway.

I thought it necessary to get to know as many people of the country as I could, because I believed that in that way I would be helping him, but I forced myself to be reticent. I also kept the traditional veil, with some modification, in order not to offend even a minority. I felt it would be a mistake to start my own activities when I knew so little about the habits of the palace.

So with little to do I was often lonely, especially after my parents left.

My loneliness ended for a while when, six weeks after the wedding, we set off on a trip to Europe. This has often been described as a honeymoon, but in fact it was an official visit planned long before my marriage. We went to Spain for about two weeks and then to London to meet the queen.

The tour was not too arduous. There were not many formal visits; there was time to explore and even opportunities to get away from the unblinking limelight that shone on me as the "honeymooning queen." I was happy to see the old friends and places I had been to before.

It was only when we returned to the white stone palace in Amman that things seemed to go completely wrong. Even today I can't understand why.

At first my loneliness and boredom grew. Wretched as that was, it was better than facing the inevitable cries of disapproval if I tried to do anything.

The king had agreed that instead of spending a great deal on flags and decorations for the wedding, the money should be used for starting a university. The standard of elementary education was already high in Jordan, but the people needed opportunity for more advanced education. A public library was essential as well.

Before we were married this was the sort of subject we would have discussed, but not any more. Now, although he seemed to listen politely, in reality the king paid little attention. He grew more and more remote and I understood him less and less. Why had he married me? There was no partnership between us. He had said he needed me beside him. Now he seemed to avoid me.

I began to realize also that there was a kind of quiet, insistent campaign going on against me in certain palace circles that cared only for their immediate interests and were not concerned with the real problems of the people. There were veiled criticisms—nothing open that I could refute—and everything I did seemed to be wrong. If I went out often, I was opening the palace door to everybody and destroying its dignity. If I didn't go out, I was being distant.

One day I was asked to make a speech at a school, but, realizing that would not be approved of, I refused. A few months later, however, on a visit to Jerusalem, I did address a few words to the brave Holy City in the presence of a few ladies. Unfortunately, these words were broadcast. There was more murmured disapproval. A woman speaking? Whatever next?

Something was deeply wrong. For a long time I refused to see it, but I couldn't pretend forever. I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't discovered that I was going to have a baby.

The king seemed pleased for both of us at my news. It was not that he seemed particularly anxious to have a son and heir. He was just happy that we were having a child. If it hadn't been that I was so firmly excluded from everything, I might almost have been happy again too.

About five months before the baby was born, my father had an accident and broke his hip. The king was very sympathetic and arranged for me to go to Cairo immediately for a short holiday.

This incident has often been described as the reason for our parting. That is not the case. I stayed only a week and then I returned to Amman, accompanied by the king's brother.

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In spite of a good deal of worry and doubt about having a hahy at this time, her birth was a great joy and the king was delighted.

It has been written that there was general gloom because the baby was not a boy. That is not true. The rejoicing couldn't have been greater.

The king was as kind and gentle as he can be when he wishes. He loved his daughter, and one day when he came to see us both he put his hand into his pocket and brought something out. As he gave it to me he said: "Here is something of yours. It belongs to you. I think you should have it back."

It was that first lovely engagement ring, which I had once sent back to him.

I was delighted to have it again, but I answered: "I only want it if it means something. If it means that we have faith in each other and our future together."

He assured me that it did mean that.

For a while—a very little while—after that we seemed to be close again. Aliya was a source of great joy and delight. Young as she was, she had already developed a personality of her own. She resembled us hoth, hut she had dark hlue eyes and fair hair, unlike either of us. For me, she was a wonderful companion—and a desperately needed one. For soon all the barriers were back—the veiled criticism, the exclusion, the loneliness.

A long time before, I had given up all idea of working with the king and standing side by side with him. Now all I wanted to do was to maintain our marriage. I was prepared to make any sacrifice. It was of no avail. There was no way in which he seemed to want my help.

At last, when I was desperate, I forced him to speak.

"We cannot go on like this," I said. "I am only thinking of you and not myself. So for your own happiness let me leave. Let me go away. You can say anything, that I am dead or that I have deserted you. Say anything you like, hut let us stop pretending."

For the first time he seemed really to listen to me. "Please don't worry," he said. "It will pass. I have been working too hard, but things will he better soon."

For the next week or so I tried hard to believe him, and I was still struggling to convince myself when he came to me one day and said: "I have heen thinking about what you told me. Perhaps you are right after all. Perhaps we do need a break from each other for a little while. I can't leave the country at this moment, so why don't you go on a holiday?"

I found this a surprising suggestion. The Suez crisis was building up, and for the same reason that it seemed inconceivable for the king to leave his people at such a time, it seemed irresponsihle for the queen to take a holiday.

The king overruled my objections. "You must go," he said. "For our own sakes we must be apart from each other for a little while."

When finally I reluctantly agreed to go, the king looked very much happier and asked eagerly: "Can you leave tomorrow?"

I said of course I couldn't. I had all the packing to do and it would take at least two or three days.

He said. "Well, what about the day after? Anything you have forgotten can easily be sent on afterward."

Suddenly I realized that he was not expecting me to take Aliya along.

"Leave her with me," he pleaded in answer to my anxious question. "I will he lonely without you both. I will bring her with me when I come and join you in a week or ten days' time."

Forty-eight hours later I had my seven-month-old daughter in my arms, saying good-hy to her.

"You had better be going," said the king. "The aircraft is waiting."

"Surely I can hold my baby for a few more minutes," I answered. "It is not an airliner. It can wait until we are ready."

King Hussein seemed very impatient to leave. But before I boarded the aircraft I had one more thing to say.

"I have left all my jewelry hehind. The tiaras, everything," I told him. "But do you want me to take my ring?" I showed him the great green emerald I was wearing. I added: "You know what it means to me and what I will feel if I keep it. It represents a promise you made me and the trust we have in each other. Are you sure I should not leave it here?"

The king shook his head and said: "You must keep it with you."

As I flew over the desert I looked back, but I didn't know—I never even dreamed—that I should never again see the wonderful people of Jordan or the palace in which I had lived with my baby and my husband. I flew away that day believing that it was only a very temporary parting.

At home with my family, I said very little about my troubles. But as the Suez crisis grew worse, involving all the Arah world, I grew more and more worried about my absence from my husband. I telephoned the king and said it was my obvious duty to be beside him. He insisted, however, that I stay in Cairo.

I was desperately worried, of course, about the hahy. A month passed without the king's inquiring after me or giving me any news of Aliya. When I begged to know when I should return, I was always told that as soon as the complications were over I could come back.

Finally it was even impossible to get the king on the phone. Each time I called I was informed that the king was not there hut that the baby was well.

Five months passed in this fashion. Then unexpectedly the king came to Cairo. He called at our house and with one of those incredible temperamental changes of his was very affectionate and asked me to come back to Amman—as though I had not been trying to be allowed to go.

I asked eagerly when I could go and the king said it would be soon. He told me he would send Aliya to me in Cairo immediately, pending arrangements for my return.

As time passed and there were still only vague promises hut no concrete arrangements for my return, I thought of appealing to our mutual relatives. They at least could go to Amman and discover what the true situation was. But I hesitated, preferring to keep silent and to trust that things would come right hy themselves.

That was my state of mind when on a day in June, 1957, the Jordanian ambassador arrived in Cairo and handed me a hulky envelope. I was certain that it held photographs of Aliya. Instead, it contained two large sheets of paper. One was an official decree of divorce. The other was a letter in the king's handwriting:

"This will come as no surprise to you. We have discussed its contents before. It has been difficult to watch our wonderful friendship hreak up within the marriage bond. Perhaps we should try to restore it so you are now free. . . . It was done very privately with only my uncle as witness. I would ask you to keep it a secret too."

If life had been impossible to understand before, now it was fantastic. We had never discussed divorce. It was an action that had no basis in logic or tradition.

It was at this time I first heard that in Amman it was being said that I had flown to Cairo because my father was ill and that I had refused to come back even though the king begged me to.

In time this story was to grow until it spread around the world. Yet the only truth in it was that the king had arranged the entire visit himself.

Nevertheless, I did my best to meet his wishes and say nothing ahout our divorce in spite of the strain it involved.

There were several reasons. He was still king of Jordan and I bad no desire to do anything that would hurt him or his people. I wanted also to give him one final, unquestionable proof of my good will and interest in his welfare, both in his private capacity and as king of Jordan. He was a young man in whose political leadership not only I hut many people of the Arab world had placed a great deal of faith, and I had no wish to undermine that faith. Finally, I knew that unless I obeyed the king I would probably never see Aliya again.

I said nothing, not even to my parents. Dazed and perplexed, I waited for the next move.

There was no next move, and even when I wrote to the king asking about Aliya's future, I heard nothing.

There were two people to whom I could turn—King Faisal, wbo was cousin to King Hussein and myself, and his uncle, Prince Abdul Illah.

I was still hesitating over whether or not to approach them when a member of the family phoned and said he had heard rumors that there had been a divorce and wished to know the truth. I explained the difficulties of talking on the telephone and was invited to go to Baghdad.

Before I went, I wrote once more to King Hussein, asking for a real explanation of the situation and for a solution that would insure Aliya's happiness. I wished to make a last personal appeal hefore anyone else intervened. I told him I was going to Baghdad.

Three days after I arrived, King Hussein flew in. Although we were in the same city several days, we did not meet.

Instead, King Faisal and Prince Abdul Illab, acting as intermediaries, finally wrung from King Hussein the promise that I should see Aliya.

Both King Hussein and King Faisal were to pay visits to Turkey shortly. King

Hussein agreed to take Aliya with him and then have King Faisal bring her to me. I was to have her to myself at last. Arrangements were made for me to stay at a palace on the edge of the Bosporus at Istanbul.

It was Prince Abdul Illah who brought the baby from King Faisal's yacht across the Bosporus. The prince told me afterward that as they were coming the child, who was then 18 months old, pointed to the shore and cried: "Mummy."

Waiting for the boat to reach me, I was very frightened. How could I expect Aliya to recognize me when she had been only seven months old the day we parted?

She knew me still, and held out her arms the moment she saw me.

They were a wonderful few days. She had changed a great deal, of course, from a tiny baby to a delightful, lovely little girl with a highly developed sense of humor. She was also extremely affectionate, which made me very happy.

We went driving into the country and shopping in the city, where Aliya had fun choosing presents for herself.

I thought that if the king could see us together, he would never part us again.

Ten days later Prince Abdul Illah came to me, angrily waving a note from the king. "After this, Dina," he said, "you can take any action you like and I will support you."

Instead of the usual affectionate heading of "My dear Uncle," King Hussein's note began coldly with "Your Royal Highness." It stated that Aliya must be returned at the stroke of noon next day.

To add to the shock of this unexpected ultimatum, I was being besieged by journalists from all over the world. For some incredible reason Queen Zain had taken it upon herself to announce the divorce, making it hopeless for me to honor the king's request for secrecy.

The following day, sharply at noon, King Hussein's ambassador arrived on board King Faisal's yacht and demanded the baby. It was an astonishing action, more appropriate to dealing with an enemy country than with relatives.

I refused to let her go immediately. I said she was sleeping and could not be disturbed and that Prince Abdul Illah would take her to the king when she awoke and would talk the situation over.

She woke up far too soon. Gently I explained to her that she was going to see her father again.

When we stood in the stateroom saying good-by with the others, Aliya and I were the only ones without tears in our eyes. She did not understand what was happening and somehow I found the strength to shield her from the knowledge.

To add to the succession of indignities, the king was not even at his hotel when Prince Abdul Illah returned Aliya. His uncle waited hours for the king's return, to be told at last by an aide that the king was too tired to see him.

I have never seen my daughter since that day in Turkey. She will be six soon, and I don't even know if she remembers me or what she has been told about me.

It is very hard to understand what is happening in Amman. The two people who most wanted to help and who could have been most effective—King Faisal and Prince Abdul Illah—both are dead now. They were brutally assassinated in an army coup in Iraq soon after they had reopened negotiations with King Hussein about Aliya's future. They had received his promise that she could come to see me in Baghdad in October of that year, 1958, pending a settlement that would allow her to be with me most of the time. Because of their death the settlement was never completed.

Now all I have are a few photographs sent out of Jordan occasionally, with real difficulty, by friends. I don't even know whether or not Aliya gets the presents I send her.

I feel very deeply that Aliya needs the love of both King Hussein and myself—the guidance and security of a father and a mother.

Although according to Islamic law and every human law a mother has custody of her child, I have not raised this point before, in the hope that the king himself would no longer ignore or overlook it. As an Arab ruler his attitude in all things is expected to represent the finest meanings of Islamic justice.

I have always made it perfectly clear that I was willing to live anywhere in the world if only I could have Aliya with me. I also realize that it is important for her to live in an Arab country, where she can be reared in the tradition of her people.

In the four years since last I saw my daughter I have written and appealed directly to the king again and again. A few close relatives and friends have also volunteered to help right what they believe to be a deep wrong and injustice. I greatly deplore the fact that now, as a last resort, it has been necessary to make public a problem that should have been solved in the privacy of the family circle.

Since his new marriage—which I hope will bring the king personal happiness in spite of its repercussions in the Arab world—perhaps he will feel in a state of mind to allow me the only happiness that I feel I can now have.

That is the love and companionship of my daughter. . . . THE END

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For use on sanitary napkins. QUEST is soft, absorbent. It is drying—relieves irritation, chafing and itching. And it's neat to use. Use QUEST before going out—on certain days and every day—at all drug and toiletry counters.

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How Congressmen Make Up Their Minds

(Continued from page 57)

and can speed or check the flow of legislation. The House Speaker is similarly powerful, and in certain situations the Vice President of the United States can play a crucial role. These are the obvious leaders. Their powers are immediate and highly visible. But there are other men whose influence over their fellow members of Congress is almost as great, although their power is less apparent. To see what lies below surface appearances, REDBOOK asked members of Congress:

"Who (leaving aside the Vice President, the Speaker and the majority and minority leaders) are the three most influential members of your chamber?" The answers shed revealing light on the subtle conduits of power under the great white dome. Here are the results:

SENATE

1. Richard Russell (D-Ga.): 25.0%
Chairman, Armed Services Committee; unchallenged leader of Senate Southern Democrats, the largest single cohesive bloc of votes. Tall, patrician, unmarried. Russell at 64 speaks without exaggeration when he says, "My men will do this," or, "My men will do that." They will.

2. Harry Flood Byrd (D-Va.): 10.0%
Chairman, Finance Committee, which handles all bills on taxes, tariffs, social security, veterans' affairs, etc.; also chairman of a committee to cut government expenses. In his home state Byrd runs one of the last remaining brassbound political machines, making his ideas important to Virginia's representatives in the House and at Democratic conventions—at which, of course, party candidates are chosen. Cherubic-looking, wily, Byrd is now 74.

3. Carl Hayden (D-Ariz.): 10.0%
Chairman, budget-controlling Appropriations Committee. Oldest and most taciturn man in the Senate ("When you've got the votes," he says, "you don't have to talk"), Hayden is 84 and beginning to relax his grip, delegating responsibilities to staff and subcommittee chairmen. But he still has much to say about the money federal departments and agencies get.

4. Hubert Humphrey (D-Minn.): 7.5%
Youngest (he is 50) and bounciest of the Senate men of power, Humphrey started his Senate career in 1949 by offending his seniors, but has come to be regarded with respect and even in some cases with affection. In 1960 he became Democratic whip—second in command to the Democratic leader. Former professor, highly intelligent, articulate to a fault, hard-working, he has set his sights on the White House.

5. William Fulbright (D-Ark.): 6.3%
Chairman, Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Soft-spoken, scholarly, Fulbright at 56 influences the State Department. He has stirred controversy by urging military men to stick to military matters and stay out of politics. A moderate, he is being attacked by die-hard segregationists and radical right-wingers who want to unseat him in Arkansas this November.

HOUSE

1. Howard Smith (D-Va.): 18.7%
As chairman of the Rules Committee, Smith for many years could strangle, slow or speed passage of bills coming out of other House committees. In 1961 House liberals expanded the size of the committee to dilute Smith's conservative control. But Smith still remains powerful.

2. Wilbur Mills (D-Ark.): 16.8%
Earnest, deep-voiced and energetic, 52-year-old Mills runs the House Ways and Means Committee, with power over taxes and many other matters of vital concern to business.

3. Carl Vinson (D-Ga.): 10.4%
Blunt, self-effacing, at 78 Vinson has longest tenure in lower chamber. Heads Armed Services Committee; Pentagon emissaries cringe before him.

4. Clarence Cannon (D-Mo.): 7.3%
Like Hayden in Senate, Cannon is past 80 and heads his chamber's Appropriations Committee. Has presided over expenditure of a trillion dollars—power in any language.

5. Walter Judd (R-Minn.): 7.0%
The only House "influential" who doesn't chair or hold a ranking position on a committee, former surgeon Judd is a member of Foreign Affairs, but derives his influence from force of personality and effective articulation of conservative views.

How Congress Feels About the Men Around Kennedy

This spring, one by one, the ten men chosen by President Kennedy to serve in his Cabinet will trek up to Capitol Hill to ask for funds to run the departments they head. How much money they get and how hard a time they have getting it will depend to a degree on what Congress thinks of them as individuals. How good a job does Congress think these men are doing?

REDBOOK asked members of the Senate and House to choose from among Kennedy's Cabinet the one man they believe has done the best all-around job since his appointment to office a year ago. Members also were asked to select the man who in their opinion has done the least distinguished job.

One Cabinet member was the runaway winner, with 43.7 per cent of all votes for the most outstanding performance in office. He is Robert S. McNamara, former president of the Ford Motor Company, now Secretary of Defense. McNamara has knocked heads together in the Pentagon, he has tangled with the press and he has even talked back to the White House on occasion. But he is the first Secretary of Defense to show signs of really mastering the complex military establishment, and Congress regards him highly for it.

More surprising than McNamara's popularity was the showing of Arthur Goldberg, Secretary of Labor. The President's choice of Goldberg was widely criticized on grounds that Goldberg for years had been intimately involved in the labor movement as a union attorney and that he could not fulfill this important Cabinet post with impartiality. Yet Goldberg drew 14.1 per cent of all the votes for "best all-around job in office," second only to McNamara. And in the Senate Goldberg's popularity almost matched McNamara's. He drew 23.1 per cent of the votes to McNamara's 26.9.

Third on the list was former Governor Luther Hodges of North Carolina, now Secretary of Commerce. Hodges has been trying to persuade American industry that the Kennedy administration is not anti-business, as charged by some. His efforts apparently have won approval from congressmen, who gave him 9.8 per cent of their votes for best Cabinet member.

Turning the question around to find the man whom Congress thinks has done the poorest job as a Cabinet officer, the dubious distinction of the highest number of votes (33.8 per cent) went to Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, the only member of the Cabinet to have been a congressman himself immediately before being appointed to the Cabinet. Udall, a 42-year-old Arizonan, aroused the ire of many in Washington last spring when he seemingly tried to shift the blame for the Cuban fiasco to former President Eisenhower, thus riling Republicans and moving President Kennedy to criticize "anyone within or without the Administration attempting to shift the responsibility." Udall has also raised the hackles of some Southern congressmen by his advice to the Washington Redskins football team that it ought to hire Negro players if it intends to use the new stadium built by Udall's Interior Department as part of the United States park system.

Immediately behind Udall in Congressional disfavor was Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, former Governor of Minnesota, who scored 18.0 per cent on the list of "least distinguished." Freeman already has run into heavy weather on Capitol Hill—when he fought last year for passage of a farm bill that would have given his department more discretion to set subsidies and would have reduced the control of Congress over the federal agricultural program. Congress bridles when anyone suggests a limitation on its own authority, and Secretary Freeman's audacity apparently has not been forgiven.

Third most unpopular of Kennedy Cabinet men is the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who drew 12.3 per cent of the votes as "least distinguished." Apparently still resented by those who thought he should not have been picked in the first place because of his relationship to the President and his youth (he is 35), "Bobby" Kennedy has also provoked rumbles of discontent among congressmen with his choices for federal judicial appointments.

Here is the way Congress rated the rest of the Kennedy Cabinet:

BEST JOB

	% of votes
Rusk (State)	9.2
Dillon (Treasury)	9.2
Freeman (Agriculture)	5.6
Ribicoff (Health, Education and Welfare)	2.8
Day (Post Office)	2.8

Udall (Interior)	2.1
Kennedy (Justice)	0.7

WORST JOB

	% of votes
Day (Post Office)	10.1
Ribicoff (Health, Education and Welfare)	8.6
Hodges (Commerce)	4.3
Rusk (State)	4.3
Dillon (Treasury)	4.3
McNamara (Defense)	3.6
Goldberg (Labor)	0.7

Are There Potential Presidents in Congress?

Who in Congress today has the qualities of a potential President of the United States? Each member of the House and Senate was asked by REDBOOK to select the men in his chamber whom he considered Presidential timber. Of the 60 men whose names were mentioned in the responses, four emerged with significantly high scores.

The senators chose Democrat Hubert H. Humphrey, the Minnesota liberal whose thrust for the Democratic nomination was blunted by Kennedy in the 1960 primaries; and Barry Goldwater, the Arizona Republican around whom a national right-wing movement appears to be coalescing. Both Humphrey and Goldwater received 17.5 per cent of the total votes cast in the Senate; the remaining votes were scattered among 15 other men.

In the House the two members who scored highest as Presidential possibilities are all but unknown to the general public. Leading with a score of 19.2 per cent was Gerald Ford, 48-year-old Republican and former All-American football star at the University of Michigan. During pre-convention jockeying in 1960, Ford's name bubbled up a few times as a possible running mate for Richard Nixon, but a Michigan-based boomlet for him fizzled at the Republican convention. Ford is a member of the House Appropriations Committee and an expert on the military budget. Blond, handsome, married and the father of four children, Ford has "presence," a quality considered all-important in wooing voters.

The second man on the House list of potential Presidents is Richard Bolling, a square-jawed, 45-year-old Democrat from Kansas City. A protégé of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, Bolling recently fought to become House Democratic floor leader. During his years as a quietly effective Rayburn lieutenant, Bolling impressed his fellows as a man of consequence. He received 10 per cent of a vote split among 43 House members.

Congressional Heroes

Like anyone else, congressmen have their own personal heroes — colleagues they respect on a purely personal level. These most respected congressmen are not necessarily the most publicized. They may never stand a chance to achieve higher office. (In fact, not one of the four men ranked highest as "Presidential timber" turned up high on the list of the most respected.) But they are the men to whom their colleagues look for guidance and perhaps inspiration. To discover these men REDBOOK simply asked: "Which member of your chamber do you most admire?"

In the Senate 14 members drew at least one vote. But one man, attracting votes from members of both parties, led all the rest with a tally of 16.0 per cent. This man was Mike Mansfield, a shy, pipe-smoking Democrat who started out in life as a miner in Montana, worked through college to become a professor of history and was elected to the House of Representatives in 1942. He moved up to the Senate in 1952, and in January 1960 was chosen official leader of the Senate Democrats. Despite this partisan function, Mansfield has, as one insider puts it, "not a single enemy in this place." That, among the 100 highly individualistic and often temperamental people who populate the Senate, represents a high accomplishment on a personal plane, especially since Mansfield, beneath his gentle manner, has a vein of hard rock in him and has frequently demonstrated quiet courage in his voting record.

Among Senate Democrats only, Mansfield retained the lead. Four men came in after him with tie votes, as this table shows:

MOST ADMIRED—
SENATE DEMOCRATS ONLY

Mansfield (D-Mont.)	20.0%
Fulbright (D-Ark.)	13.3%
Morse (D-Oreg.)	13.3%
Kerr (D-Okla.)	13.3%
Anderson (D-N.Mex.)	13.3%
All others	26.8%

The real surprise, however, was on the Republican side. Topping the Senate Republican list was, paradoxically, a pair of Democrats. Number one in the esteem of Senate Republicans, according to the poll results, was the round-faced, rumpled applegrower from Virginia, Harry Flood Byrd, whose campaign to cut federal spending strikes a responsive chord among economy-minded Republicans. Byrd received 27.2 per cent of all Senate Republican votes. He was followed by Richard Russell, who is the undisputed leader of the Senate's Southern Democrats. Russell, who sometimes leads his troops into alliance with the Republicans, scored 18.2 per cent of all GOP votes.

Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Republican leader in the Senate, and Barry Goldwater, champion of the Republican far right, each scored only 9.1 per cent of the GOP votes. All others scored a combined total of 36.4 per cent.

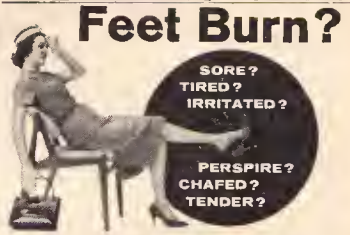
Results in the House of Representatives were equally provocative. When both parties' votes were combined, it was clear that House members had given a touching tribute to the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, the 79-year-old Texan who for a generation had been the dominating Democrat in the lower chamber and who, when the poll was taken, was close to death. Among 39 different men named as "most admired" by their colleagues, "Mr. Sam" received 20.7 per cent of the votes, far more than any other contender. But when the polling was examined by party, some striking results appeared.

House Democrats predictably put Rayburn in the number one spot:

MOST ADMIRED—
HOUSE DEMOCRATS ONLY

Rayburn (D-Tex.)	32.2%
Smith (D-Va.)	14.5%

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY & ZONE
STATE
22
PLEASE DRIVE SAFELY



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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

RAINWEAR THAT SHINES

The raincoats shown on pages 65-68 may be seen at the following stores:

• Page 65

• by Bookspan (left)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... The Necht Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta ..... Rich's

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... Gilchrist Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City ..... Emery Bird Thayer Co.

NEW JERSEY
Newark ..... Bambergor's

NEW YORK
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's
Poughkeepsie ..... Luckey Platt & Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Providence ..... Shepard Company

• by London Fog (center)

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles (& branches) ..... Silverwood's
San Francisco ..... Moore's
Bayfair ..... Moore's
Oakland ..... Moore's
Stonestown ..... Moore's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop

GEORGIA
Atlanta ..... Rich's

IOWA
Des Moines ..... The Utica

MAINE
Portland ..... A. N. Benoit & Co.
Biddeford ..... A. H. Benoit & Co.
Lewiston ..... A. N. Benoit & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... Filene's

MICHIGAN
Detroit ..... Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin

NEW YORK
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte ..... Gentry Nouse

OHIO
Cincinnati ..... Orlik's Men's Shop
Cleveland ..... The Halle Bros. Co.

OREGON
Portland ..... Rosenblatt's

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia ..... Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh ..... Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin

TEXAS
Dallas ..... Jas. K. Wilson
Highland Park ..... Jas. K. Wilson
Wynnewood Village ..... Jas. K. Wilson

WASHINGTON
Spokane ..... Pierone's
Yakima ..... The Bon Marche

• by March & Mendl (right)

ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

MISSOURI
St. Louis ..... Famous-Barr Company

NEW YORK
Buffalo ..... L. L. Berger, Inc.
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's

OHIO
Akron (& branches) ..... O'Neil's

OREGON
Portland ..... Nicholas Ungar, Inc.,

• Page 66—by Debutogs

ARIZONA
Phoenix ..... Goldwater's
Prescott ..... Coldwater's
Scottsdale ..... Coldwater's

ARKANSAS
Hot Springs ..... Kempner's
Little Rock ..... Kempner's

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles ..... The May Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... The Necht Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta ..... Rich's

NEW YORK
New York City ..... Saks Fifth Avenue
Rochester ..... B. Forman Co.

OHIO
Toledo ..... The Lamson Brothers

OREGON
Portland ..... Meier & Frank
Salem ..... Meier & Frank

VIRGINIA
Richmond ..... Thalhimer's

WASHINGTON
Seattle ..... The Bon Marche

• Page 67

• by London Fog (left)

CALIFORNIA
San Francisco (& branches) ..... Moore's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop

GEORGIA
Atlanta ..... Rich's

ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Baskin

IOWA
Des Moines ..... The Utica

MAINE
Portland (& branches) ..... A. N. Benoit & Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore (& branches) .. Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... Filene's

MICHIGAN
Detroit ..... Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin

NEW YORK
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte ..... Gentry House

OREGON
Portland ..... Rosenblatt's

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia ..... Strawbridge & Clothier

WASHINGTON
Seattle ..... The Bon Marche

• by Tellshire (center)

CONNECTICUT
Hartford ..... G. Fox & Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop

ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore (& branches) ..... Stewart & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston ..... Filene's

MICHIGAN
Jackson (& branches) .... Jacobson Stores, Inc.

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis ..... Dayton's

NEW JERSEY
Newark ..... Nahne & Co.

NEW YORK
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's

ONIO
Cincinnati ..... N. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland ..... Tho Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus ..... F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Youngstown ..... Livingston's

TENNESSEE
Nashville ..... Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum

• by Sherbrooke (right)

CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles ..... Silverwood's

COLORADO
Denver ..... Neusteter's

CONNECTICUT
Hartford ..... Sage-Allen & Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington ..... Woodward & Lothrop

ILLINOIS
Chicago ..... Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Peoria ..... Carson's

INDIANA
Indianapolis ..... William H. Block Co.
South Bend ..... Gilbort's

KENTUCKY
Louisvillo ..... Stewart Dry Goods Co.

MARYLAND
Baltimore ..... Hutzler's

MISSOURI
St. Louis ..... Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
Clayton ..... Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
Crestwood .. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.

NEBRASKA
Omaha ..... Thomas Kilpatrick

NEW YORK
New York City (& branches) ..... Altman's
Syracuso ..... The Addis Co.

OHIO
Akron (& branches) ..... O'Neil's.
Cincinnati ..... H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland ..... The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus ..... F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dayton ..... The Rike-Kumler Co.

OREGON
Portland ..... Meier & Frank
Salem ..... Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia ..... Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh ..... Joseph Horne Co.

VIRGINIA
Richmond ..... Miller & Rhoads, Inc.

WASHINGTON
Seattle ..... The Bon Marche

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston ..... The Oiamond

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee ..... T. A. Chapman Co.

• Page 68—by Dolphin Rainwear (both coats)

ARKANSAS
Little Rock ..... Pfeifers of Arkansas

CONNECTICUT
Nartford ..... Brown Thomson's

FLORIDA
Tampa ..... Maas Brothers

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson ..... S. P. McRae, Inc.
Meadowbrook Mart ..... S. P. McRae, Inc.
Westland Plaza ..... S. P. McRae, Inc.

NEW YORK
New York City ..... Macy's

Mills (D-Ark.)	9.7%
McCormack (D-Mass.)	8.1%
All others	35.5%

Republicans in the House singled out Walter Judd as far and away their most admired colleague. A slight, intense, sharp-faced Minnesotan, Judd is a physician by profession and once was a Congregationalist medical missionary in China. He ran up 32.6 per cent of the House GOP vote. He was followed by Rep. Tom Curtis of Missouri, with 8.2 per cent, and then by two Democrats again.

MOST ADMIRED—HOUSE GOP ONLY

Judd (R-Minn.)	32.6%
Curtis (R-Mo.)	8.2%
Rayburn (D-Tex.)	6.1%
Smith (D-Va.)	6.1%
All others	47.0%

Conspicuously absent from this list of Republican high scorers was Charles Halleck of Indiana, the Republicans' cbosen leader in the House. Halleck drew only 2.1 per cent of the GOP vote. Rep. Joseph W. Martin, who preceded Halleck as Republican leader, did not draw a single vote. This and the unimpressive tally scored by Dirksen in the Senate contrasts with the relatively high scores given by Democrats to their formal leaders. It suggests that Democrats tend to "admire" their official leaders more than Republicans "admire" theirs.

How Congressmen Get—and Stay—Elected

REDBOOK asked each member of the House and Senate to rate five factors in terms of their importance in getting elected to Congress: money, personality, national publicity, service to constituents, voting record. The answers, from the men and women who obviously are the nation's most successful working politicians, may surprise you.

First, money. Among senators, not a single respondent put campaign funds at the top of the list. In the House only a tiny handful—1.5 per cent—ranked money as the most important factor in getting elected or reelected.

The members of both Houses also agree that national publicity isn't too important. A story in a home-town newspaper may help line up votes for them, but getting their faces on the cover of a national news weekly or on network television, they say, is less important.

There is sharp disagreement over how to rate the other three factors: personality, service to constituents, voting records. Senators rank them one way, representatives another; Democrats disagree with Republicans. The differences reveal much about tbe nature of Congress.

For example, our survey shows that senators are much more "issue-minded"—in other words, convinced of the importance of the voting record—than representatives. Senators as a group put "stands on issues" at the top of the list of important factors in getting elected. But House members put it third on the list.

As a group, representatives list "service to constituents" as the most important factor. This service is what keeps most congressional offices busy all year round. It means corresponding with the distraught mother who wants her son trans-

ferred to a different regiment, investigating the claim of the veteran who believes a benefit is due him and helping him collect in the cases where it is, getting information about government purchasing to the local businessman who requests it, clearing up confusion over a man's citizenship status. Senators all carry on this kind of service activity too. But according to the poll, House members (who as a rule represent smaller constituencies and are closer to the problems of their people) think service is the most important part of getting reelected.

Senators, in contrast, put service second on the list. They list personality third, a quality the House ranks second.

Taking the vote apart by party there is a consistent pattern too. Democrats generally rank "stands on issues" higher than Republicans. Republicans think service is more important.

Do Congressional Wives Like Washington?

Do congressional wives like politics? Members of Congress were asked the following question: "Did your spouse encourage you to get into politics?" Of the respondents, 40.1 per cent report that their wives opposed their entry into politics. Encouragement was given by 33.1 per cent, and the remainder of the wives, in the manner of good politicians, stayed on the fence when the decision was made.

How many wives, having tasted the political life, want their husbands to retire from the arena? The poll shows 23.2 per cent, with Republican wives more likely to favor retirement than Democratic wives. This party difference is especially marked in the Senate. If the word of a husband can be taken as an accurate reflection of his wife's opinion (and the reader's guess is as good as REDBOOK's on this one), then only 11.0 per cent of Senate Democratic wives want their husbands to quit politics. This contrasts with 36.4 per cent of Senate Republican wives.

Paradoxically, Republican wives appear to like Washington better than Democratic wives. Slightly over 76 per cent of the members of Congress answering this question said their spouses like the nation's capital. Among the wives of Senate Republicans this figure shot up to 91.7 per cent.

Proving that family relations may be even more mixed up than politics are the survey's findings about Democratic wives. Although they are the ones most likely to have encouraged their husbands to enter politics, they are the ones least enthusiastic about life in Washington. Nonetheless they are also the ones least eager to return to their home states or districts. Writes one House Democrat plaintively: "She wavers back and forth."

Are Your Letters to Congress Effective?

How important is your letter in helping a representative or a senator make up his mind about a controversial issue? The answer to this seems to depend partly on who you are, partly on how intelligent your letter is and partly on to whom it is sent.

Congressional mail ranges in content from highly important government documents to letters from grade schoolers requesting information about some subject they happen to be studying.

Congressmen, being only human, will give a letter from a personal friend or an important individual closer attention than a run-of-the-mill letter from someone they don't know. This is particularly true if the letter from the unknown has the look of a form message that the congressman suspects is part of a pressure campaign inspired by a special-interest group. But what about the spontaneous letter sent by the ordinary American? To find out just how much weight a member of Congress places on such a letter, REDBOOK asked the following question:

"Leaving aside correspondence from personal friends and leading citizens of your state or district, how important is the general run of constituent mail in helping you decide your stand on issues?"

To this query only 2.4 per cent of the respondents listed ordinary constituent mail as "the most important factor." But 47.1 per cent listed such mail as "a major factor." In contrast, 42.7 per cent called it "a minor factor" and 7.8 per cent labeled it "insignificant." As you can see, roughly half listed such mail as more or less important, the other half downgraded its significance. This leaves the letter writer with a 50-50 chance of influencing his representatives in Washington, hardly a surprising result. Looking more closely at the findings, however, a startling fact emerges.

In the House, members of both parties voted approximately the same way. In the Senate, there was a glaring contrast in the attitudes of each party toward mail. Not a single Democrat in the Senate listed constituent mail as "the most important factor" in his reaching a decision. Only 33.3 per cent rated it "a major factor." On the other hand, 7.6 per cent of Senate Republicans termed the ordinary citizen's mail "most important" and a walloping 61.7 per cent considered it "a major factor." This would indicate that a citizen's chance of influencing a Republican senator with a letter is roughly twice as good as his chance of converting a Democrat.

Congress' Favorite Newspaper Columnists

Most members of Congress, like other newspaper readers, have favorite news columnists whose opinions help shape their own.

REDBOOK asked congressmen which news columnist in their opinion is the "most influential" on Capitol Hill. Of the 15 different newspapermen whose names were mentioned by congressmen, four emerged as far and away the most significant. Together these four drew 77.3 per cent of all votes, leaving only 22.7 per cent to be divided among the remaining 11.

Heading the list with a vote of 25.4 per cent was David Lawrence, whose conservative column appears in over 300 newspapers around the nation.

Number two man, with a column as markedly liberal as Lawrence's is conservative, was Drew Pearson. Pearson's column, which turns up in over 650 papers, drew 21.7 per cent of the mentions. Pearson was also quite clearly the most controversial, several members taking time to express their exasperation with him. One, ranking Pearson most influential, added, "I regret to say." Another listed "Pearson (hated)." Still another wrote "Drew Pearson (in reverse)."

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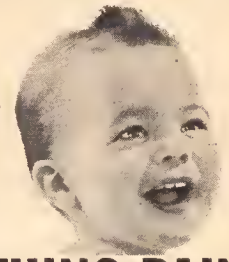

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Walter Lippmann's syndicated commentary and James Reston's column in *The New York Times* tied for third place, with votes of 15.1 per cent of the total.

Studying the voting by party, two different patterns emerge. Pearson scored highest among Democrats; Lippmann was second, Lawrence third and Reston fourth. Lawrence came in first on the GOP list, Reston second, Pearson third. Republicans dropped Lippmann from the top four, naming Roscoe Drummond instead.

The Influence of Lobbies

No aspect of Washington politics is less understood by the ordinary American today than the lobby—a group, usually paid, that works to get legislation passed that will benefit a "special interest"—an industry, for instance, or veterans or civil rights.

Many people seem to think that a lobby is necessarily evil and greedy. The truth is that Washington is full of lobbies that work hard for public rather than selfish ends. The second great misconception has to do with the way lobbies work. The vulgar idea of a lobbyist is of a paunchy Diamond Jim Brady type who champs on a 50-cent cigar as he surreptitiously presses thousand-dollar bills into the palm of a congressman he wishes to influence. But cash is not the customary currency of the lobbyist. He has many legitimate weapons at his command—most of them cheaper and all of them safer than graft.

When working with a senator or representative friendly to his cause, for instance, the lobbyist just makes himself as helpful as possible. He feeds the legislator a flow of information to use in debate. He drafts speeches for him. He may actually draft proposed laws.

"Pressure" can consist of a polite visit to a congressman and a sales pitch in favor of the bill in question. Or the lobbyist can muster the kind of "swing" that really counts—a few discreet telephone calls or letters to a legislator from leading political or business figures back home. Pressure may also consist of a mass letter-writing campaign sparked by the lobbyist's client company or organization. Or it may consist of the lobbyist's bringing in delegations of interested parties to persuade backsliding congressmen.

Today hundreds of lobbies swarm over Capitol Hill. There are also organizations that do not maintain lobbyists in Washington but that do conduct public campaigns from time to time for or against legislation. These are not lobbies in the true sense of the word, but in such campaigns they operate as pressure groups

Which ones are actually successful in molding the nation's laws? Which are insignificant? REDBOOK compiled a list of 28 lobbies and organizations with legislative interests and asked members of Congress to rate them according to their influence. The names of some of the 28 are household words. Others are scarcely known, even to some Washington sophisticates. The results of the survey give us, probably for the first time, an index to the real influence of lobbies.

First, the poll indicates that members of Congress are much less impressed with the influence of lobbies than are ordinary citizens. But senators and representatives also realize that in the crossfire of lobbying pressures one group very often cancels out another. Thus, of the 28 organizations, 16 were classified as having "low influence" by respondents; 11 were put in the "moderate-influence" category; and only one—the AFL-CIO—was tagged as "high influence."

Of the members rating this organization, moreover, only 58.6 per cent put the labor organization in the high category. Another 36.0 felt it belonged in the "moderate" column, and a minority (5.4 per cent) felt that its influence was downright low. The net impression arising from the survey is that Congress members are reluctant to credit any lobby with much power. Frequently, in marking a lobby "high influence," the senator or representative would write next to it "but not with me." Such was the case even with many of those who listed the AFL-CIO as a high-powered lobby.

In fact, the AFL-CIO has on more than one occasion been knocked flat. Much of the art of lobbying lies in being able to form coalitions with other lobby groups and to concentrate their accumulated pressure on a single goal. When the AFL-CIO has been able to do this it has been very influential. When it has not, it has failed.

Last year, for example, the AFL-CIO led a broad grouping of lobbies in support of President Kennedy's program of aid for depressed areas. Mayors of economically distressed communities, state governments, certain farm organizations and liberal groups, all formed a powerful coalition to back up the labor movement, which spearheaded the lobbying drive. They won and the bill was written into law.

In contrast, the AFL-CIO last year also desperately wanted Congress to approve a plan submitted by the White House for reorganization of the National Labor Relations Board. This measure, of intense concern to unions, was of little consequence to other normally friendly groups, and the AFL-CIO was unable to build a coalition to support it. Plan 5, as it was called, was killed in the House.

REDBOOK's poll showed 11 organizations to be of "moderate" influence in the opinion of most of the participating congressmen. Here, grouped in the order of their indicated power, are the "moderate-influence" lobbies:

American Legion
National Education Association
Chamber of Commerce
National Association of Manufacturers
American Medical Association
American Trucking Association
National Association of Home Builders
Association of American Railroads
American Retail Federation
National Catholic Welfare Conference
American Automobile Association

Of these it can be seen that six are business or industry organizations. Two—the NEA and AMA—represent professions, teachers and physicians respectively. Two represent special slices of the national population, veterans and motorists. One represents a major religion.

The Chamber of Commerce and the NAM, like the AFL-CIO, lobby on a wide variety of bills. Most of the others, however, swing into action only when some legislation specifically touches their own members. The AMA, potent in opposition to bills calling for federal medical care for the aged, is silent on thousands of other bills. The American Retail Federation fights hard to prevent extension of the federal minimum-wage law to retail-store employees but cares little about highway legislation. This is a chief concern of the American Trucking Association, which on this and other issues conducts constant warfare with the Association of American Railroads, each one trying to tip the scales of legislation in favor of its own kind of transportation. The National Catholic Welfare Conference, although it generally has a wider range of interest, last year focused on trying to get parochial schools included in any aid-to-education program. The NCWC is the only one of the six religion-based organizations mentioned in the REDBOOK survey in the moderate-influence columns. All others were rated low.

The 16 organizations that fell into this low-influence classification, ranked in order of their indicated ability to affect our laws, are:

National Housing Conference
National Association of Broadcasters

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
American Jewish Congress
Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State
National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States
American Jewish Committee
American Council of Churches

Humane Societies
Americans for Democratic Action
Southern Christian Leadership Conference
American Civil Liberties Union
White Citizens Councils
Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy
United World Federalists
John Birch Society

In this list the two that ranked highest in terms of influence—the National Housing Conference and the National Association of Broadcasters—are both related to major U. S. industries. Immediately behind them come six organizations based on religion or race. The eight groups in the lowest range of the low-influence category are different from the others in that their members are drawn together not by either a common business interest or a common race or religion but by a particular cause or body of political ideas.

What the results of the REDBOOK poll indicate is that organizations whose members are thus tied together only by common convictions are in general less effective than organizations that draw their support from some pre-existing industrial, professional, religious or ethnic base or from some other population slice with a specific pocketbook interest at stake.

The results also highlight the essential middle-roadedness of Congress. In the words of one House Republican: "Usually the more radical the organization (left or right), the less influence it has." REDBOOK's survey strongly bears out this observation.

Obviously, no list of 28 organizations can even scratch the surface of lobbies in Washington. To fill in the gaps REDBOOK asked members of the Senate and of the House to list any organization they felt was "more important and effective" than the 28. The answers vary as widely as the backgrounds of the respondents. The American Farm Bureau Federation and the postal workers' unions were frequently mentioned in the returns. The oil lobby, the private-power lobby, the coal lobby, foreign-trade-promotion groups, the insurance lobby, the American Bar Association and conservation groups like the Izaak Walton League, all drew attention. The Friends Committee on National Legislation drew special mention from one Republican "because of their reputation for fairness and open-mindedness within the context of their beliefs."

One astonishing fact is that despite the number of lobbies, congressmen believe there is room for still more.

Members were asked whether or not there is "some field of interest which is not represented by an organized lobby . . . but which, in your opinion, should be." One congressman, writing with what sounded like restrained passion, declared: "No. There is a very plentiful and adequate supply at present." But he was outvoted by his colleagues by a score of 62.1 per cent to 37.9.

These members, pressed to cite some underrepresented groups, named consumers and housewives high on their list. They also singled out "the underprivileged," small business, and family farmers "as such." Many fell back on rhetoric and listed "the people" or "Private Citizen, USA." In perhaps the most pessimistic note in the entire survey, one Senate Republican put into words a feeling undoubtedly shared by many: "One group which will never be adequately represented—the ordinary citizen and taxpayer." . . . THE END

How Brothers and Sisters Shape Your Life

(Continued from page 48)

way to do so. His wife always comes first. In general, however, he is a good father, neither overbearing nor indifferent, and an excellent guide—in implicit ways—for his children's developing relationships with the opposite sex.

He is usually not "one of the boys." Although he gets along well enough with other men, he prefers the company of women. He prefers to avoid open struggles; he prefers mediation and reason, even at the risk of being considered cowardly.

The oldest sister of brothers is dedicated to looking after the men in her life. She does this, however, as inconspicuously as possible, although she is actually a strong and independent person. It is often only in retrospect that others realize how foresighted and competent her actions have been. Men flock to her and willingly attend her social affairs, confident that she will always listen to their problems.

She may not be the most diligent of workers, but she is fine to have around an office because she creates an atmosphere that is conducive to good work. She will mediate between quarreling parties. When given authority she is in general tactful with those working under her, efficient but kind, and capable of relegating work gracefully. If she arouses antagonism at all, it may be because she tends to be patronizing.

As a woman she is neither temperamental nor self-centered. She seems so reasonable, responsible and friendly, so uncomplicated and yet capable of handling complications, and acts with such common sense that men may not realize that they are in love with her. The situation reminds them so much of home and mother that they do not think in terms of marriage.

Her best match would be the youngest brother of sisters. Both are accustomed to the opposite sex and would have little trouble accepting each other as man and woman, and they supplement each other in rank. A good marriage is likely with the youngest brother of brothers, a middle brother who has an older sister, or an only child. Among the poorest matches, relatively speaking, would be the oldest brother of brothers, since they would be in conflict over sex as well as seniority.

The oldest sister of brothers will like children regardless of the match she has made. She is usually the one who makes up her mind on the matter, and her husband may be expected to agree readily. The children will tend to come to her rather than their father with their troubles.

If she has had many brothers, it will be proportionately difficult for her to settle for just one man. Even after marriage she may keep a whole flock of men around—old friends, friends of her husband and of her brothers. She may be the maternal manager of their artistic or scientific pursuits, or simply the accommodating hostess whenever the men gather.

The youngest brother of brothers is often capricious and willful, capable of amazing his elders and antagonizing them as well. He uses them to prove that he can liberate himself and achieve independence, only to rush back into their arms as soon as he has succeeded.

He may be an unpredictable worker, functioning excellently at times and deplorably at others. Much depends on his moods, and these in turn depend a great deal on how things are going with his friends and family. He also does well at work when he can compete, or when he is being observed by someone whom he especially respects.

He may function well in artistic or scientific fields, provided his external environment and livelihood are taken care of by an impersonal institution, an understanding sponsor or a motherly female.

(Continued on page 136)

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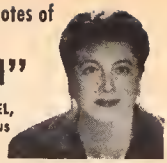

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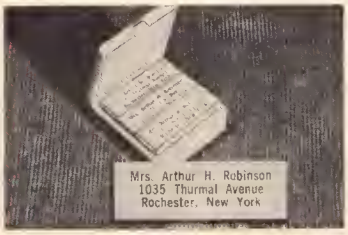

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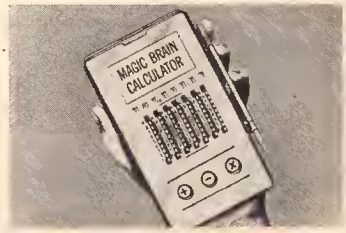

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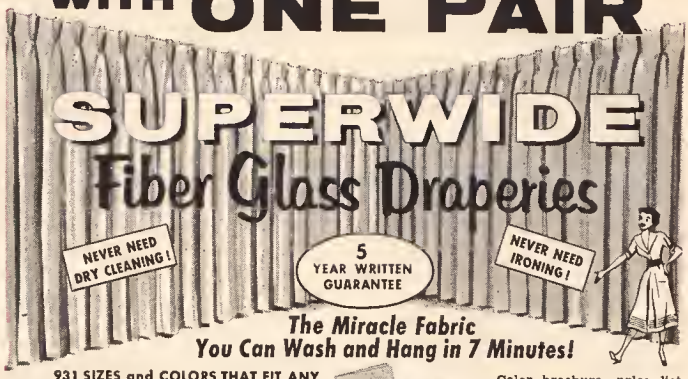

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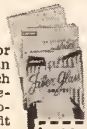

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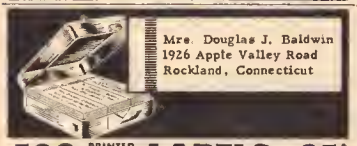

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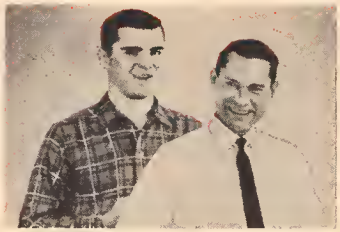

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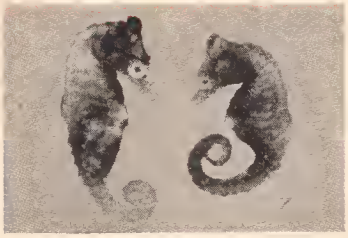

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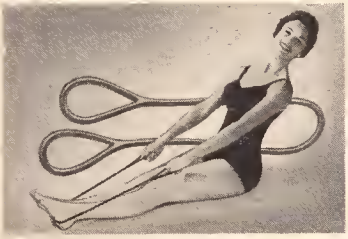

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296 Broadway N. Y. C. 7

(Continued from page 131)

He spends money easily, often more than he can afford, because he believes more will always be coming from somewhere. Material possessions mean little to him compared to having sympathetic relationships with people—which for the most part means his being understood by others. He tries hard to understand others, but frequently with notable lack of success.

It is the same with women. He wants them to understand him, and yet he seems incapable of understanding them. Even when he assumes a sophisticated or cynical air, he remains at heart the perpetual cavalier—so much so that he behaves with little masculine firmness and is shy, awkward, even naïve.

His best match is with the oldest sister of brothers, a woman who is able to assume the senior role and who is accustomed to handling somewhat dependent boys. To cope with him successfully, however, she must be maternal but subtle, guiding him without ever having it appear that way and without requiring credit for her contributions. He may also be satisfactorily married to a middle sister who has had at least one younger brother. His poorest marriage will be with a girl who has bad older sisters only.

The arrival of children may be hard for him to take. He wants his wife's love to center on himself. But if she is an oldest or middle sister with at least one younger brother, she will probably be able to handle the situation. As the children grow up he will slowly become used to them, but he will do little planning for the future. He will leave this to his wife. He may well be his children's best companion and entertainer, happier to be a friend than a father.

The youngest sister of sisters likes adventure, entertainment and change, and seeks them actively. She frequently discards beliefs, achievements, even friends. She is likely to retain a youthful spirit well into old age.

At work she can do her best with a male boss who is fatherly enough to overlook her comparative undependability and old enough not to qualify as a potential lover. She is most effective at jobs that require special but somewhat automatic skills and where decisiveness is not too important.

She is generally attractive to men, but eventually her capriciousness may weary the men around her.

If she is fortunate and marries a compatible husband, and if she has children fairly soon, she may be able to move successfully from being a teasing, unpredictable, even irritating girl to being a dependable wife and mother. Otherwise she may resort to the old pattern of the capricious flirt, and after convincing herself that she has married the wrong man, seek the romantic attention of other men.

Her best match would be the oldest brother of sisters. He might be a little puzzled by her urge to compete with him about everything, but if he recognized that she did not really have to win—that she merely wanted to have her say in the matter and get credit for that—or if he let her win at times, they might get along very well.

(Continued on page 138)

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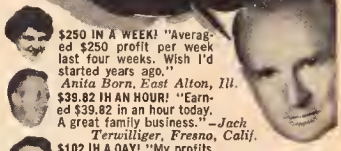

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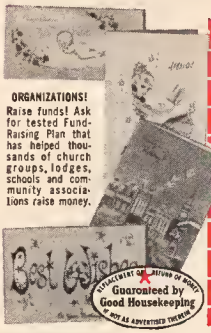

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WRITE FOR NEW FREE STYLE BOOK

(Continued from page 136)

The oldest brother of brothers would not be as good for her. Although they might succeed in agreeing on such things as budgets, business and the home they want, he might have difficulty awakening the woman in her. The worst match would be with the youngest brother of brothers. Each would need the leadership that neither could furnish, and they would unconsciously try to make a senior out of their child.

Even if she marries very favorably, the youngest sister of sisters may have some trouble with her children. More than most mothers, she may want help from a maid or governess or may turn over much responsibility to her husband. She may also welcome help from her own mother, enjoying the reassuring feeling that although she now has children of her own, she still remains something of a child.

The youngest brother of sisters is frequently adored by girls. He evokes their maternal instincts; whatever he undertakes, they generally enjoy helping him, whether in direct cooperation or, as is more likely, by looking after his physical needs—cooking, sewing, choosing his clothes, keeping his affairs in order. He doesn't always get such service but he expects it, and when he has it, takes it for granted.

He has, after all, always had women looking after him; there was never a time when he did not have sisters. But while he may unquestioningly assume that women seek no better reward than the simple satisfaction of doing things for him, he often repays them with great charm, a pleasing sense of tact, and even by adoring them simply because they adore him.

The woman he wins will have to be kind, flexible and maternal, capable of getting along quite well without his support except in emergencies. If she attempts to have a career of her own, he may be unhappy. He prefers her in the house as his faithful wife and the devoted mother of their children. The perfect match for him would be the oldest sister of brothers; such a girl is used to boys her junior, and he to girls his senior.

He might also marry the oldest sister of sisters, but such a woman might not fully accept him as a man. She might rebel against being assigned the female role—kitchen, church, children and hostess; he might feel misunderstood and turn to one of his sisters for consolation.

His poorest match would be with the youngest sister of sisters. Neither could give the other the guidance and support that each one needed.

He does not make an exceptionally good father for infants and youngsters, but when the children grow up and become interested in his profession or hobbies they then stand a better chance of establishing a satisfactory relationship with him.

The youngest sister of brothers can usually attract men more successfully than other girls can. She tends to be everything a man wants a girl to be: feminine, friendly and kind, sensitive and tactful, submissive without being subservient, devoted and a good sport. In some cases she may be on the extravagant side, or

(Continued on page 140)

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To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing an unprecedented business and investment boom—the record which shows that one lives longer, that health improvement is almost miraculous—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live, and hundreds of thousands of others will be following in the immediate years ahead.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last 10 years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . a rise of 300% in 10 years! (How about your town? Has it grown 3 times its size in 10 years?) Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area is a beautiful semi-tropical paradise where palm trees and long staple cotton-fields flower the landscape. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter; these same figures reveal even purer, drier air than in Phoenix or Tucson.

A few minutes from the flavorful city of Oeming (population 8,000) is a 5,000 acre Ranch, picture-framed by the breathtaking Florida Mountains. So real, so beautiful, so typically the romance of the Southwest is this valley Ranch that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines including the official publication of the State of New Mexico. **What better way to describe its Southwestern flavor than to tell you that when the producers of the movie THE TALL TEXAN sought an authentic locale for their picture, they chose the very land we are now sub-dividing into the DEMING RANCHETTES. THE TALL TEXAN was filmed on our ranch, the same place where you may have a Ranchette of your very own!**

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And the price of your Ranchette? Just $199 complete for a half-acre, $5 down and $5 monthly. That's the complete price—no extras, no interest, no taxes! At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: **OEMING RANCHETTES** is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices you may want your Ranchette to be larger—one, two—even five acres. **An immediate** deposit will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other (this may not be so in the near future). **And you take no risk in sending your deposit.** Your $5 per half-acre will definitely reserve your land but does **not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind 30 days after we send you your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs**—30 full days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should indeed change your mind your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. **(Oeming and Albuquerque Bank references.)**

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(Continued from page 138)
somewhat oblivious to a man's feelings, and occasionally quite selfish—although seldom on serious issues and never when she has committed herself to a man.

She is the ideal employee, the best person to work under somebody's guidance. She does not have to be instructed in every detail and is not afraid to trust her own judgment, when necessary. She gets along well with her male fellow workers, who find her charming, considerate and trustworthy, although perhaps a little too loyal to her boss and her duties. Women coworkers do not always like her because they sense that fundamentally she is not on their side.

Her instincts will tell her that it would be a bad mistake to marry the youngest brother of brothers, not only because he is too erratic and awkward with girls but because neither can turn to the other for guidance. The youngest brother of sisters would be wrong because he would tend to take her for granted. The oldest brother of brothers could be a second-best choice, although he might lack the understanding of feminine ways that meant a lot to her.

Her best match by far would be with the oldest brother of sisters. Their attraction for each other would be mutual. He would know enough about girls to sense who was good for him and she would know enough about boys to recognize the one who was best for her. His firmness and even domination would be acceptable to her as a masculine trait: her compliance would seem to him a highly desirable feminine trait.

She may not want children for herself but rather to delight her husband with them. To the extent that he is delighted, she will be a good mother. Tenderly and patiently she will interpret her husband's wishes to their children and see to it that they are fulfilled.

There are, of course, many other types of brother-and-sister relationships in addition to these eight. Space does not permit them to be treated in detail here. But a few illustrations may help reveal how the eight basic types already given can be used to develop other personality patterns.

Suppose that a son is the oldest in his family but that he has both brothers and sisters—will he be like the older brother of brothers or the older brother of sisters? His personality will probably blend elements of both types. If he has more brothers than sisters, and particularly if they are closer to him in age, he will be more like the oldest brother of brothers. If he has more sisters, he will naturally be more like the oldest brother of sisters.

What of the middle child? In an all-boy or all-girl family, the closer the child is to being the eldest or the youngest, the closer he comes to developing the personality of a senior or junior child.

The middle child's development is even more complicated when sex is taken into consideration. If, for example, the middle child is a girl, and if she has two older sisters and two younger brothers, how will she develop? The likelihood is that her personality will blend some of the traits of the youngest sister of sisters and other traits of the oldest sister of brothers.

An only child follows a different line of development. He is almost always the favorite of adults and he often has a heightened sense of his own importance. Beyond that, only children tend to adopt features characteristic of the parent of the same sex. An only daughter whose mother was the youngest sister of brothers, for instance, may have many traits of a sister with older brothers.

According to Dr. Toman, children are affected not only by their own position in the family—whether they have older or younger brothers or sisters—but by the sibling position of their parents as well. This influence stems primarily from the fact that when the parents were children, developing their own personalities in relation to *their* brothers and sisters, they also developed attitudes about how boys and girls should act. These attitudes may help them understand their own children or may lead to conflict.

A mother who was the oldest sister of sisters, for example, tends to control the lives of those around her. She sees this as a woman's role. She may therefore have some difficulty understanding her own daughter, if there are older brothers in the family, because the daughter may prefer to follow orders rather than give them. The mother's failure to realize that the girl is developing into a different kind of woman as a result of having older brothers could contribute to an unfortunate mother-daughter conflict.

A person's relationships with his parents and with his brothers and sisters—those individuals with whom he has lived longest and most intimately—is, of course, a major influence in shaping him into the person he is. But these elements can be combined in an astonishingly large number of ways, Dr. Toman reminds us. Out of these different combinations emerges the individual: a human being with traits that he shares with countless other human beings, but combined in a way that makes him unique. . . . THE END

Something Was Wrong With Callie

(Continued from page 43)
suburbia, physical punishment was considered barbaric. The few times I did strike Callie, I was too full of shame to absorb the fact that Callie was more surprised than upset.

Worst of all was my uncertainty. I had a habit of cross-examining myself, which resulted in more confusion than conclusion. I would ask myself whose behavior was more suspect—mine or Callie's? Was Callie abnormally negative and resistant or only normally so? Didn't all three-year-olds fight their bedtime? If Callie was mean and aggressive with the baby, wasn't that merely the well-known sibling rivalry? I acted constantly—and inconsistently—out of my lack of clear-cut answers. I was certain of only one thing—that Callie was making my life miserable.

When Callie was almost five we finally found a feather's weight of objectivity in our conference with Callie's nursery-school teacher, a bright, able young woman who handled Callie successfully without ostensible effort. The teacher reported that Callie was an unusually creative child, enthralling to watch as she played "princess" or worked with finger paints and clay. "But Callie's unhappy," she said. "She plays alone a great deal. She'd like to be with the children, but she can't get along in the real world, only in her fantasy world." This young woman was the first to tell me what I did not want to learn—that something was wrong with Callie. Not something physical that we could blame on the fates, but a deficiency in her happiness—for which I must be to blame.

Two weeks later I was in the office of Dr. John N., head psychiatrist of a well-known child-guidance center, which I will refer to simply as the Center. I wonder if any woman can go through this first, irrevocable commitment without deep personal cost and suspicion of her own adequacy. Even now, after years of exposure to therapy, I disagree with either the parent or the doctor who speaks glibly of the "emotional checkup"—almost equating a child's visit to a psychiatrist with a visit to the dentist. I know very few mothers who feel guilty about their children's cavities and very few who do *not* feel guilty about their emotional problems.

I was self-conscious and suddenly almost inarticulate with Dr. N., who maintained the strict impersonality of a referee as he asked questions and wrote copious notes on my answers. Nothing I said about Callie sounded sensible in my ears. There were no concrete symptoms I could relate, only the vague aura of discomfort she created.

Dr. N. explained the routine procedures of the Center. Callie would be seen one hour a week for six weeks by Dr. K., a psychiatrist. I would spend the time simultaneously with Miss S., a staff psychiatric social worker, relating Callie's full history and some family background. Chris was to have several appointments with another staff worker at hours independently arranged. At the end of six weeks Chris and I, together with all the professional people involved, would be called back into Dr. N.'s office for an assessment of Callie's problem and the Center's recommendation.

Both Chris and I were optimistic about the power of psychiatry as we began the diagnostic sessions. But we were operating on hope, not information. We had only an inkling of the process, absorbed from today's psychologically saturated atmosphere. However, most of the popular "information" ended at the psychiatrist's closed door with happily-ever-after implied. We imagined that

therapy operated directly, like penicillin, on the infected emotions.

The first day we took Callie to the Center, she went with Dr. K. as unquestioningly as she had listened to my halting explanation of the whole procedure. Now she walked down the hall with the strange woman, not looking back. Suddenly, in my eyes Callie seemed small and vulnerable.

In the white-washed cubicle assigned to Miss S. I answered questions about Callie that went back to *my* childhood. It was easy to reply to Miss S.'s sympathetic interrogation. I found myself telling her about Callie's adoption. A miscarriage, surgery and protracted infertility had caused specialists to conclude that my chances of having a child were less than five per cent. In those pre-Callie days, I told Miss S., I had channeled all my disappointment into the effort to adopt a baby. "It was my cause more than Chris's."

I recalled the first moment we saw Callie. She was a strawberry blonde, with a round face and flamboyantly pink skin. She was a perfect baby. I should have been exhilarated, but I was numbed by crazy fears. Did I love this baby? How should a mother feel? How would the baby turn out? With Miss S. I put into words what I had never said to another human being: that *until the very last moment* I kept hoping I would become pregnant myself—so that we wouldn't need an adopted child.

But even if Callie had been born to us, without the special stresses of adoption, we would not have been nominated the most relaxed parents of the year. We were totally inexperienced in the business of children. Both of us had admired our friends' new babies at a safe, cooing distance but had never given a bottle or changed a diaper.

I went about motherhood with the same conscientious concentration I'd used in my job as librarian at the City Safety Council. I gave thoughtful consideration to every aspect of Callie's well-being, but seemed to miss out on the idea that babies, like puppies, should be enjoyed. Chris, who was an affectionate, easy-humored husband, handled Callie with stiff hands and worried incessantly about her health.

Oddly enough, for all our freshman bumblings, Callie's babyhood settled down to normal. I could find nothing more significant to report to Miss S. (and subsequently to two child analysts) than Callie's first fever, her first tooth, her first tumble down the stairs.

When Callie was a year old we thought about adopting a second child. But suddenly, triumphantly, I was pregnant. By Callie's second birthday we had a new baby, whom we named Amanda. She was charged with delight, and grinned spontaneously at everyone when she was not busy eating or sleeping.

Callie reacted to the new baby, I recalled for Miss S., with a sudden onset of tears, "I-want's" and the first of her intractable behavior. We didn't enjoy any of it, but assumed it was the usual resentment of the first child toward another baby in the house. We paid the classic "special attention" to Callie, but seemed only to fall into the classic trap of atoning to the first child for our audacity in bringing home a second!

Callie's adoption came up in a peculiar, new way. Callie now refused to listen to the familiar bedtime "Callie story"—our way of translating adoption into childishly understandable terms. My original doubts and tensions about the adoption flared up again, I told Miss S., but with new ramifications. Chris, fierce in his loyalty, stated flatly that there was "no difference" in his feelings toward the two children. I was not so sure how *I* felt. Amanda's birth had re-aroused the memory of my first uncertainty about Callie. With the new baby in Callie's crib, I sometimes tortured myself by asking: "Would I have adopted Callie if I had known about Amanda?"

Callie's reactions to the new baby bounced against the backboard of my own doubts. Nobody was calm. Nobody was sure. One frightening emotion provoked another in widening circles of intensity. There was friction between Chris and me. Chris took up golf and I locked myself in the bathroom to cry.

By the time Callie's diagnostic hours were completed, I had talked enough to fill two of Miss S.'s notebooks. Meanwhile, encouragingly, Callie seemed to have calmed down considerably. "Diagnostic sessions," the psychiatrist explained, "are intended chiefly to put the child at his ease so that reactions can be freely studied. But we often find kids getting relief and support out of the preliminaries." For myself, I can add: "Not only kids!" What had gone into Miss S.'s notebooks was a load off my mind.

The momentary relief, both on my part and Callie's, must have lulled my deeper fears. Perhaps I was protecting myself, all too humanly, against pain. At any rate, at the end of six weeks I went to Dr. N.'s office unprepared for the brunt of his report.

Dr. N. read the staff consensus on Callie in a detached, impersonal manner. His terminology was technical but the finding was clear: "Callie needs help at once or she may soon be in serious emotional trouble."

I wanted to scream, "You're wrong!" and to close my heart to what they were saying. But I listened politely, as though they might be suggesting that Callie needed a fresh haircut. I nodded my agreement with Chris, who was saying: "We have no choice. Callie must have therapy." But to myself I was saying over and over with dread: "There's something wrong with Callie—and it's my fault."

Chris, in masculine fashion, asked, "How long will it take? How much will it cost?" Dr. N. answered the question of time with an indefinite: "It depends." As for cost, we were to pay a weekly fee in what the clinic deemed proper proportion to our income. The fee would include my continuing to see Miss S. Chris and I knew we would feel the expense, but neither of us hesitated on this score. The emotions involved were far more costly than the economics.

Callie began her therapy not with Dr. K. but with Miss N., a psychiatric social worker in her late 20s. I was disturbed about the switch. It had never occurred to me that Callie would be assigned to anything less than a psychiatrist. But the strict institutional impersonality of the Center did not invite parent opinion. We were too much in awe, and in need, to speak up.

On our way to the Center each week Callie complained of car sickness. It was her only outward reaction. She never talked about the Center, never mentioned Miss N. Out of instinct rather than any specific instructions from the Center, I respected Callie's desire for privacy. I could not, however, accept the way in which Callie's experience at the Center was isolated from Chris and me. Miss N. was painstakingly polite but noncommunicative as she took and returned Callie each week. While my own hours with Miss S. were purging, they supplied no information about what was happening to Callie.

I sometimes suspected that the Center was *protecting* the children from the parents—implying, perhaps, that since *we* had damaged or misdirected these young lives in the first place, we could hardly be counted on to assist in the recovery.

Even now, secure in my deep and radiant love for Callie, I find the original Center report almost too painful to read:

> Dynamically Callie's problem is seen as follows: Callie has never felt fully loved and accepted, and rather than be overcome by this rejection, she has, from the outset, fought vigorously for her rights. This would seem a healthy sign.
>
> While Callie would probably have developed problems anyway, the arrival of an apparently preferred sister introduced the problem of rivalry and heightened Callie's insecurity, which went beyond the insecurity of the child who feels not fully loved to encompass anxiety about her adoptive status.

The Center states as a fact the central doubt troubling my relationship with Callie since I first held her in my arms. For what comfort I may derive at this point, the report ends on a favorable point:

> If Callie's environment can become more giving and more satisfying, the prognosis is excellent.

Whether the Center would have brought us all into successful emotional balance, we'll never know, for within five months we hit a forced detour.

Miss N. transferred to a post at another guidance center in the area. She broke the news to Callie and prepared her for transfer to another staff member. After Miss N. left, Callie—so noncommittal during the previous months—would break into sudden tears, sobbing, "Nobody loves me!" At school she would ask the teachers: "Do *you* know Miss N.?"

Chris and I, panicked, tried to persuade Miss N. to see Callie on a private basis for a transitional month or two. She turned us down. My own desolate reaction helped me understand the greater sense of desertion Callie must have felt.

Chris and I were shaken enough to make an independent move. To forestall further shifts at the Center and more upset to Callie, we took her to a doctor in private practice. We chose Dr. C., suggested by our school psychologist. Dr. C. was a psychoanalyst associated with the

child-psychiatry division of a major hospital. He was still in the process of completing five additional years of study required for accreditation as a *child* analyst; but we were assured that he was well qualified to treat children during this period—that as a matter of fact, many analysts worked with children without even attempting the supplementary five-year training. Dr. C.'s weekly fee was the same as that charged by the Center.

When Chris and I sat down to review Callie's story for Dr. C., we realized that a change had taken place. Callie's outbursts were rare now. Instead, she would resist our orders with sullenness. She could and did demoralize the authority of any adult—grandparent, sitter, even teacher—not strong enough to control her. There was often a withdrawn look about Callie that was not pretty—"like the sign of a black cloud within," wrote one teacher. Callie's tempers had metamorphosed into temperament, filling our house, unsettling everyone in it.

I was changing too. Through my hours with Miss S. I was beginning to see my part in Callie's behavior, to understand how I was bringing to child rearing leftover angers and resentments from a stormy childhood of my own. Everything that had propelled me successfully through college and the early years of my marriage—vitality, enthusiasm, drive—was not only useless but somehow destructive with Callie. I was trying hard but I was "using the wrong emotional muscles," according to Miss S. I would benefit, both as a mother and as a human being, Miss S. suggested, from therapy of my own. Chris generously agreed to pay the additional bills. We hoped that through the double-barreled psychiatric attack we would insure success—although our picture of "success" was not a clear one.

In spite of our efforts, the two years with Dr. C. were disappointing.

During this time Callie moved into first grade, where her difficulties became more conspicuous in contrast with the maturing conduct of other children. Callie had by now perfected a pugnacious vagueness toward routines: always the last one at lunch, the last into her gym shoes, the last ready for the bus. In class she was reportedly "off on a private wavelength, with poor learning results."

We were committed to psychiatry, but I still had doubts. I still wanted to believe that there was nothing really wrong with Callie. Wasn't therapy making us brood too much over Callie's inadequacies, making us overlook the more normal, even exciting aspects of our little girl? In her fanciful drawings and her imaginative play there was strong evidence of a precocious talent. And by six she was an enthusiastic naturalist. It was a treat to walk in the woods with Callie, who knew a robin's nest from a wren's nest, who would cherish each obscure wildflower and find new pets among the caterpillars and the tadpoles. She made the world a lively place.

Dozens of times I asked Dr. C. if we might not be pressing too hard to make an imaginative child conform to "proper" behavior. But he brushed this aside as wishful thinking. He saw Callie as a complicated child whose uncontrolled impulses were raising hell with the world around her and bringing resultant disapproval down upon her head. In too many ways her behavior was below that expected for her age; yet she showed paradoxical inner strength—a kind of personal fortress against the world.

In his opinion Callie was "acting out" some intense anxiety. "It is my job," Dr. C. explained, "to make her *self*-conscious. When she experiences the anxiety herself instead of venting it on those around her, Callie may then have some desire to understand and help herself.

"Of course, with children we have to sugar-coat the pill. Otherwise a child could literally or emotionally pull out. We use sweets, games, toys—anything that will make a child *feel* like confiding in us, *feel* like finding out about himself."

Dr. C., like the Center, regarded the adoption as a radical factor in Callie's problem. He went beyond the impact of my own original doubts to significant factors he believed to be inherent in and common to all adopted children. "Children taken so early from their natural mothers—perhaps even influenced by a troubled prenatal period—show greater affectional needs than other youngsters. They're bottomless buckets in their need for reassurance and love, provoking punitive attention if their inordinate demands are not otherwise satisfied."

We learned a great deal from Dr. C. about Callie's behavior; but at the end of two years we still did not see a decided change for the better. We were less hopeful and more frightened than at any point since the days when Callie would make me cry. Callie was almost eight and in the second grade. If she did not change soon, wasn't there serious danger that her unrealistic, aggressive patterns would become too ingrained to be changed?

The scene I witnessed in Dr. C's waiting room each week hardly reassured me. Callie would hide coyly behind furniture while Dr. C. spent 15 minutes of the 50-minute hour coaxing her into his office. When the "hour" was over Callie would reverse the process, refusing to leave without candy or a toy as bribery. This weekly byplay embarrassed and angered me. And each week I had to remind myself that I was only the parent, a layman, supposedly unqualified to interpret the significance of what my eyes could see.

One day Dr. C. said the words I will never forget: "You know, Mrs. D., I have a very hard hour with Callie." My doubts, my indecisions snapped into focus. This man, highly trained, thoughtful and conscientious as he might be, was just as stymied as we were! With a cold thud I knew he was *only* the therapist working with my child an hour a week. *I* was the parent, charged with responsibility for 24 hours a day, seven days a week, for a figurative forever. The following week Chris and I asked for a consultation with Dr. B., a woman famous for her unusual, dynamic work with children.

From the first moment, Dr. B. made a deep impression on us both. She was a large woman, physically and intellectually, who filled her small, shabby office with great warmth and thundering directness. Her glance was as penetrating as her questions, but neither Chris nor I felt on trial. We felt that this was a woman who could arouse great love and fear in a child.

During that first hour Dr. B. told us that she thought she could straighten Callie out, and that it would take several months. Months! We had been so cowed by the abstract process and the invisible results up to now that we had come to Dr. B. prepared for at least another year.

Callie went to Dr. B. 33 times in a five-month period. That time is still memorable.

There was nothing vague about Dr. B.'s methods, as I learned from her first instructions: "Get Callie here if you have to tie her up to do it."

Callie did not battle openly against going to appointments. But on the way she would moan, "I'm carsick," and she looked convincingly pea-green. She would sometimes ask in a small, unaccustomedly chastened voice: "Was I good this week? Was I, Mommy?" I could see Callie reacting to a therapist, and I found myself reacting too. At times I felt sympathetically carsick; at times, almost jealous of Dr. B.'s tremendous hold on *my* child.

During Callie's hour with Dr. B. I would sit in an adjacent room with Miss T., a psychiatric social worker, and report on Callie's week. The audible-visible link between the rooms was an interoffice telephone system. At least once an hour Dr. B. would call Miss T. *to ask her to ask me*—I was never permitted to talk on that telephone myself!—such seemingly guileless questions as: "Why isn't Callie allowed to watch television this week?" "How come she doesn't know her four table?" "Why can't Callie have her own horse?" Dr. B. was facing Callie with one reality after another. Here at last was the person who would not permit Callie to slip like quicksilver into a defensive world of distortion and fantasy.

On the fourth hour Dr. B. brought Callie out by the hand, announcing loudly: "There's not an insecure bone in this child's body!" An absolutely new approach to Callie! I mulled it over for weeks, and remembered that as a toddler Callie had had none of the usual fear of strangers, elevators or even the dark. At three she would wander from home with the nerve of a world explorer. At six she got up on her first two-wheeler, and mastered it without help. Maybe she was *not* so emotionally undernourished!

For the first time in our two and a half years of therapy I felt less, not more, guilty. With her peculiar brand of explosive Dr. B. had created the first break in the log jam of fearful, negative emotions blocking our way with Callie. We were being slowly redirected—to expect something from Callie, not everything from ourselves.

Dr. B. did not cushion her opinions in double-talk. She said: "Callie thinks she's the queen bee—she's been treated like one for so long." About Dr. C.: "Callie had him hamboozled." About me: "You use too many big words with a child." And about Chris: "He's wrapped up inside himself, where a child cannot go." She prodded, provoked, even irritated us into a new and healthier outlook.

It was Dr. B. who pointed out to us that Callie's problems—or, to be more

exact, our problems with Callie—might easily wash over onto Amanda if we were not on guard. Through all our turmoil with Callie we had come to look upon Amanda as comforting evidence that we weren't such dreadful parents after all. Amanda had grinned her way through babyhood to become a winning three-year-old, with snapping dark eyes and an inexhaustible store of physical and mental energies. As she grew into her kindergarten years she was markedly, perhaps deliberately, different from Callie—reliable and responsible beyond her age, comfortingly docile and obedient to our slightest wishes. My common sense and growing firsthand knowledge of children brought an inkling of suspicion that Amanda might be a bit "too good" for her own good. Dr. B.'s warning at this point alerted us to look more askance at Amanda's eagerness to please. Eventually there was a period when Amanda did let out her resentments and angers in a sullen, stubborn rebellion Chris and I would never have predicted. But this was briefer and less explosive than Callie's—only forceful enough to remind us that no child grows up problem-free and that Amanda could and did resent Callie as much as—if less obviously than—Callie resented Amanda.

Meanwhile, Dr. B. worked toward visible, concrete changes in Callie's behavior. I'll never forget the day Dr. B. learned through her telephone relay system that Callie had misspelled eight out of ten words on her weekly test. I could hear Dr. B. asking Callie which words she had spelled wrong and then booming out: "*What do you mean, 'you can't remember'?*" Callie must have taken a fast course in memory, because she came out of Dr. B.'s office with seven of the "forgotten" words on a list. They were to be learned correctly by the next week.

Occasionally Dr. B. would issue what she called a "prescription"—a recommendation for action that Chris and I would have to follow if Callie was to remain her patient. The first of these prescriptions had to do with Callie's going to bed, which had become an early-evening nightmare. Dr. B. said Amanda and Callie were to have separate rooms immediately—and *Callie was to be locked in hers each night!* Dr. B. also prescribed that I put Callie to bed—a habit I had dropped in self-protection. Within two weeks the door was no longer locked, and Callie went to bed like a comparative angel. There was still the extra trip to the toilet, the proverbial glass of water, but not the nightly collision of wills.

The most drastic of Dr. B.'s prescriptions came as the summer holidays approached. Our "few months" were almost up and there were signs of change in Callie. She was more in awe of—if not completely obedient to—parental disciplines. She had a new awareness of truth and consequence—on some days. But the improvements were not entrenched enough to satisfy Dr. B. She wanted Callie to leave home for several weeks, to live in the country with a Mrs. A. and her family. Dr. B. made it clear to Callie that she would be going away to "learn to behave better" and to us that we had "learning to do too."

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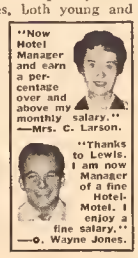
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I could not have been more shocked if Dr. B. had recommended a reform school! Chris took it mildly, but I suspected that the proposal shook him too. Yet we had to agree because we had invested in Dr. B. all our hopes for Callie.

For three weeks Callie stayed at Mrs. A.'s, and our oddly quiet house was full of her absence. Something vibrant had gone out of the house, along with the scoldings and the anger. Chris and I confessed that we *almost* missed the customary sound of squabbling between Callie and Amanda. And Amanda herself, in the perverse manner of siblings, seemed at a loss without Callie and her domineering ways. Callie came home bubbling with talk about Mrs. A.'s dinners, her dog, the children next door. It had certainly not been a punitive experience. Yet Callie was openly glad to be back with us, and had grown up more than a mere three weeks warranted. Callie volunteered to us: "I'm going to be nicer to Amanda!" She acknowledged us now as her rightful world, not simply as her battleground.

For our part, we saw Callie with the stunning clarity of a new experience: as a strong-willed, fascinating child responding affirmatively to life, if scornful of its arbitrary limits. I found for the first time that if need be, I could punish Callie *without punishing myself in the process.* In her childish but highly intuitive way Callie must have sensed that the long hoax was over; she could no longer subjugate the entire household or make me dilute justice with a synthetic sympathy. We were standing finally on the firm ground of affection, not on the quicksand of real or feared rejection.

There were times, even after our dismissal by Dr. B., when Callie slipped into the old, distressing patterns. Once or twice a year we would take her back for a psychological booster. But in the long, slow process Dr. B. had set in motion we grew less subject to Callie's humors and she became more subject to our controls. As our parenthood settled down, Callie developed steadily into herself. She reached out toward children because *she* wanted them. She cried when she failed, and tried again. She filled the house with her singing, her drawings and the wounded animals she adopted. She alerted our senses with her unhackneyed discovery of beauty in soapsuds, rhinestones and dandelions. We became accustomed to Callie's shrewd observations of human conduct—and aware that this child was an iceberg, revealing only a little of what she knew. We could see emerging finally, from the flailing, resistant child that Callie had been at three, the "unique hunk of stuff" Dr. B. had predicted.

Not that we have completely remodeled Callie, even now. She is still the dreamer, not the student, conceding a large academic edge to Amanda, who for her part has given up trying to ape Callie's intuitive gifts for drawing and music. She will still try to wheedle and cajole us out of any decision or dictum she doesn't like. When we say with our newfound finality, "That's it!" she may sulk in the old way. But just as often she will shrug and laugh and say, "Oh, well, I tried."

(Continued on page 148)

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(Continued from page 144)

An admiring, sympathetic colleague of Dr. B.'s has described her methods as "unorthodox." Within a single hour Dr. B. could dress a child down with frightening severity, play checkers with him and hold him in her lap like a baby. She was friend, confidante and conscience, with an uncanny gift for incorporating into a child a bit of her towering strength.

I overheard Callie herself unwittingly pay the greatest tribute to Dr. B.'s work. Callie was explaining to a young visitor about a picture Dr. B. had given her: "A friend of mine painted that. She's a grownup who helps me with my troubles." After a small, thoughtful silence Callie added: "But I don't have any troubles any more." To this childish oversimplification I can only say, "Amen!"

The very success of Dr. B.'s work raises a spate of questions for me. On her unorthodox methods I can pass no judgment except to say that they worked for Callie. Whether they would work for any other child or whether, in fact, Dr. B. would use these same methods for another child, I do not know. I have the impression that behind Dr. B.'s simple, straightforward, commonsense approach there lay a wealth of learning and experience that made her able to assess the precise effect that everything she did would have on Callie. Having astutely judged that "Callie has not an insecure bone in her body," Dr. B. could order her locked in her room or farmed out to the country, confident of what the results would be. For another child, one even slightly different from Callie, such a way might have proved disastrous. Or if I had tried it myself, without the sure authority of Dr. B. behind me, I might have been so assailed by doubts as to render the steps useless.

But beyond Dr. B.'s methods there are other questions, each one with many possible answers. I will never know, for example, what would have happened if Miss N. had remained at the Center and continued to work with Callie. I will never know whether Callie's long, uncertain stay with Dr. C. was "wasted" or whether it prepared the ground for Dr. B.'s more dramatic therapy. Nor do I know whether or not Chris and I would so readily have accepted Dr. B.'s startling techniques if we had not reached an apparent stalemate through more conventional approaches. I shall never know whether or not my therapy alone, and the changes it wrought in me, could have brought Callie to the present point without the help of Dr. B. Nor can I tell whether or not we should credit Callie's new look in some part to the most old-fashioned miracle of all—growth.

My questions, however, do not bring me to the paralyzing confusion that once beset my life. Therapy, like a wise mother, has led me to my own convictions. I know that it is the mother and father who ultimately must decide out of the deepest possible honesty whether or not a child needs help. It is they who must choose the therapist and question his goals and his effectiveness with their particular child, and they who must assert some rights—especially the right to be treated with understanding, not as the villains of the piece.

With Callie rushing now into early adolescence, undoubtedly her headlong impulses to adore boys and to unbottle with equal abandon the good and bad genies of her feelings will make the next few years as relaxing as a bed of nails. But thanks to our battle-scarred history we have controls and an inescapable knowledge of ourselves, which I noted for the thousandth time the other morning.

Callie, the animal lover, announced that she "hated" Narcissus, the family cat, "because she kills the birds." But five minutes later Callie was stroking Narcissus sensuously and tenderly. I raised my eyebrows at this change of heart, and Callie smiled back with a joke in her eyes. "Oh, well, that's the way I am." So be it. She knows that she is difficult, charming and mercurial. And we know that she's Callie, she's exciting and—at last—she's ours.

. . . THE END

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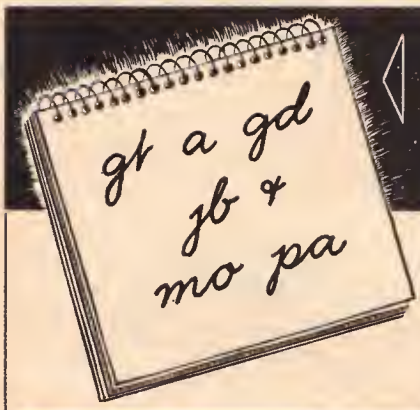

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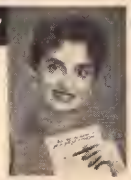

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LOVE, HONOR AND MONEY

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY GLEN AND JANE SIRE

LOVE, HONOR AND MONEY

She had failed her husband. And now she knew there was only one way to help him rediscover the man he had been—a man who would not betray himself or forsake a child who trusted him

BY GLEN AND JANE SIRE

The rain began in the early morning while they lay side by side in sleep, his leg pressed against her soft warmth, his arm heavy across her breast. As the thin light of dawn filtered through the broken clouds the rain increased, finally pounding in the fury of a California downpour. Everywhere the gray sheets of water obscured the distinctness of each outline, dissolved the shape and substance of the house, the trees, the street.

Still sleeping, still unknowing, Dave Grant was comforted by the familiar warmth of his wife's body. It was a sweetness that held him safe in the soft and shifting country of his dreams. Moving closer still, Marianne settled herself against him with a sigh, her dark, short hair brushing his cheek. The feathery touch of it awakened him.

He opened his eyes, seeing in the pale light and shadow of the room the wide mirror, the polished maple dresser, the yellow roses in the curtains at the window, the tumble of clothes upon a chair. In the air he noted the subtly exciting, somehow nostalgic smell of rain, of wet earth and leaves and grass. He lay still, not wanting to move or think, not wanting to lose this secret, private world. He and Marianne had gone to bed distant and polite—they had often been distant these past months—each careful to occupy a separate section of the bed. But now, here was this unexpected moment, far from the jagged, harsh edges of the day.

Even in sleep Marianne's face had an inwardness, a serenity, as though she guarded some secret, precious spring that was a source of love and joy and unfathomable mystery. Looking at her, Dave felt his throat tighten suddenly in a wave of love and longing. He reached for her, feeling the smooth softness of her back beneath the gown, and drew her toward him, aware of the beating of his heart.

Then abruptly he let her go, sat upright and reached for the alarm clock, which had begun to whir. It was seven o'clock, and as he clicked off the alarm his mind clicked an end to the moment just past, emptied itself of everything except the one overwhelming fact. Today was the day: the day of the coin. Today was the day he was going to make twenty thousand dollars.

Quickly, quietly, he left the bed, careful not to wake Marianne. He went down the hall to the kitchen and ran water into the glass coffee maker, every step of the day ahead arranging itself precisely in his mind. He would shower, shave, dress, waken Marianne with a cup of coffee, kiss her good-by, drive to the office and begin the day that would end with the signing tonight of the Harrington contract and the commission of twenty thousand dollars.

Dave had worked as salesman for the Scanlon Construction Company for nearly a year and had done well—this house, the new sports car were proof of that. And then just three weeks ago Ed Harrington had walked into Dave's office, and with him had come the opportunity to

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do more than well—the opportunity to make a killing. Standing now before the bathroom mirror, shaving, Dave thought how apt that phrase was, how well it described the tension that centered in the pit of his stomach now—the tension of the twentieth-century hunter preparing to stalk the twentieth-century kill. No wonder, he told himself, that Marianne didn't understand. When had women ever understood the kill?

Then he began, as he had every day for the past three weeks, to check the deal in his mind, each of the many careful, disciplined steps that had led to tbis day.

Ed Harrington was a big, easygoing man with a broad face weathered by years in the Navy. He had been a career officer but had married recently and was now leaving the service, thanks to some money he had inherited from a relative. He wanted an investment, he wasn't certain yet just what, but he liked Southern California and Palm Grove. What would Dave suggest?

At first it had been casual—the usual talk about real-estate values, about the wisdom of investing here in the path of the Los Angeles population expansion. They bad gone to lunch togetber, and Dave in his spontaneous liking for Harrington had forgotten business while he and Harrington traded stories of the war they had shared in Korea, Harrington in command of a destroyer, Dave as a Marine in the First Division.

Then Harrington almost apologetically had mentioned the amount of his inheritance—one hundred thousand dollars after taxes. Dave, who had not guessed at such an amount, had leaned across the table in the cool dimness of the restaurant and begun to talk. All the facts, all the figures that he had learned in a year of working for Bixby Scanlon had come smoothly to his mind. Financing would provide an additional three hundred. thousand dollars, and with four hundred thousand to invest, Harrington could build the shopping center Bix Scanlon had had planned for months.

He and Harrington had gone back to the conference room behind the office, and on the big, impressive conference table Dave had spread out elevations, blueprints, projected plans. As he had talked to Harrington another part of his mind had repeated again and again to himself the incredible but undeniable fact: five per cent of four hundred thousand dollars was twenty thousand dollars. This sale would make his position with Bix Scanlon as unassailable as a rock.

And it had all gone through. That was the second amazing thing. The rezoning, the financing, Harrington's approval of the cost sheets, the building plans. And through the whole intricate jigsaw that made up the deal, Harrington's enthusiasm had grown with Dave's. Bix had the setup, Dave had brought it off, and tonight at eleven o'clock when Harrington returned from a trip East, the contract would be signed.

Just as Dave finished shaving the telephone rang. Hurrying to the hall to answer, he felt a premonition of disaster. Don't give me trouble, telephone, he thought.

In the bedroom Marianne stirred at the sound of the phone. The rain had washed too through her dreams, vague and melancholy. Dimly she had been aware of Dave's arm around her, of a close gentleness between them that was rare these days, that almost never happened any more. Now it was gone. Restlessly she rose on an elbow and strained to hear the sound of the telephone conversation in the hall. She could not make out the words, but she could tell from the tautness in Dave's voice that it was business. Then she heard him hang up and dial another number, and this time she knew he was talking to Bix. It was there in his tone—not servile, exactly, but too eager, too filled with an anxious acquiescence. She sat up and reached for her slippers and robe. But that isn't it, she thought. It isn't just the young man with ambition, selling his soul for success—that's not what's wrong. There's nothing wrong with ambition. There's nothing wrong with success. It's that Dave used to be someone else. He used to have another kind of ambition; he used to want a different kind of success.

Gloomily she made her way down the hall past her husband, a figure in pajamas hunched over the phone. Probably, she thought, we will wind up being friends. That is the absolute bottom, she thought, the real low—but that's what's going to happen. We won't love each other any more, we won't have enough left even to hate each other, we will accept each other, we will share the same house and even the same bed, and be polite and undemanding and never, never intrude. And I will watch him destroy himself and not lift a hand to stop him, because after all, that is outside the province of a friend.

It would not be too bad a way to live. It would be an armed truce, a— Ah, no, she thought, no, I won't settle for that; It has to be love, and if it isn't going to be that, then it's better that it not be anything.

In the kitchen the coffee was bubbling furiously, about to boil over. That, at least, she thought, had not changed. Dave still put the coffee on and then forgot it, leaving it to boil endlessly until she rescued it. She set the coffee off the burner and walked back to the bedroom. She and Dave had been married almost two years. The first year he had been a fourth-grade teacher at Nathan Hale Elementary School and they had been very happy. The second year he had been a salesman for the Bixby Scanlon Construction Company and they had been less happy.

She had finished dressing—slacks and sweater—when Dave came into the room. A glance at his face told her the call had not brought good news. He sat down on the edge of the bed and rubbed his neck slowly, shaking his head as if to clear it. She felt a reluctant wave of sympathy for him, a sudden inconsistent wish that he would get what he wanted, whatever foolish thing it might be.

"Who was that?" she said.

"Don Lindholm," he said after a moment. "It wasn't anything important." But he didn't get up, just sat. Marianne gazed at him, puzzled. Don Lindholm was a friend but not a close one. A call at this hour was odd.

"What did he call about?" she said finally, insistent. They had always shared everything that mattered. That was one thing they still had, even now.

"Well," he said with an obvious effort, "it's just a rumor he heard last night, that's all. Someone he played poker with, a guy on the city planning commission, told him they're thinking about changing the freeway route—taking it over by the beach instead of through Palm Grove. It's not definite, but Don thought I ought to know."

"But the Harrington deal," Marianne said, frowning, "won't that spoil it? Harrington is only buying that land because it's supposed to be next to the new freeway."

"That's just it," Dave said. "Harrington gets worried about that and it would kill it—the whole deal down the drain. After I finished talking to Don I called Bix and told him about it. He said we'd better get it sewed up tight tonight, before a lot of loose talk starts floating around town and Harrington hears it and gets nervous. Of course," he added quickly, "the shopping center will still make money whether it's on the freeway or not." His voice sounded flat, drained of its usual vigor.

Marianne gazed at him, baffled. "You mean," she said slowly after a moment, "you're not going to tell Harrington this bit of news?"

"Hell, of course I'm not going to tell him!" Dave said, swinging around to face her. His face was angry, bis tone harsh, the inner struggle that had been possessing him a moment before now finding a welcome release. "Besides, it's nothing certain—I told you that."

"Is that what Bix said?"

"That's right, that's what he said," Dave answered, ignoring the sarcasm in her tone. He waved a hand in exasperation. "Look, Marianne, we are not going to repeat this rumor to Harrington and kill a four-hundred-thousand-dollar deal." He laughed briefly. "When I told Bix the situation, he was quite clear about that."

"I'll bet," Marianne said. "I just don't see how you can do it, Dave. To know the truth and keep silent is only another kind of lie." She looked at him. "Couldn't you find him some other land?" she asked. "Something where the new freeway is going, if it does change? Couldn't you wait and see?"

"There isn't anything for sale there," Dave said flatly. "Bix knows all the territory and he says there's nothing." The weariness with which he spoke told Marianne more certainly than his earlier anger that everything was decided.

Dave got to his feet. "Marianne," he said, "this is a big commission to me, but it's a much bigger deal than that for Bix. He's my boss. If you want to worry about right and wrong, how right would I be to kill the sale for him—all because of something that may never happen?" He shook his head and said softly, "In a way I wish Don hadn't called. I wish I didn't know anything about the freeway change."

"But you do know," Marianne said, and seeing him standing as he was, the defeated slump of his shoulders, the obvious unhappiness in his face, she felt suddenly angry. "So you just don't tell him," she said.

Dave did not answer.

"Instead," she said coolly, "you make certain you get his money before he finds out." She nodded. "Cute," she said, "very cute. You're really earning your twenty thousand, aren't you? Not everybody could do that. Some people would let a lot of silly ideas about right and wrong get in the way."

"Don't let it worry you," Dave said. His face had reddened slightly at her words but his voice was controlled. He shrugged. "That's business, kid," he said.

"That is not business, Dave," she said urgently. "That is Bix; that's the way *he* does business. But it isn't business—don't try to make it easy on yourself by blaming it on *business*. My father is a businessman and he would never do a thing like that. Neither would most businessmen. But Bix—" She stopped. Dave had known that she didn't like his working for Bix, but they had never really quarreled about it before. "Bix," she said lightly, "is the kind of man who gives dishonesty a bad name."

"Ha, ha," Dave said. "Very funny." He looked at her. "All right," he said, "I guess I get the message. You think I should tell Harrington, blow up the whole deal—for a rumor."

"Just tell him the truth," Marianne said. "Tell him what you would feel entitled to know if you were investing your money—your plans for the future, everything you had. Tell him and maybe he'll buy it anyway. If it's true that the shopping center would make money anyhow . . ."

But Dave was shaking his head. "Look," he said, "you do not introduce extraneous elements of doubt at the last moment of closing a business deal. There are enough doubts in a prospect's mind when he is about to sign without adding more."

"But he could buy some other property——"

"Sure he could," Dave said. "He could go across the street and buy property from another broker." He began unbuttoning his pajama top. "You just don't understand," he said. "You either close a deal or it's lost."

"Even if you have to lie a little," Marianne said.

"It is not a lie!" Dave glared at her, furious. "It is just leaving out arguments that might discourage him. The freeway may be moved, sure. We may have another recession. We may have a war. The earth may sink into the sea." He stopped, waved a hand. "You just don't understand," he said. "You are not of this world, Marianne. You should join forces with Peter Pan. You don't really belong to all this——"

"All this what?" Marianne said.

"To the world," Dave said. "To life as it is, whether we like it or not." He sighed. "Everyone wants to be kind but nobody wants to be poor. Everyone wants to be fair but nobody wants to lose."

"Well, well," Marianne said, "we're not only going to make money, we're going to have a little philosophy thrown in. But that's what Bix wants you for, isn't it? You lend class to what might otherwise look pretty crude. You give *integrity*. . . ." Amazed, she listened to the sound of her own voice, vicious, cold. This can't be me, she thought; this can't really be me.

And then suddenly, maddeningly, she was overwhelmed by tears. Dave came over slowly and stood beside her, his arms going around her, holding her tight against him. She put her head against his chest, feeling some of the tight-drawn misery go out of her.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you," Dave said.

For one long, luxurious moment she stood silent, her eyes closed, feeling the solid security of bis arms around her, and it was as if nothing had changed at all. But then, unable to help herself, she said, "Just don't do it. Please don't do it, Dave. You've never done anything dishonest before."

Dave dropped his arms. "I really don't understand," he said, "why you are so shook up about this. *You're* not involved. Can't you just forget it?" There was almost a pleading note in his voice as he looked at her, and suddenly, incongruously, he seemed to her very young, the way he had seemed in college when they first met.

"I'm involved with *you*, Dave," she said slowly. "I'm awfully involved with you." Gently she touched his cheek, so warm and so known to her. If anybody ever really knows anybody, she thought. "What is it, anyway, Dave?" she asked. "What is it you want so much?"

He shrugged. "Twenty——"

"—thousand dollars." She finished the phrase with him. "But what else?"

"There has to be something else?" he said with a comical grin. And then when she did not smile he said firmly, "Success. That's all I want. Success, like everybody else." He turned and walked toward the bathroom.

Watching him go, seeing that the argument, for him, was finished, Marianne said something unplanned. "Dave," she said to his retreating back, "do you ever think at all about going back to teaching?"

"No," he said flatly. "No, not at all." The bathroom door slammed behind him, and in a moment she heard the shower go on.

CHAPTER 2

Inside the shower, the bot water sent clouds of steam up the cold, tiled walls and the glass door. Engulfed in the soothing mist, letting water pound on the back of his neck, Dave told himself to relax. Tbe day—the day that had to be right—was already beginning to go danger-

ously wrong. Marianne was so emotional about honesty, he thought. She saw everything so simply—black here, white there—like a first-grade primer. But life was not like that. And Marianne was not going to stop him. He was going to close the Harrington deal tonight, not lose it because of some romantic idea of Marianne's about Truth. That was the way business was done and that was the way life was lived; Marianne would just have to accept it.

He soaped himself vigorously, trying to forget the way she had looked at him, the things she had said. Instead, he found himself remembering her last question—had he ever thought of going back to teaching. Fat chance, he told himself promptly. It was just like Marianne—just like any woman, he supposed—to come up with a completely irrelevant, unreasonable idea. Back to Never-Never Land. No, that was one youthful, idealistic folly that was permanently behind him.

And then as he assured himself of this a sudden, unexpected wave of nostalgia washed over him and he found himself remembering. There was the gray concrete building with the bright orange roof; Roger Kelly, the principal; Kelly's aging tweed jacket, his incongruously gaudy sports shirts, his perpetually unlighted pipe. Dave remembered the never-quite-forgotten smell of schoolrooms, a blend of chalk dust and small, sweaty bodies, floor wax and scratch paper and wooden desks. . . .

And then, angry with his thoughts, angry with Marianne for arousing them in him, he pushed them out of his mind. Instead he thought back to the faraway past of eight months ago, before Bix and the Bixby Scanlon Construction Company and the Harrington sale and twenty thousand dollars. He concentrated on Bix, because Bix—along with some other things—had been the beginning.

It was easy to think of Bix, because his was the kind of personality that blasted itself into the consciousness of everyone who met him. That was his technique with people. "Never let anyone forget you—that's the first principle of public relations," Bix had told him.

Dave had been working for two months as a laborer, carrying forms for the Scanlon Construction Company, when he first met Bix, the company's owner. It was a summer job to provide money to pay off his college debts and to save for the following summer, which he would spend working toward a master's degree. The work was heavy and the year he had spent teaching had left him out of condition for such strenuous labor, but the job had paid more than anything else he had found available for the summer and he had taken it—and held onto it grimly. At night he would go bome to their small apartment, fall into a chair and sit in a haze of exhaustion while Marianne ministered to him. He would think aloud about the questionable wisdom of fighting this hard for knowledge and the right to be a teacher. Oh, he had been ready, he thought now, remembering; he had really been ready on that blazing summer day when Bix first approacbed him.

It was nearing ten o'clock in the morning, and he had been working since six, carrying forms at the tract of houses Bix was building in one of the new sections of Palm Grove.

"Your name Dave Grant?" He had heard a loud, sure voice behind his shoulder as he was leaning over to lift another form, and his body, quick to seize the excuse, relaxed and he didn't lift. Instead he straightened, turned around and faced Bixby Scanlon.

Bix was a square, thick-bodied man with piercing blue eyes and wiry, sandy hair that was crew cut in an almost Mohawk severity. His face was tight and unsmiling in the bright, hot sun. Deep, crisscrossed lines of tension were below his eyes. He was a man well into his forties and he had the look of the fanatic—the man who would do it all at once, Dave thought, or die trying.

"Yes, I'm Dave Grant," Dave said.

"My name is Scanlon," Bix said. He waved his arm in a quick, aggressive swipe at the houses going up around them. "I run this outfit." He turned then and asked another man to take Dave's place, and with another of his sudden, jabbing gestures, as if he were striking unseen enemies, he motioned Dave to follow him. He walked rapidly back through the tract to a bright green pickup parked at the curb. After they had climbed into the pickup and he was driving expertly through the clutter of trucks and workmen that lined the street of the new development, Bix began talking.

"I've been looking over your records, Grant, and the battery of tests you took when you applied for work. It seems to me you can be doing something more useful for me than totin' barges and liftin' bales. If there's one thing I hate to see, it's a waste of people—especially when I'm paying for them." Suddenly then Bix laughed—a harsh, sharp laugh that stopped unfinished high in his throat. Dave was not certain what was funny but he laughed too.

"What about my time, Mr. Scanlon?" he said then. "Am I off the job?" Because the two dollars and ten cents an hour was important.

"Grant, when you're with me," Bix said, "you're always making money. And the closer you get, the more you'll make. How about a beer? You drink beer?"

"Why, yes, sir, I wouldn't mind a beer," Dave said.

In a few minutes Bix parked the pickup in front of the office of the Scanlon Construction Company. It was a startling, majestic structure of steel and glass and flagstone that stood on the main street of Palm Grove, facing the Pacific Building.

They passed through a waiting room with a marble floor, and green leather couches that faced a receptionist's desk. Bix nodded to a plain, efficient-looking girl who sat at the desk and they went down a long corridor of doors and into a room that came to a peak two stories above their heads. One wall was of glass, and beyond it Dave saw a patio filled with plants.

In one corner of the room there was a dark mahogany desk that curved in the shape of an artist's palette, and at each end of the desk there was a calculator. The desk itself was strewn with papers. There were several file cabinets, some with the drawers pulled half out. Open folders lay on a long glass-topped table in the center of the room. Most astonishing of all was the way the jumbled, disparate objects in the room seemed to form a unified whole—a single impression of the personality of the man who had built it, bursting with life and vitality.

Bix slapped a deep-cushioned leather chair in front of the desk. "Relax," he said. He went over to a walnut cabinet that housed a refrigerator and took out two cans of beer, punched each of them twice with an opener and handed one to Dave. Bix settled down in the chair behind the desk and began drinking his beer thirstily,

Dave drank slowly, his mind struggling to organize his impressions of the room, the man. Bix, unspeaking, watched him, and as the silence lengthened Dave began to feel an obscure discomfort. What the hell does this guy want? he wondered. And then he relaxed against the cool, deep cushions of the chair and took another swallow of the beer, and he began to think of how he would describe the room to Marianne.

"Well, how do you like it?" Bix finally said.

"The room?" Dave looked again at the room and then through the glass wall at the wild, semitropical growth on the patio, which seemed almost to burst through the glass. He looked back at Bixby. "You did it?"

"Designed it and built it," Bix said. "I'm always interested in people's first reactions to it." Bix was watch-

ing him. "Well, what do you think of it, Grant?" he said impatiently.

Dave took a deep breath. All right, he thought, so he wants to give me a kind of Rorschach test. "Outside, a jungle, I suppose," he said slowly. "Trees, plants, vines, leaves—all growing in violent chaos, without plan or design. And inside, glass and steel and intelligence, controlled and used. . . ." He paused, caught now by an actual interest in his subject. "Passion and control," he said, "which equals civilization."

Bix laughed, obviously pleased. "That's pretty good," he said. "That's pretty good." Then bis manner changed, and in an instant he became completely businesslike. "All right," he said briskly. "Now, Grant, what I want to know is, how long do you plan to live?"

Dave laughed. "As long as I can," he said.

"And how long do you figure that's going to be?"

"Who knows?" Dave said. He shrugged. Marianne is never going to believe this conversation, he thought.

"All right, I'll put it another way," Bix said. "Give me an arbitrary figure. Take an average."

"Okay," Dave said, "I'll play the game. How does seventy sound?"

"Seventy's fine," Bixby said. He tapped one of his calculators and it clicked. "Now," he said, "how many hours does that give you to spend on this planet?"

"I really hadn't thought about it," Dave said, smiling. He was at ease now, enjoying himself, enjoying the cold beer, the luxurious office, this improbable man.

"All right," Bix said, "I'll think about it for you." He turned to the calculator on the other side of his desk and said, "Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, twenty-four hours in a day." And as he was talking he was hitting the keys and the calculator was jumping and clicking and snapping back and forth. "That's eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty hours a year," he concluded. He turned back to the calculator on his right, where he had placed the seventy. He multiplied this by 8,760 and turned and faced Dave after the machine had stopped its wild gyrations. "That's six hundred thirteen thousand, two hundred hours, Grant. That's not much, is it?" He turned back to his calculator. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-four," Dave said.

Again the calculator worked.

"That leaves you," Bix said, "with four hundred two thousand, nine hundred and sixty hours—if you're lucky. What's your lifetime worth to you, Grant? One million? Two million? Ten million?"

Dave pulled his cigarettes out of his shirt pocket, put one between his lips and lighted it. "I suppose," he said, "I have a hunger for knowledge about my world and myself. I suppose I want to arouse it in others. I'm working for a master's degree in education. I'm teaching now."

"A schoolteacher." Bix grunted. "They start you in at about five thousand a year, don't they?"

"Four thousand, seven hundred and fifty," Dave said.

"Very noble," Bix said. "And if you're lucky and steady and really shoot right to the top, you work up to ten or even twelve. That's when you're old and gray, of course. Right?"

Dave could feel a slow tide of resentment rising inside him, but he controlled it. You're getting paid for this, he reminded himself ironically. "I sort of had an idea about contributing something to my society," he said mildly.

"Baloney," Bix said calmly. "Besides, you can contribute something working for me. People have to have houses to live in, don't they? Schoolteachers have to have schools to teach in—right? So contribute," he said, waving his hand widely, and he laughed. "Anyway," he went on, "you better forget about contributing and start thinking about looking out for yourself. If you don't, nobody else will, that's for sure." He thought about this, nodding to himself. "That's for *damn* sure," he said, and nodded again. "I'm asking you to work for me, and I'm planning on paying you."

"This is going a little too fast for me," Dave said.

"It's simple," Bix said. "I'm expanding right along with this expanding economy, and I've been looking a long time for a young man with education and brains. Someone to be my bright right arm." Bix paused and looked at him closely. "You know, Grant, I'm not an educated man. I need someone like you. I'll start you out at ten thousand a year. You can study for your real-estate salesman's license and get it in a few weeks. I'll give you five per cent on everything you sell off paper. You can douse them in a lot of educated double-talk and they'll buy. They'll think they're getting something special because tbey don't understand it."

Bix went on for over two hours, and Dave listened as a world of almost unimaginable wealth was revealed to him. Suddenly then Bix stood up, and Dave knew that the interview was now finished. "And if it works out like I think it will," Bix said, "I'll double your salary—no, I'll triple it, and soon. And there'll be bonuses. Think it over."

"But why me?" Dave said, rising slowly. "Wbat makes you think you want me?"

"It has to be somebody. I've been looking a long time. And it has to be somebody new, wet behind the ears—somebody without a lot of wrong ideas I'd have to unteach them." He stopped. "Yeah," he said. "As a matter of fact, you and I have something in common—I'm a kind of a teacher myself, and you look to me like a promising student, we'll say. I get a lot of you bright guys for summer work, and I've been giving all of you the works—all those fancy psychological tests—looking for the right boy. I've checked around on you. You're married, you're solid, you look like people expect a clean-cut fellow to look. Women will like you, and eighty-nine per cent of the country is owned by the women." He laughed. "Even my wife likes you—she's the one that pulled your file out and showed it to me. Smart girl, my wife."

Dave could feel his face flush. "You sound as if you know just what you're buying," he said dryly.

"That's right," Bix said. "That's it exactly, Grant, and I'm willing to pay you for yourself—a fair and going market price, and better."

"And what will I do?"

"Sales, advertising, promotion—" Bixby paused and tapped his head—"and thinking. Especially thinking. I'm buying that high-grade brain of yours. I've got too much to do, and you're going to become my own personal Univac."

Dave felt that when he walked out of the room this whole, unreal morning would simply cease to be. "Are you serious?" he said.

Bix stared at him flatly. "Grant," he said, "I have just spent two hours on you. I don't spend two hours on anybody unless I'm serious."

Dave hesitated. "I'll think it over," he said finally.

Bix waved a hand. "Sure," he said. "Sure, take all day. Take a week. Talk it over with the wife—she'll be in favor, I predict. Women are very practical creatures. And, Grant . . ."

"Yes?"

"In the meantime, better get back over to the tract. They're shorthanded over there as it is. Here—" he tossed a pair of car keys across the desk—"take the pickup. You can leave it there at the end of the day." Dave looked at the other man blankly, confused for a moment.

Already the grinding, sweating labor on the construction crew seemed part of a vanished world. . . .

Standing in the shower now, eigbt months later, Dave shook his head ruefully, remembering. That had been the toucb of the master, all right, sending him back to the tract, where he had spent the rest of the day sweating and straining to lift forms under the July sun, with Bix's final words to him ringing in his mind: "Remember one thing, Grant. The odds are a million to one that you'll ever get another chance like this for the rest of your life. Think it over."

Dave was shocked by the water, which had suddenly gone cold, and he turned it off, pushed open the glass shower door and stepped out to dry himself.

He dressed quickly, and as he did so he could hear Marianne moving about in the kitchen, the rattle of plates and silver. The fragrance of coffee drifted into the room. It was all reassuringly normal; he began to be able to believe that nothing very much had happened between the two of them this morning. What he was doing was all for her. To go back to teaching would be ridiculous. And twenty thousand dollars—how many men could say that at twenty-five they had made twenty thousand dollars in a day? Or in a year, for that matter.

He became so convinced of the correctness of his thinking that by the time he walked into the kitchen he felt quite certain of himself again. He went over to where Marianne was standing, watching over the eggs on the stove, and put an arm around her. The delicate scent of her hair, the slim softness of ber waist reminded him of the early morning, of desire and tenderness and the sound of rain, before the clangor of the day and the quarrel between them. Impulsively he kissed her cheek, warm and sweet-smelling.

"The Hindus consider women very important to luck," he said. "They even have a goddess of luck. You going to be my luck today?"

She smiled faintly and did not move away. She simply stood still, gazing attentively at the eggs in the pan, but he felt as if she had slapped him. "Your coffee's on the table," she said. "Your eggs will be ready in a minute."

He dropped his arm and walked over to the table, picked up his coffee and drank a long, burning swallow. "Never mind the eggs," he said. "I'm not hungry." He sat down at the table with his coffee and studied her. "I'd rather have a kind word than eggs," he said. He had meant to say it ligbtly, in the playful, bantering tone they used in the good moments between them, but it didn't come out tbat way. It sounded serious and sad.

He put the coffee cup on the table and gazed at her, resting his chin in his hand. "What are you going to do today wbile I'm away at the wars?" he said. "You going to cover your face and let me get lost in the jungle?"

Marianne shrugged. She had turned off the burner under the frying pan and come over to the breakfast table and seated herself opposite him with a cup of coffee, which she left untouched before her. She stared out the window at the rain, her expression distant. "I think you're fighting the wrong war," she said finally in an indifferent tone.

He stared at her. "Now, what the hell do you mean by that?" he said.

"I never thought you should quit teaching," she said. "I still don't think so. I think you're running away from the battle, not into it."

She said it all as if it were an old, tired topic, and he felt a sense of outrage brewing inside him, felt his face flushing. "Well, you sure took a long time to say so."

She glanced at him then, a sudden, startled look in her wide gray eyes, and the remoteness that had enveloped her since he had come into the kitchen was abruptly gone. "I *did* say so," she protested.

He shook his head. "Not that I remember," he said. "Oh, maybe you argued a little, but nothing that counted. 'Anything you want to do is all right with me,' " he quoted bitterly. "Well, I wish you'd remember it today." And then, thinking about today, about all that depended on today, he was suddenly furious at the obstacles that were beginning to pile up in front of him. "And you sure picked a great day to break the news," he said. He stood up. "I've got to go."

Marianne looked anxious now, unhappy. "I'm sorry, Dave," she said. "I'm sorry that—" She stopped and waved her hand in a bewildered, childlike gesture of dismay. "I always thought it was wrong for you to quit teaching," she said then carefully, "but I never thought the job you were taking would turn out like this. It's as though when you gave up teaching you gave up—" she paused, searching for words—"gave up yourself, your whole identity. Oh, Dave, don't you see that there was a time when you never would have even considered doing anything dishonest? But now it doesn't matter. Because somehow you've abandoned yourself; that's why you have to have Bix, why you have to think his thoughts, say what he says, believe what he believes, be his alter ego. When you were teaching you were nobody's second man, Dave; you were *yourself*. You used to care about things. You said there had to be more people dedicated, without fear, to the truth."

She stopped abruptly and smiled, and her cheeks were faintly pink with the unaccustomed urgency of her words.

"You see," she said, "I remember all that. That was the man I married. That's very exciting to a woman. That's more exciting than twenty thousand dollars, more exciting than a million."

"Yes," Dave said, "I was a great talker in those days. Mr. Chips and me. A regular little old keeper of the flame. And then I took a good close look at Kelly, with his gray hair, his shoes that need half-soling, his ten-year-old suit, his ten-year-old car. No prestige, no money, not even really respected. No one respects Kelly because they think he can't do any better. But they all respect Bix. Everyone needs to be respected, to feel worthwhile, significant." He tapped her on the shoulder lightly. "And that requires money."

She did not answer for a moment, merely looked at him, her gray eyes studying him as openly, as frankly, as if they were meeting for the first time. "I wish," she said, "that you wouldn't sell that property to Harrington without telling him the truth about it."

"Well, I'm going to," he said.

She sbook her bead and slowly sat down at the table again. "It's strange," she said remotely. "It's strange to love a man and watch him die—not so that anyone can notice, but die inside himself. Little by little, he dies—he dies in fractions—and there are no flowers, no sad songs, not even any good-bys, but he's gone. He's really gone." She seemed to be speaking more to herself than to him. He felt for a moment an absurd flash of panic, as though she were drifting farther and farther away from him and he would never find her again. Or, he thought, as though he were really dying, just as she had said. And then the absurdity of this struck him, and he laughed.

"I hate to disappoint you," he said, "but I'm still breathing. And," he said, "I'm still going to make the Harrington sale. I'll see you tonight." He turned and went into the hall, opened the closet and pulled out his raincoat.

"Mr. Kelly called while you were in the shower," Marianne said. Her voice was quite ordinary now, tight-

held against whatever she was feeling. "He asked if you would please stop by the school this morning. He said it was important."

Kelly, he thought. So he was going to have something else too, today of all days. It was turning out to be quite a fuzzy little morning. "Did he say what he wanted?" he asked, without turning around.

"Something about Andy Bendrick," Marianne said.

"Well, I can't go."

Marianne said nothing, and after a moment Dave asked unwillingly, "What did you tell him?"

"I told him you'd probably stop by," she said. "I thought you probably would. Mr. Kelly used to be one of your best friends, and you used to be very worried about Andy." He felt the accusation in the words.

"For Pete's sake, Marianne," he said, "can't you let me do my job for the Scanlon Construction Company without trying to involve me as an unpaid social worker?" He jerked open the front door and went out into the rain, down the steps, across the sodden lawn to the garage.

As he backed the new sports car down the driveway he glanced up at the front door of the sprawling ranch-style house, but it was still firmly closed and there was no sign of Marianne at the window. He hadn't expected her to be there this morning and yet he felt disappointed.

He tried to fasten his mind firmly on the details of the Harrington sale as he turned out of the driveway and into the wide, elm-lined street, but he found himself thinking about the call from Kelly instead. He didn't want to talk to Kelly this morning, or think about Kelly. He didn't want to think about Andy Bendrick either. Damn it, he thought, why can't people leave you alone?

Andy Bendrick, at eight, had been the youngest boy in the fourth-grade class Dave had taught last year. Two things set Andy apart: an intelligence that measured in the top ten per cent, and something that was wrong with him, something that made him too silent in class and—among the shouting, pushing children on the playground—something that made him run away. Andy ran away often, from home and from school. His father was a fanatic, his mother a thin, bewildered woman whose obvious fear of her husband seemed to be her only concern. Dave swore silently under his breath, thinking about Andy. And as he looked at the pounding gray rain and the rolling sky he found himself thinking that it was a bad day for any little boy to have to run away.

Dave increased his speed as he turned onto the ramp to the freeway. He had to get to the office, he reminded himself. He had no time to see Kelly. He had no time to worry about Andy Bendrick. He had twenty thousand dollars to think about today. And yet, even as he convinced himself of this he knew without really knowing why that he was on his way to the school.

CHAPTER 3

Marianne sat unmoving at the breakfast table and watched the small red sports car whisk down the street, round the corner, disappear into the rain. How many mornings had it been, how many weeks and months that she had felt like this when Dave had left for work—desolate and abandoned, as if he were leaving not for a day but forever?

She had never felt this way when he was teaching. But she had been a part of what he was doing then. His ideals, his hopes, his plans—they all had been hers as well as his, and the time he spent away from her in his work had not been a separation but had brought them closer in the sharing of what the work had meant. Dave respected her. Her ideas and opinions were important to him. They had been too close to travel the separate paths that make some marriages; they had needed each other too much to solve their differences by ignoring them, to act at being friendly strangers. He needed her love and her belief in him—he still did. Even though he went on now without her approval, she knew that he felt—as she did—the tearing apart of the delicate strands of the life they had begun to build together. Her belief in him—that was what he had wanted from her this morning, she thought sadly. He had asked her to wish him well, and she had not.

But she could not wish him well in this, she thought with sudden intensity, because she hated it. Because it would be his destruction. She could not—would not—lend her love to this ambition. It wasn't fair for him to ask it.

Something Dave had said this morning was pressing uncomfortably at her memory. "You sure took a long time to say so," he had said.

But that wasn't true, she thought, disturbed. Surely that wasn't true. She had told him from the beginning how she felt about his giving up teaching—hadn't she? Painfully she searched back through the months, trying to remember. She had begged him not to leave teaching; she was certain of it. She had asked him not to go to work for Bix Scanlon, a man known in town more for his shrewdness than his honesty, the only kind of man who would guarantee Dave quick success. But in the end, she admitted now to herself, she had said, "Anything you want to do is all right with me." What else had there been to say? He chose the path; her task was to travel it with him. It was for her that he worked, for her that he sought the prize. Surely he had the right to ask for ber support along the way.

She shook her head, still staring out into the rain. But if it's the wrong path, she thought stubbornly, what then? What do you do then? She felt the beginning of a headache gathering at the base of her skull.

It was then that she noticed it—something that moved, half hidden, behind the wide trunk of the pepper tree on the lawn. At first she thought she might have been mistaken—the window was blurred with rain. But no, there it was again—a child, a boy, moved abruptly out from behind the tree where he had been standing and started down the walk, ducking his head against the rain, hurrying along almost furtively.

It was his hunted, hurrying walk that Marianne recognized. She ran to the door, opened it and went out into the rain. "Andy!" she called sharply. "Andy, come back here!"

The boy paused and looked back, startled, and for a moment she was afraid he was going to run away from her. Then he turned and slowly came back. She waited for him without moving until he came up to her. Then she grasped the small, wet shoulder and guided him firmly into the house. He followed her unresistingly into the living room and waited while she held a match to the log lighter in the big flagstone fireplace. He stood silent, watching with interest as the flames grew, warming the room against the storm.

Marianne turned to Andy and looked at him. "Andy, you are so *wet,*" she said, dismayed. His jeans clung soddenly to his thin legs; his jacket had wide, dark splotches where the rain had soaked through; rain ran down the lenses of his glasses.

"I'm okay," he said indifferently, but he let her unzip his jacket and take it off, and he sat down obediently on the footstool she placed before the fireplace and stretched out his hands to the fire. His skin had a pale, translucent quality in the firelight. He seemed oblivious of Marianne as she studied him.

"Andy," she said, "did you walk all the way here from home?" The boy nodded, and she wondered how he had managed to come so far—it must be miles, she thought. "But why were you standing out there without coming in?" she said. This time the boy only ducked his head in answer to her question. "Andy," she said gently, "how long had you been standing out there in the rain?"

"I came to see Mr. Grant," the boy said finally. He kept his eyes on the fire. "I waited out in front, and after a while I saw him come out and drive away, but he didn't see me. He looked like he was in a hurry." His voice quavered slightly on the last words. He was, after all, Marianne thought, only nine.

"Why didn't you come up to the door, Andy?" she said then, but she knew the answer and was not surprised when he did not reply. He had been to the house several times in the past months to see Dave, and each time Dave had been out or busy on the telephone or, at best, too preoccupied to give more than a few moments' attention to the boy.

"Are you in any trouble, Andy?" Marianne said, remembering Roger Kelly's call.

Andy shook his head. "No," he said. "Not yet, anyway."

"Aren't you supposed to be in school?"

Andy nodded calmly. "I guess so," he said. "Instead, I got up real early and came over here. I wanted to see Mr. Grant."

"Oh, Andy," Marianne said helplessly, with the mixture of pity and exasperation the boy always aroused in her. "Did your mother and father know you were coming here?"

Andy shook his head, his expression becoming guarded as it always did whenever there was any mention of his parents.

I ought to call them but I'm not going to, Marianne thought, and she felt a small, conspiratorial satisfaction. She looked at the clock. It was not yet nine.

"Andy, I am going to call a taxi," she said rapidly, "and put you in it and send you to school. I'd take you there myself but I haven't got a car. Now, Andy," she said, and she touched his chin and turned his face toward her, "promise me that you will go to school. No running away. Will you promise?"

Andy looked up at her silently for a moment. Then he smiled suddenly, a pleased, small-boy smile. "Okay," he said cheerfully. "I've never ridden in a taxicab."

Marianne phoned for a taxi then, and while they waited she went into the kitchen and made hot chocolate, and in a last moment's inspiration added cinnamon, and a giant swirl of whipped cream from a pressure can in the refrigerator. She hesitated then, wondering if he would eat cereal, eggs.

"Andy," she called, "how about some breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry." His voice came back from the living room, where he still sat before the fire. She paused for a moment, frowning in indecision. Andy had always been shy, backing away warily when she had tried to persuade him to accept the usual treats of childhood—ice-cream bars, candy. Except, she remembered suddenly, for once or twice when she and Dave had taken him with them on picnics to the park or the beach. Quickly she poured another cup of chocolate, carried both cups into the living room and sat down beside him on the rug.

"I'm not hungry either," she said conversationally, "but I was just going to have some chocolate when you came." She put his cup down on the hearth and took a swallow from her own. "Pretty good," she said.

"I'm not hungry," Andy said again, but this time there was less conviction in his voice and he glanced down at his cup. "But I guess maybe I'm thirsty," he added thoughtfully. He picked up the cup and took a long, greedy swallow. He looked at Marianne companionably then. "It's pretty good, all right," he said, carefully licking a rim of whipped cream from his upper lip.

When the cab arrived, Marianne hurried him into his jacket. "Nathan Hale Elementary School," she told the driver when he came to the door, "on Marguerita Street." She looked at Andy. "Now, Andy," she said meaningfully, "remember, you promised."

Andy nodded. "Okay," he said. "Can I sit in front?" he asked the driver.

"Sure," the driver said, "why not?" He nodded reassuringly to Marianne. "I'll see he gets there all right," he said to her.

Andy turned back to Marianne. "Thank you for the chocolate," he said formally. "And—" he paused, and then said in a rush, "you can tell Mr. Grant I came to see him." He turned, ran down the steps and out to the waiting cab.

Closing the door, Marianne walked slowly back to the living room and sat down on the couch. She took a cigarette from the silver box on the table and lighted it with the silver table lighter—a matching set, a Christmas gift from Bix and his wife Sophie. I hope Andy does go to school, she thought. She stood up then, went to the telephone in the hall and began dialing Dave's office number. But halfway through she stopped and put the receiver down again. Dave didn't want to be bothered about Andy today. He had made that quite clear. I'll talk to him tonight, she thought, but she knew she would not. It was becoming harder and harder for them to talk together. She had tried only this morning.

In the past, in their first year of marriage, they had always talked about everything. But now it was as if there were a pane of glass between them, invisible and unbreakable. They could see each other, make signs, reach out—but they could not speak or hear or understand. Or touch. She walked back down the hall to the living room again, as if by moving she could escape her thoughts. For a long time the lovemaking had remained, the wisdom of the flesh that had united them after nearly everything else was gone, but now even that was changed. In passion or in sleep their bodies still came together, but in their hearts and minds they were becoming strangers. And, she thought, there is something empty and immoral about making love with a stranger.

In the large living room, with its high-beamed ceiling, thick carpets, deep couch and chairs, Marianne sat down again. Her head was aching steadily now and she thought of taking aspirin, but the dull depression that held her made even that effort seem too great.

Fortunately, she thought ironically, she had nothing to do. Their house, built by the Scanlon Construction Company in one of their luxury-tract developments and furnished originally as a model home, was still a kind of unofficial showplace for buyers who were interested in houses in the thirty-thousand-dollar class, and Sophie Scanlon had suggested a marvelous cleaning woman who, working with a frightening efficiency, came in four days a week and kept it spotless. The housework that Marianne would have to do today would take no more than an hour—two at most.

They had no children. In the first months of their marriage they both had wanted a baby, but Dave had been in his first year of teaching and they had decided to wait until he had taken the extra units of study that would

lead to a master's degree, a higher salary, a better future. Then Marianne would quit her job and they would begin their family. That had been the plan. But last summer he had gone to work for Bix instead, and since that time they had not talked about a baby. Marianne had not let herself think too much about what the reason might be—you don't bring a new life into a marriage that is becoming each day less of a marriage.

I'm only a bird in a gilded cage, she thought, but it didn't seem funny. As a matter of fact, nothing seemed very funny any more. Sometimes that was what she missed most of all—the laughter and foolishness she and Dave had shared, the delicious, irrepressible secrets that were part of being young and in love, with the whole world stretching out in front of them.

Almost unwillingly Marianne thought about that other time, that young time. "Until I married you," Dave had said, "I never knew how wonderful being alive could be, like being born all over again." Well, that was a long time ago, Marianne thought, and it surprised her to realize that it had been only three years.

They had met at college. Dave, five years older than she and a veteran of Korea, had been a senior the year she was a freshman. He had been class president and a brilliant student, seemingly with time for everything. He had had no money for an education, but the GI Bill had paid his way and he had worked part-time at a filling station. He hadn't been able to afford the things many of the students had, but bis restless, driving energy had made him popular and his zeal for knowledge had delighted his professors.

She had been a quiet girl—reserved, a little shy—given more to books and dreams and poetry than to the bustling campus life about ber. Later, after she and Dave had fallen in love, she had looked back with indulgent pity on the girl she had been, and it seemed to her that before they met she had been merely drifting, waiting. He bad given her much more than love, she felt—he had given her life. He had awakened her to passion, not just the passion of their physical love but a passion for the wbole of the journey they would take together—a journey that would lead, she had been sure, to some distantly beckoning, undefined but infinitely exciting goal.

Now, gazing into the hypnotic firelight, Marianne remembered the little house in Mexico that they had borrowed from a friend of Dave's, the house where they had spent their honeymoon. Her memories of that summer seemed all in pictures, all in colors—broad, empty beaches stretched beneath wild, empty mountains; the long green roll and swell of the surf; the pale, streaked blue of the adobe house on ranch land in the remote country of Baja California.

It had been a primitive little house, not much more than one room, really, with a bed in one corner and a huge, old-fashioned dining table in the center. The floor was of cracked, painted tile, and in one corner there was a small, smoky fireplace.

Mexican time, Marianne thought, remembering. It was a phrase Dave had explained to her one day as they lay on the beach, feeling the heat of the sand through the Indian blanket on whicb they lay, the fresh, salty coldness of the ocean water still on their skin. She bad spoken with a honeymoon wistfulness of time's going by so fast, and he had said: Didn't she know this was Mexican time, which didn't count? It was time out of time, he said—time in whicb nobody grew old or changed or had to catch buses or be at work at eight o'clock or take final examinations or go to the dentist's or get the car lubricated or have haircuts. You could take as much of it as you wanted, he explained to her; you could use it and use it and it was still there.

Marianne stood up abruptly, walked down the hall, took the vacuum cleaner from the closet, plugged it in and began pushing it across the floor. All right, she thought impatiently, so the honeymoon is over, to coin a phrase. But you can't have been the first girl to notice that. And Mexican time does end, after all—that's probably its greatest charm, if you want to get right down to it. The land of mañana becomes the land of yesterday and last month and last year. So what is wrong now that might have been different?

And then—irrelevantly, it seemed—she remembered something Dave had said to her in the first days of their marriage. "You make me like people," he had told her. "You make me see the good in them, all the things they can do." He bad laughed then. "You even make me like myself."

"You like yourself pretty well already," she had said idly, teasingly.

He had shaken his head, quite serious. "I always have this creeping conviction that I'm really nothing but a fake, that someday everybody's going to find it out. That's why I work so damn hard at everything I do. But you make me feel that maybe I really will do something someday, something real. If I do, it won't be anything quick and flashy. It will be slow and steady, gradually accumulating into something worthwhile." That was what was wrong, Marianne thought. Somewhere along the way Dave had decided it had to be quick and flashy after all.

She finished vacuuming and was putting the machine away when the door chimes sounded.

It was Sophie Scanlon, her hair covered with a scarf, a severely tailored raincoat belted tightly around her narrow waist.

"Darling!" Sophie cried, extending her arms extravagantly to Marianne. Then she swept into the house and down the steps into the living room, all in one grand, unimpeded motion, like royalty. The word of greeting in the husky, carefully modulated voice was, like the cloud of rich, oversweet perfume, an invariable part of Sophie's entrances; and today, as always, the whole effect made Marianne feel as if she should be one of a chorus of little maids curtsying in black uniforms and starched white caps. And yet, surprisingly, she had always liked Sophie. Today she was pleased to see her, glad for the interruption of her thoughts.

"Darling, you will never, never know what I went through getting here," Sophie said, unbuttoning her raincoat, taking off her scarf and then flinging berself down on the couch in an exaggerated pantomime of exhaustion. "I am so glad you have a fire. I am chilled to the bone." She leaned forward, holding out her slender, long-fingered pale hands to the flames. Her bright blonde hair was drawn back severely in a knot at the back of her head; her wide, sensuous mouth was accented with lipstick in a brilliant red. Sophie was well past thirty-five, but except when she was very tired or in bright sunlight, she looked much younger.

"This fire is really heaven," Sophie went on. "It makes me feel like a little campfire girl again, toasting marsbmallows and studying birdcalls and everything."

"It's kind of a struggle to picture you in that role," Marianne said, amused. And then, seeing Sophie's eyes flick toward the corner of the room that held the bar, she said casually, "It's a miserable day, isn't it? Can't I get you a cup of tea or something?"

"Tbank you, dear, I'll have the 'something,'" Sophie said. "Just a short one to take the chill off."

As Marianne poured Scotch over the ice cubes she had taken from the small refrigerator behind the bar, she wondered how bad Sophie's drinking really was. She had never seen her actually drunk, but she had never seen her

for long without a drink in her hand either. Sophie had lighted a cigarette and was inhaling deeply, drowning herself in clouds of smoke, making a great activity of placing the pack of cigarettes, her lighter, her purse and gloves on the table before her; but with it all she could not quite conceal the eagerness with which she reached for the glass that Marianne brought her.

"Ah," she said appreciatively, taking a long swallow, "ah, that is good. It does warm the inner woman, doesn't it? And I have an inner woman that can stand some warming, I can tell you." She looked sharply at Marianne. "Have one yourself," she said irritably. "You're over twenty-one. And stop looking at me with that poisonous air of superior virtue—it's very annoying."

"Is that the way I look?" Marianne said. She laughed uncomfortably. "It's just that it's a little early."

"Nonsense," Sophie said briskly. "I never drink before five, but it must be five o'clock somewhere. Fix yourself a drink and we'll pretend we're in Paris. Go on," she said. "Have one." Beneath the lightness in her tone there was determination now, and glancing at her, Marianne noticed for the first time the tension that pinched the almost-perfect features, that somehow made all her motions too taut.

"All right," Marianne said, "I'll have one with you. Then I'll make us a sandwich and some salad. I'm glad you came," she went on. "I was sort of—" she hesitated—"lonesome this morning."

"Oh, you'll get used to that," Sophie said cheerfully. "You will really get used to that. When a man devotes himself to making all that lovely money, no mere woman can hold his interest for very long. It's terribly exciting to men like Bix and Dave," she said. "It's a great big wonderful game—charging around with all the other animals in the jungle, fighting over the prey. Very primitive," she said, taking another swallow of her drink, "very satisfying. A man gets enough of that, he doesn't really need sex any more."

"But Dave's not like that," Marianne said, appalled. "Dave—" She stopped, confused.

"You're a child, child," Sophie said. "You'll learn. I learned. Dear, I think I will have just a little more of that Scotch. You're a sweet girl, Marianne, but you make a very weak drink." She went on talking about Bix while Marianne poured her a second drink.

"You should have heard him this morning after Dave called and told him the freeway route might be changed," she said with relish. "He was fit to be tied. Especially when Dave, all boyish innocence, suggested telling Harrington about it."

"What?" Marianne said, startled.

"Oh, not for long," Sophie assured her. "Bix soon straightened him out on that." She laughed and lifted her glass in a mock toast. "Onward and upward with Bixby the Great," she said cheerfully. Then, glancing at Marianne, she said, "Don't look so unhappy, dear. It's only money. Guys like Harrington are born to make money for men like Bix. And Dave." She nodded thoughtfully to herself for a moment and then smiled suddenly at Marianne. "*And* for you and me. Isn't that nice? Now your only problem is to decide how to spend that lovely commission."

"But, Sophie," Marianne said, "doesn't it bother you at all? What they're doing, I mean." When Sophie only looked at her, an eyebrow lifted questioningly, Marianne added, "It—it doesn't seem quite——"

"Cricket?" Sophie said. "Dear, I don't worry about that, and I'd advise you not to either. All it will give you is insomnia." The airy, bantering tone was gone from her voice. "I'd also advise you not to let Dave worry about it. Bix wants this sale—he wants it badly—and Dave is the only one who can get it for him. Bix and Harrington don't hit it off, and it's only Dave's clean-cut air that makes Harrington feel cozy enough to sign. If Dave should fluff this—" She stopped and shook her head. "I'm afraid it would be back to the little red schoolhouse for him," she said deliberately. "Take it as a friendly warning, dear."

Marianne said nothing, and the other woman studied her for a moment. "Of course," Sophie said finally, "you wouldn't really mind that, would you?"

"I don't know," Marianne began, but Sophie did not seem interested in her reply.

"Funny," Sophie went on, "you're not a bit like I was at your age. I think you're disturbed about the chaos."

"The chaos?" Marianne echoed absently. She was still thinking of Sophie's last, disconcerting question. Mind? she thought. Mind? You can just *bet* I wouldn't mind!

"The chaos of life," Sophie was saying.

"What's chaotic about life?" Marianne said. So Dave had actually wanted to tell Harrington the truth, she thought. That was something, anyway.

"Everything," Sophie said promptly. "But you're too young to understand that, I suppose. You still think that good is rewarded, evil is punished, nice people live happily ever after and the bad ones are soundly spanked." She laughed. "No wonder you don't drink," she said. "Fairy tales are much headier stuff."

Marianne looked at Sophie curiously. "Sophie," she said, "are you really that unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" Sophie's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "No, I'm not unhappy at all," she said. "Let's say that I'm—adjusted. Isn't that what everyone is supposed to be—adjusted? You see, I always knew what Bix was—I married him because of what he was. We understand each other. We always have. That's why we got married. He wanted something from me—the usual thing—and I made sure he couldn't get it cheap. We grew up together in a miserable little town in eastern Washington and everybody else thought Bix was just a crude, vulgar, loud-talking boy from the wrong side of town. But I knew better. I could see . . ." She paused. "The tiger," she said. "Yes, that was it—the tiger. Out there in that jungle I was talking about, it's very desirable to be a tiger—or, in a woman's case, to marry one. But," she said, shaking her head, "it does get dull. Very dull. Day after day, watching the tiger eat people. Bix is a great people-eater."

Sophie straightened up and began to reach vaguely about for her coat, her purse. "I'm afraid I must go. I have a luncheon engagement. With a man," she finished elaborately.

Marianne did not know what to say. Sophie had spoken this way before, implying mysterious romantic adventures with other men, and Marianne had never known for certain whether they were real or merely conversation. In either case it seemed only sad to Marianne, and something of this must have been in her face, because Sophie said, "You don't approve of that either, do you? Well, don't worry about it." She leaned forward suddenly in a conspiratorial whisper. "It's not nearly as much fun as people think."

Again Marianne could feel herself blushing, but she forced a smile. "I don't think it's up to me," she said, "to approve or disapprove."

"True," Sophie said cheerily, "true, true, true." She stood up, buttoning the coat, tying the scarf again to cover her bright blonde hair. "But you mustn't try to take all my small pleasures away from me, dear. Bix has his life roaring around out there in the jungle. It's only fair, I think, that I should have mine. And Bix doesn't mind. At least, he doesn't believe it's worth breaking up a marriage for—not when he thinks of the community-property laws."

She walked to the door and Marianne followed silently, thinking that, as always, it was impossible to tell which

of Sophie's conversational gambits were real and which were only designed to shock. At tbe door Sophie paused, her hand on the knob, and looked at Marianne. "Now, your situation," she said slowly, "is a little different. Dave isn't like Bix—not really. Not yet. Dave is a nice boy." A ripple of emotion that Marianne could not define passed across her face. "Get Dave to quit," she said.

"What?" Marianne said, surprised.

"Get him to quit," Sophie repeated. "Working for Bix isn't right for him. He's not the type—he just thinks he is. Get him to go back to teaching."

"Even if I wanted him to quit, he wouldn't," Marianne said cautiously.

"Ridiculous," Sophie said. "Any woman can get a man to do anything she wants if she goes about it right. You get Dave to quit. He doesn't know what he's getting into. Bix is a pirate. He pirates the other businessmen. He's not satisfied with his fair share—he wants it all."

"I don't understand. Why are you telling me this?"

"I don't know," Sophie said thoughtfully. "I really don't know." And then she smiled brightly. "A sudden, uncontrollable burst of human decency, perhaps," she said. "Or maybe I just want to see Bix lose something or somebody he's sure of, for once." And then she laughed. "Or maybe," she said, "it's just because Dave has never responded, even a little bit, to my"—she shrugged—"feminine charms. A very unimaginative young man." And then, abruptly, she seemed to interrupt herself. "You get him to quit," she said again, looking intently at Marianne.

"I'd like to," Marianne said, and stopped, dismayed. She hadn't meant to say it—the words had seemed to speak themselves.

Sophie regarded her for a moment, as if waiting for her to go on. "You'd like to?" she repeated. "You'd like to, but you can't?" She sighed and shook her head. "That was never my problem. I could have saved myself but I thought I didn't want to. I guess you do want to save yourself and your marriage; you really want to but you don't know how."

Marianne noticed suddenly that her headache was worse. "You're talking in riddles," she said crossly, and she began to long for the moment when the other woman would leave.

Sophie shrugged. "Everything is a riddle if you think about it long enough." She tilted her head then and seemed to study Marianne. "What I mean is, you don't know what a firm grip you've got on that young man. He's one of those rare ones—he really loves his wife. And believe me, dear, nobody knows it like another woman. But you don't handle him right. You're always worrying about what he wants. You've got to let him worry about what you want." Sophie laughed appreciatively at her own words.

"Not that it's any of your business," Marianne said, remembering grimly the quarrel she had had with Dave this morning, "but you happen to be absolutely wrong." Pointedly she glanced at the floor. "Thanks so much, anyway," she said, not trying to keep the angry sarcasm out of her voice. "Somehow we'll try to muddle along." Her head was aching intolerably now.

"Don't bother to thank me," Sophie said graciously, seemingly undisturbed by Marianne's anger. "Another of my small pleasures—giving useful advice wherever I can. Aunt Sophie's helpful hints for daily living."

Marianne shook her head. It was hard to resent Sophie for very long. "Sophie," she said, "tell me one thing. Why do you care?"

Sophie waited a moment before answering. "Actually, it's quite selfish," she said. "I want you to have what I lost, since I have lost it quite irretrievably for myself." Her hand rested lightly on Marianne's arm. "You see," she said, "I like you and I'd like to see you be happy. You and Dave. Just be happy—that's all. Just look at me and remember and don't let it happen to you."

Almost before Marianne realized it, Sophie was gone, the door opening and closing behind her with almost startling abruptness. And as she stood alone in the hall Marianne realized an astonishing thing. The brightness in Sophie's eyes at the last moment was not the result of liquor but of tears.

CHAPTER 4

Within moments after Dave had turned his car onto the freeway after leaving home, the line of cars ahead of him had slowed abruptly, each car in its turn coming to a jolting, skidding stop. Both of the other lanes were quickly blocked as well, as the obstruction ahead dammed up the river of cars for as far as Dave could see. Swearing under his breath, he stopped his own car, letting the motor idle, and sat drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. If the delay lasted too long, he would have to give up seeing Kelly after all. Everything was going wrong for him this morning, he decided; some master plan was being worked out for him somewhere by a group of malicious, chortling gods whose one project for the day was to obstruct his every move.

Then he heard the sound of sirens up ahead. So there had been an accident—that meant they might be here for an hour. He turned off the ignition and settled himself to wait, trying to master the raging impatience he felt. After a time an ambulance appeared, racing past him on the other side of the freeway through curtains of gray rain, its siren screaming. In a moment or two it was followed by two speeding motorcycle officers. Dave turned on the ignition of his car again. All right, he thought, that ought to do it—maybe we can start moving now. Suddenly he was shocked and disgusted with himself. Just what had he become, be wondered, when someone's accident, maybe death, was less to him than his own irritation at the delay?

Disturbed, Dave became aware of a gnawing uneasiness, which the thought of the Harrington sale did nothing to soothe. Kelly, he thought. Sure. He was going to see Kelly, who had always made him a little uneasy, though he had never quite known why. He certainly did not want to see Kelly today. Roger Kelly was no man to see when you had to keep everything strictly business, very cold in the heart and very quick in the head. Kelly would not understand the importance of the twenty thousand dollars.

Kelly was a man of contradictions. When he was principal at the old, overcrowded Palm Grove Elementary School, he had worked for months on committees to raise funds for the new Nathan Hale School. After it was built he had given endless additional hours developing plans that had resulted in a foundation grant to finance a program of teaching by television, one of the first such programs in the country. And yet, walking through the shining new building with Dave, inspecting the classrooms, the playgrounds, the auditorium, the large room for television instruction, Kelly had wondered aloud how much difference the marvelous new building would make.

"These things are wonderful, of course," he had said. "We need them. But sometimes I wonder if they are as

important as we think. You can teach children sitting in a circle under a tree. All you really need is the students—and the creative teacher. He must have something to give, and they'll never invent a machine for that. It's the same way with parents—every parent is a teacher, a good one or a bad one, and it's a very personal, human, individual thing that determines which it's going to be. A very-hard-to-measure quality." He had shot a glance at Dave. "Good teachers are the one real necessity," he said, "and you're a good one." Dave could still remember the glow of pleasure he had felt—and tried to hide—at the words.

There was nothing about Roger Kelly's appearance to inspire awe. He was in his fifties, small and slightly built—an elf of a man, stooped slightly forward like some old, spry bird. His head was balding on top, with bushy, graying red hair at the temples. He dressed haphazardly, and the only feature of his face that Dave could ever really remember was his large, flaming-red mustache.

He was a widower whose children were grown, and he lived alone in an old, untidy frame house on the edge of one of the orange groves that still survived the encroachments of tract housing. He was a Ph.D. who refused to let anyone call him "doctor," a gentle man, meticulously kind, who hated conflict and yet who lived in perpetual, impassioned battle against anyone, anywhere, whenever he felt the welfare of his pupils was at stake.

His health was uncertain—an attack of rheumatic fever when he was young had left him with a permanently damaged heart—yet he seemed able to sustain a schedule that would have exhausted a younger, stronger man. In the year that Dave had taught at Nathan Hale he had often had the superstitious feeling that Kelly was the possessor of some secret, mystic strength unknown to other mortals, but he had never been able to guess its source. Unless it was the children. Yes, Dave thought now, that must be it—the children. Because Kelly loved children, loved them with the fiery and unsentimental passion that other men had for making money or pursuing women or growing corn. Dave felt himself smile, remembering Kelly's impromptu lectures in the teachers' meetings in the lounge.

"You're not just teaching arithmetic and spelling and the exports of Venezuela," he would say, his mustache bristling. "You're teaching *children,* and to do that you have to be a human being. And remember this," he would say, striding up and down the teachers' lounge like Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck, "every single child that's born, no matter what a miserable little thing he may be—every single child that's born is the whole human race all over again. No matter what he looks like, no matter what color he is, no matter what his parents are, every single child is the hope of the world, the whole potential greatness of man, the whole future, all over again. So when you teach children you're doing something important, and don't ever forget it. Treat them with respect. Treat them tough when you have to—make them work hard—but treat them with respect. Because they are the future. They are what the world is going to be, if the world stays in one piece long enough to give them a chance."

Kelly had never really accepted the fact that Dave had left teaching, Dave thought now. He remembered the day he had gone in to tell Kelly. It was during the summer-school session and Kelly had been in his office. He was talking on the telephone and had put down the receiver just as Dave came in.

"Adults are idiots," he had said briskly by way of greeting. "The only thing that softens my heart toward them is that they once were children. In fact," he added thoughtfully, "most of them still are."

Dave had laughed, and then with a nervous determination had plunged into his news—he was leaving teaching, going to work for Bix. Kelly had listened thoughtfully as Dave talked, nodding soberly at his explanations.

"Teaching is hell if you don't love it," he had said at last, as if in agreement with Dave's decision. Then he had smiled unexpectedly, a leprechaun's smile, knowing and forgiving and slightly malicious. "But you love it," he said. "You're hooked. For you, anything else will be hell. You'll be back."

Suddenly Dave became aware that the traffic ahead of him was slowly beginning to move. He started the engine and pulled ahead into the quickening stream of traffic. Uneasy though he might be at seeing Roger Kelly, he was aware of a feeling of irrational pleasure, as if the visit to the school were the one thing he really looked forward to in the day ahead. He glanced at his watch. He had been delayed half an hour. He had no time to spare, he reminded himself.

By the time Dave arrived at the school the rain had stopped and the sun had broken through the clouds. As he stepped out of his car a classroom door opened into the outdoor corridor that ran the length of the building, and a roomful of children—second graders, Dave noted automatically—burst out, explosive with the release of young animal energy. By the time Dave reached the building a group of girls had formed around a jump rope. A child stood at each end, turning the rope, while in the middle a little girl in a bright red raincoat, ponytail bouncing wildly, jumped to the whir of the flying rope and the rhythmic, singsong chant: "Down by the river, down by the sea, Johnny broke a bottle and blamed it on me . . ." The words followed Dave as he walked down the hall, as familiar as if he had never been away.

He pushed open the door of the office and stepped inside. Behind the counter was the secretary's desk, occupied this morning by a plump little girl of ten or eleven who sat very erect, hands folded, surveying him regally as he entered.

"May I help you?" she asked graciously.

"I'd like to see Mr. Kelly. He's expecting me."

"Mr. Kelly is busy right now, but I think he'll be through in just a moment. Won't you sit down?" The child gestured at the row of straight chairs against the wall and Dave obediently sat down.

"Aren't you kind of new at this job?" he asked, amused.

Suddenly the cool poise was replaced by a giggle. "Pretty new," she admitted. "Mrs. Johnson, the secretary, had to go out for a little while. I'm the office monitor."

"I think you're handling it very well," Dave said.

"Oh, it's easy, really," the girl confided. "You just make people feel welcome and find out what they want, and all. It's fun. It's good training for me, too," she said, "because I'm going to be an airline stewardess."

"Well, I think you'll be very good at it," Dave said. "You seem very responsible." There was a brief pause then, and Dave, glancing at Kelly's closed door, began to feel impatient.

"I'm afraid I can't wait," he said to the child behind the desk. "Would you tell Mr. Kelly that—" He stopped as the door to Kelly's office opened slowly. Finally, after a considerable interval, a head appeared at about the level of the knob and a small boy gradually emerged, oblivious to them as he concentrated on his struggle with the door, his lunchbox, his *Think and Do Book* and his raincoat. He glanced at Dave in passing and then walked briskly to the outer office door, slapping his feet noisily on the polished asphalt tile.

Dave went to Kelly's door, knocked, and when he heard Kelly's "Come in," he went into the room. "Where's *my* chocolate milk?" he said.

Kelly laughed, stood up and came over to Dave, shaking his hand vigorously. "Well, I certainly am glad you could make it," he said. He motioned to a chair beside the desk and both men sat down, Kelly leaning back and

looking at Dave with undisguised pleasure and affection. "It's good to see you again, Dave," he said.

"It's good to be here," Dave said, and realized that he meant it, that it would be easy to forget the real business of his day, to lose himself in the familiar routine of the school. He sat up straighter and looked at his watch. "I only have a minute, Mr. Kelly," he said. "I have an appointment and I'm late now."

"I know you're busy," Kelly said quickly, "and I appreciate your coming. It's about Andy Bendrick. I was hoping you could talk to the boy for a few minutes."

Dave sat without answering, feeling himself tighten with an effort not to let the memory of the boy impinge too strongly on his mind and heart.

Kelly talked on. "Did you know," he said, "that he went to your house this morning, trying to see you?"

"No," Dave said, startled. "No, I didn't know that."

"Your wife called just a few minutes ago and told me," Kelly said. "She sent him on to school in a taxi. He ran away twice last week—once from school, once from home. The last time they had the police out looking for him."

"The boy's a psychiatric problem," Dave said impatiently. "He needs some kind of help I don't know how to give bim. His parents——"

"Of course he is, of course he is," Kelly agreed. "Jim Martin—he's the consulting psychologist for the district; I think you know him—recommended months ago that the boy be accepted at the child-guidance clinic. But they have a waiting list nearly a year long, and Andy isn't at the top of it yet. Even when he is, we're going to have a problem with the parents. They aren't interested in help for Andy—they're suspicious and resentful of anything that looks to them like outside interference. But if Andy doesn't settle down, he's going to wind up in children's court as a runaway and a truant. It might be the best thing, but I can't help wishing we could do something else. I don't want him frightened or locked up."

Dave shook his head as Kelly talked, trying to ward off the words and the tightness in his chest. It was as if his own heart were trying to break loose and run away, far away from the pain and anguish of this little boy. "Damn it," Dave said, "why do you bave to tell me all this? It's not even a school problem, really. And even if it were, I'm not teaching any more. He's not my pupil—why tell me?"

"You know why," Kelly said. "For the same reason that he came to your house this morning. You bappen to be the only one he trusts. You're right—it's not your problem. It isn't even mine. This is a school; we're supposed to educate healthy children, not try to care for the ones as sick as Andy. But they're here and we're here. And there's nobody else. So we try. I try with Andy, but you're the one who can help him. He picked you. I don't know why —he probably doesn't either. But it's true. Of course, that doesn't make you responsible. You baven't an ounce of responsibility as a teacber any more. Just as his friend."

Kelly stopped talking then, as if waiting for Dave to speak, but Dave said nothing and after a moment Kelly went on. "That's just the way these things work. Between certain people there's an understanding—a kind of hidden language without words. And this boy is so far away from ordinary words and ideas that he needs this bidden language and someone who can speak it to him by simply being present. You just happen to be that person."

Kelly's words reminded Dave of something someone else had said to him. Bix, he thought—of course. "You just happen to be in the right place at the right time," Bix bad said. Dave laughed now, and Kelly looked at him questioningly. "I was just tbinking," Dave said. "In your own way you're as ruthless as—as anybody else."

Kelly nodded agreeably, seemingly undisturbed by the comment. "That's true," he said. He smiled gently. "So would you talk with Andy?"

"All right," Dave said. "I know when I'm licked. I'll see him tomorrow—not that I can see it's going to do any good. I'll come to school and——"

"How about today?" Kelly said. "Right now?"

Dave shook his head. "I can't," he said patiently. "I have to get to work."

"Five minutes," Kelly said. "Can't you ever remember a time when you needed five minutes from somebody?"

Dave stood up, angry now in spite of himself. "Look after your own problems and I'll look after mine."

"And who will look after the boy?"

"The boy is unlucky. Some people are born unlucky. You can't give yourself away to all the unlucky ones—they'd eat you alive. I'm working on my own luck for a change. I'm through with saving the world."

"There's nothing wrong with saving the world a little," Kelly said. "The itch to do that is the finest thing in a man—any man. Everyone wants to make the world a little better, if he can."

"You're talking about nice guys," Dave said. "And you know what they say—nice guys finish last. All over the world nice guys are getting squashed like bugs."

Kelly shook his head. He seemed maddeningly calm. "I'm not talking about nice guys," he said. "I'm talking about happy ones."

"Fine," Dave said. "Then I'm on the right road. By tonight I expect to be considerably happier than I have ever been before. About twenty thousand dollars happier." He smiled triumphantly at the older man.

"If we all had money, it would not guarantee us happiness," Kelly said. "To be happy, you have to find the thing tbat you like to do more than you like the money you get for doing it. That's the key." He tilted his head up at Dave, who stood before him. "I could send Andy in now."

"All *right,*" Dave said explosively. Then as Kelly started out of the office he said in a gentler tone, "You know something? You're a hard man. You ought to be in my racket."

Kelly chuckled, the elfin grin spreading across his face, his mustache quivering. "Wrong," he said. "You ought to be in mine." He hurried out the door.

Dave leaned back in his chair, rubbed a hand over his face and sighed. He stared absently at the wall above Kelly's desk. The sun was shining brightly now, and as a buzzer rang there was the sound of classroom doors opening and children hurrying out, jostling their way down the halls. Dave could hear the rope jumpers in the distance beginning again. Faintly the chant drifted in: "Not last night, but the night before, twenty-four robbers knocked upon the door. . . ."

He closed his eyes, trying to remember the details of the Harrington contract, but instead his memories of Andy and of the other children he had taught seemed to crowd up around him.

CHAPTER 5

Dave had first seen Andy Bendrick the summer before his year of teaching, a summer he had spent as playground director at Nathan Hale. He had noticed Andy because the boy was alone—and not just alone like the dozen or so other children who lingered at the edge of the playground, watch-

ing the baseball game in progress on the field. The others stood in groups of twos and threes, pushing and shoving at each other in the aimless roughhousing of the young, giggling and calling out in derisive joy when a player on the field missed a fly ball or struck out. These were the ones Dave had mentally tabbed the lookers—they came to the playground with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion, in the eternal restless search of children for fun. for something to do. Most of the lookers, he knew from experience, stayed to play—baseball, touch football, basketball, all the other activities that filled the long summer days.

Acting conscientiously his role as playground director, Dave had looked carefully about the field at all the children and had picked up the rhythm, the indefinable smooth flowing that told him more by instinct than by conscious thought that everything was moving well. Nobody was being bullied, no one was being left out, nobody was fighting, nobody was crying, nobody had a bloody nose. Not until he had completed his inventory did he notice the boy again.

He was still alone, but with a special kind of aloneness that had little to do with the mere fact that he was not with other children. He stood at one end of the field, seeming to watch the baseball game with a curious intentness, and he stood very still. It was his stillness more than anything else, Dave decided, that emphasized his differentness from the others, because the other children had no stillness in them. He was about eight; Dave couldn't remember ever having seen him before.

Strolling casually across the field, Dave glanced at the boy from time to time, carefully and slowly, the way he had learned to do with the shy ones. The child's light hair was cut close in a crew cut, like that of most of the other boys, and his dusty tan was as dark as theirs. He wore blue jeans, as the others did, but his were neatly ironed and almost painfully clean. And he wore glasses, which gave him a curiously solemn look. Behind the glasses his eyes were almost green—a clear, oddly beautiful shade. It was the one striking thing about him. His eyes had an intensity, almost a brilliance, as they watched the game, and they held Dave's attention in a way that he didn't understand until he realized that it was because the boy's eyes were the only thing about him that moved.

"Hello," Dave said. There was no answer, and he stood beside the boy and they both watched the game. Finally Dave said, "Like to get in the game?"

The boy looked at him for a moment without answering. It was a very clear look, clear as a baby's, and yet strangely old. Suddenly the boy seemed to be frightened. He backed away a step or two and shook his head.

"Okay," Dave said easily. "Maybe next time you'll—" But he stopped, because the boy was gone. He had turned and run away along tbe parking strip, running fast, as if something were after him.

Dave stood looking after him in dismay. Well, maybe he'll come back, he told himself as he walked back to the game. And for the moment he forgot the green-eyed boy.

When school started for Dave that following fall he found that the boy was one of his pupils and that his name was Andy Bendrick. At first his curiosity about the child had been swallowed up in the multitude of new impressions of his first year of teaching—the feel of the fourth-grade classroom; the restlessness of twenty-six children learning to discipline themselves, to sit still, to control bursting energy, to think and then to act upon thought. He taught them, but they taught him too. They taught him that if he couldn't hold their interest, he could not ignite the spark that made them want to learn. They taught him that he had to be firm with them or they would ride joyously over him, like small, relentless buffalo. But most of all they taught him that they were always capable of awe, of seeing with new eyes the wonder of life—which all children know and which all but a few adults have forgotten. And everything had gone well for him that first year, except for Andy Bendrick.

Andy's written work, his tests, were precise and perfect. With regularity his grades were the highest in the class. But he was silent and shy. He had no friends. The other children were by turns friendly and cruel, and then at last they simply ignored him. He did not seem to mind being left out; he watched the others with the same unreadable expression Dave had seen on his face that first day on the playground.

"I don't know whether he wants to get into things or not," Dave had told Marianne when they were discussing Andy. "And you can't see a damn thing behind those watching eyes. It's downright eerie."

"He wants to get into things," Marianne had said. "Everybody wants to get in."

Dave had shaken his head. "I don't know," he said. "I just don't know."

The boy hated the games the children played during physical education, a period most of them preferred to all others. He played stolidly, not well, but with an apparent determination to survive in the face of a fear that paralyzed him, made him nervous and clumsy, the object of his teammates' exasperation when helplessly he would dodge away from the ball he should have caught or flinch from the boy he should have tagged.

There was only one thing Andy did well on the playground—run. He could run like the wind. And often, like the wind, he would disappear. Whenever the pressures on him became—in some way Dave could only try to guess at —too great, Andy would run away. He was always found eventually or went home by himself, bungry and dirty, to the punishment he invariably received.

Andy's father, Dave learned, was actually a stepfather, a taciturn, unyielding man whose enmity toward Andy seemed evident and invulnerable. His mother was a shadowy, perpetually frightened woman, curiously detached when consulted about her son, as if the whole problem he presented was greater than she could be expected to bear. Both mother and stepfather ignored all requests to come to the school to discuss the child.

"Thank God," Kelly had said, "that most of the parents of the children in our school are people who love their children and are concerned about them. As for Andy—" he had shrugged—"we can only try."

Then, after the first few weeks of school had passed, a surprising thing happened. Andy began to linger after school in the afternoons, pretending to be absorbed in completing some piece of work that Dave knew he had finished with ease during the class hours. Carefully casual, Dave asked if he would like to help with work about the room—erasing blackboards, arranging bulletin-board displays, helping correct test papers. Soon, more afternoons than not, Andy was staying an hour or so after class. In the silent, deserted classroom Dave and the boy had gradually formed a bond of sorts, apparently the first one that had ever bound Andy Bendrick, from his own choice, to any other person.

Then one Saturday Andy unexpectedly appeared at their apartment. He sidled in shyly when they invited him and stayed for an hour or so, looking curiously about their small living room as if it represented some new and fascinating world. He talked little, was seemingly content simply to be there, and after that the visits had become fairly frequent. Sometimes Andy would help Dave wash the car or dry dishes for Marianne. He asked nothing, not even attention.

One day while he and Andy sat together in the living room, Dave noticed Andy staring at his cigarette lighter—

which, Dave realized, he had been absent-mindedly flicking on and off as he talked with the boy.

"You could start a fire with that," Andy said suddenly.

"Why, yes," Dave said, "I guess you could."

For an instant a wicked smile flashed on Andy's face and then disappeared. "You could burn up this room," he said. He sat unmoving, almost breathless.

Dave was surprised at the boy's excitement—Andy was never excited—and looked at him uneasily for a moment without replying, wondering if fire-setting was another of Andy's habits. "Well, I guess you could," he said finally. "Do you like to start fires?"

"I never have," Andy said, "but I would like to very much." His eyes fastened on the lighter. "Could I start a fire with that?" he asked.

Dave watched him, puzzled. It was the first time the boy had ever made sucb an eager request, had ever come out of his sealed, invisible shell. But fires? Well, why not? Dave thought. Fire was the symbol of both love and hate, of creation and destruction. All children were fascinated by fire.

"Could I?" Andy asked again.

Dave sighed. "Well, that depends," he said cautiously. "What kind of fire did you have in mind?"

"Oh, just a little fire," Andy said. "Just a little old piece of paper or something. I could burn it in that," he said, pointing at an oversized ashtray on the coffee table.

"Well, I guess that would be okay," Dave said. "That's the important thing about fires—where you start them." He handed the boy a piece of newspaper. "Here," he said.

Andy worked quickly, crumpling the paper, seeming almost hypnotized with pleasure. Then he struck the lighter and put the flame against the paper, which flared up and soon burned down into ashes. Watching it, Andy said, apparently more to himself than to Dave, "Sometimes I think about burning down my house."

"Tben where would you sleep?" Dave said. "What would you do when it rains, when it's cold?"

Andy shrugged indifferently.

Dave held out his hand for the lighter and the boy relinquished it. "You know, Andy," he said, "fire is useful if it's used intelligently. Fire is how people began to be civilized. It was the first thing that we ever figured out to make things easier for ourselves. What I was thinking," he said, "was that maybe you would like to build a model steam engine that's run with real fire." He flicked the lighter. "You could demonstrate it to the class." He paused then, making himself wait. Something told him this was an important moment.

"Well, I don't know," Andy said finally. "I don't know. Where are we going to get the stuff?"

Dave felt himself relax. "Oh, that's no problem," he said easily. "I'll get the stuff. All you have to do is build it."

"Okay," Andy said, and a smile—a wide, unambiguously boyish smile—began to spread across his face. "Okay, I'll build it. But I get to run it. If I build it, it's mine."

"Sure," Dave said, and now he was smiling too. "Sure. It'll be your project."

It was a small, undramatic moment, Dave thought later, but it had been a beginning. For after that Andy, under Dave's guidance but on his own initiative, had researched heat engines. He read whole books on the subject at the public library; he wrote long papers in his precise, childish script. But this was not the important thing—Andy had always done well in his work. What really mattered, Dave thought, was that Andy read his special reports to the class and demonstrated the model engine he had built, jealously guarding it at first and then after a while permitting the other cbildren to operate it. For the first time there was an exchange between him and others. For a long time he did not run away.

Dave had wondered at the mystery, the small miracle, and he had known bumbly that it was somehow connected with himself. There was no conceit in the knowledge because there had been no thought-out plan, no careful campaign that had brought the change about. Some accident of time and place and personality had made him someone Andy could begin cautiously to trust. For many weeks of that year, Dave remembered now as he sat in Kelly's office waiting for Andy to be sent to him, he had felt very good about Andy Bendrick.

Then one night Andy ran away again. But this time it was different, because this time he had somewhere to run. He appeared late one evening—after eleven, Dave remembered. He didn't come to the door, but when Dave went out to move their car from the street to the apartment garage he was startled to find Andy curled up asleep on the front seat, seemingly settled for the night.

After his first surprise, Dave stood for a moment looking down at the boy, wondering what kind of fear could drive a child from his own home out into the night. He came to me, Dave thought, to Marianne and me. He was afraid to come in but he came here; he came to where I was and he crawled into our car because it belonged to us and made him feel safe.

Andy's face looked very young in sleep, younger even than his eight years, and Dave had a sudden wish to pick him up and carry him inside to Marianne, to watch while she fed him and put him to bed. I suppose that's how a father feels, Dave thought, looking down at the sleeping boy. I suppose that's how a man begins to feel when he has a son. And he had a sudden curious feeling that this was in some way true, that Andy was his son—not born to us, he thought, but come to us in his need, the first of our children, ours as surely as the others who will be born to us. And then abruptly be pushed the fantasy aside. He reached out and gently shook the shoulder of the sleeping child.

"Andy," he said, trying to make his voice both firm and reassuring. "Andy—time to wake up. Time to go home now."

Dave leaned back in the chair of Kelly's office, remembering the rest of that night. He had wakened the boy and driven him home. Andy would say nothing of his reason for running away.

When they drew up in front of Andy's bouse—a neat, well-kept house situated in a row of a dozen identical homes—Dave stepped out of the car and went around and opened the door for Andy. The boy crawled out silently and went up the walk ahead of him, not saying a word.

The porch light went on when Dave rang the bell, and after a moment the door opened and a man stood before them. He looked first at Dave and then his glance dropped to Andy.

"Oh," he said to the boy without preliminary, "it's you." He looked back at Dave. "He must have slipped out after we put him to bed." His expression was without concern and there was something in his tone—not anger exactly, Dave thought, but a cold hatred. Unconsciously Dave dropped his hand to Andy's shoulder in a protective gesture.

"I'm Dave Grant," he said, his voice carefully pleasant. "Andy's teacher. Andy turned up at our house tonight and I brought him home." He tried hard for Andy's sake to make the words sound casual and commonplace, as though it were the most usual thing in the world for an eight-year-old to turn up blocks from home at eleven o'clock at night.

As he spoke he studied the man before him. Charles Bendrick was a tall, spare man with taut, ascetic features. He seemed considerably older than the parents of most of the children Dave taught—his hair was gray, his cheeks

were sunken, and his eyes were so deep-set that they gave his face a strange, skeletal appearance.

"I thank you for bringing the boy home," Bendrick said courteously. "I am sorry he troubled you." He looked down again at Andy. "You get inside," he said, and this time when he spoke to Andy the menace in his voice was unmistakable. Quickly Andy moved out from under Dave's hand and went into the house. As he disappeared inside Dave caught just a glimpse of his face in the harsh yellow porch light. It was pale, pinched with fear.

"Mr. Bendrick," Dave said quickly, moving forward before the door could be shut, "Mr. Bendrick, I'd like to talk to you."

Bendrick stood without speaking, waiting politely. Faced with the man—unmoving, implacable—Dave abruptly found he had nothing to say. There was little in Bendrick's attitude to indicate concern for Andy, Dave thought, or compassion or even interest. I wonder where Andy's mother is, he thought irritably. Doesn't she care what happens to her son?

Then as he was thinking this he saw beyond Bendrick a small, fair-haired woman sitting on the couch in the living room. She was working on some bit of sewing in her lap, and she did not glance up even for a moment at Andy, who stood stiffly in the center of the room, or at her husband or at Dave at the door. Though her son had run away, had been returned in the middle of the night and now stood before her, obviously terrified, she kept her eyes fixedly upon the material on her lap, her hands working in a feverish haste. The scene—man, boy and frightened woman—held for Dave a peculiar aura of terror, like something out of a nightmare.

"Mr. Bendrick," he began again, his voice crisp and matter-of-fact, "I would like very much to talk with you and your wife about your son. Andy——"

"Mr. Grant," Bendrick said, gazing steadily into Dave's face through the partly opened door, "I will have no interference with the boy. He is not my son. He is my responsibility, however, and I intend to deal with him. He is a rebellious child and a great burden to me, but the Lord has given me the task of bringing him up properly despite his beginnings"—he threw a glance over his shoulder at the seated woman—"and I intend to perform it. He will be disciplined for disobeying me. That is my right, and my duty. He is to spend no more time at school except for the usual class hours. He is not to come to your house again. He knew this when he ran away tonight. It is doubtless the reason he ran away. You are a bad influence on the boy. I will teach him to respect me and you are not to interfere."

With the last words Bendrick's voice had thickened as if with drink, but Dave knew it was not alcohol that was blurring them but some different, far more dangerous intoxication. Self-righteousness, he thought suddenly—that's it. He's so sure what he's doing is right. He'll kill Andy to prove it, if he has to. He moved forward again, without thought or plan this time, out of an instinctive desire to get to Andy and take him out of this house, away from this man. But the door had been closed firmly in his face.

Andy was at school the next day. Of course he's at school, Dave told himself irritably. What did you expect? But after that night Andy lost interest in the engine he had been building. He moved back again, imperceptibly but certainly, into the solitude from which Dave had begun to draw him. He said he was not allowed to stay after school any more or to visit Dave at home, or he would get a whipping. Yes, he had been punished for running away that night. His father had given him a whipping. Remembering what Kelly had told him about the family, and too disturbed to be cautious, Dave asked Andy about his real father. He could not remember his real father, Andy said with seeming indifference. He was dead; he had been "bad."

In the greatest rage he could remember, Dave went to Kelly, certain that something more must be done to help the boy. Kelly only shook his head. Though the parents, especially the stepfather, were certainly not satisfactory, they had never been shown to be unfit. Bendrick earned a living for the boy; Andy lived in a well-kept home; he was fed and clothed and sent to school.

"What about the whippings?" Dave demanded. "What about child beating? I thought that was against the law."

"Not unless it goes beyond 'reasonable discipline,'" Kelly informed him dryly. "And not unless you can prove it."

Kelly went on to tell him what little else he knew of Andy's background. A social-service agency, in an investigation made a year or so earlier as a result of Andy's chronic runaway record, had learned that Andy's father had not been married to the boy's mother. He had been a soldier, stationed near the small California town where Andy's mother had lived, and had been killed in a training accident before the boy was born. Andy's mother, unmarried, pregnant and alone, had fled to Los Angeles in a panic, lest her disgrace become known in the town where she had lived all her life. There in the boardinghouse where she stayed she met Charles Bendrick, a bookkeeper, a quiet, religious man who had not turned away from her when he learned of her plight, but instead had married her. Dave could imagine what a sanctuary Bendrick must have seemed to the frightened girl, how grateful she must have been to him for accepting her in the face of what she doubtless felt was her unforgivable sin.

The trouble was, Dave thought grimly, Bendrick had apparently regarded it as unforgivable too. His marriage to the woman, his acceptance of the boy—though he had always made it plain to everyone that Andy was not his son—had been for Bendrick an opportunity to take upon himself the task of administering God's righteous wrath. No wonder Andy ran away.

"But this is a terrible situation for the boy," Dave protested to Kelly. "That man Bendrick isn't sane—not really. I know it. I felt it last night. We should do something."

Kelly shrugged. "There are many terrible situations in the world," he said. "And we do what we can."

Finally what Dave had to do was to accept the slow death of the boy's spirit. He consoled himself with the progress of the other children in his class. And that summer he went to work for Bix, he and Marianne moved from the apartment into the new house and he was almost able to forget Andy Bendrick. Now Kelly was opening an old, hopeless wound by insisting that he see the boy.

The office door opened and Dave, jarred abruptly from his memories of the past, straightened in his chair as Andy Bendrick came in.

The boy closed the door carefully, his back to Dave, and then turned slowly around and came toward him.

"Hello, Andy," Dave said.

Andy didn't speak. He stood motionless in front of Dave, his eyes averted. So the stillness has returned too, Dave thought. The stillness and the silence, the strange hush of the spirit.

"Sit down, Andy," Dave said, urging the boy gently toward the chair. "I bear you came to my house this morning. I'm sorry I missed you."

Andy lifted a shoulder in a gesture that might have been a shrug, but he did not answer; he simply sat gazing at the desk, as if waiting patiently for the time when he would be permitted to leave. Then he said abruptly, "I don't think about fires any more."

Dave, startled at the unexpectedness of the remark, realized that he had been absent-mindedly flicking his

lighter on and off in the same nervous gesture he had used so long ago.

"You don't?" he said.

"No," Andy said.

"What do you think about these days?"

"I think about flying," the boy said. "Sometimes I dream about it. Sometimes I have dreams about how I can just make myself go up and up into the air."

"Like a kite?" Dave said. "Or a balloon?"

"Yes," Andy said, his face suddenly becoming alive. "Yes, just like a balloon. Like a movie we saw at school. It was called *The Red Balloon*."

"Yes, I know that movie," Dave said. "I saw it myself. It would be fun to go up like that, wouldn't it?"

"It sure would," Andy said. "You go up and up, higher and higher, and you can look down and nobody can get you. You're way up there and you can see everything, everybody, and nobody can hurt you."

"Like a bird," Dave said.

"Yes, that's right, like a bird," Andy said, obviously pleased that someone felt what he felt, knew what he knew. "Nobody can catch a bird."

"That's how you feel when you're running away, isn't it?" Dave said.

Andy nodded matter-of-factly.

"How would you like to come with me up to the top of the Pacific Building sometime?" Dave said. "It's across the street from my office and it's ten stories high. We could look down on everybody in Palm Grove. All the houses and people and cars—everything."

Andy's face was animated now. "Could we go now?" he said.

"Well, not right now, Andy," Dave said. "I have some work to do first. But tomorrow. Yes, that's it," he said quickly, seeing the excitement die in the boy's face. "We'll go tomorrow."

"Oh," the boy said. "Sure." His face was drained of expression.

Dave knew he was losing Andy now and he felt his mind scrambling eagerly, trying to find an answer.

He leaned forward, close to the small, blank face. "Andy," he said, "if it's ever really, *really* important to you to see me, to talk to me—why, you go to my house, or call, and you tell Marianne to call me and I'll come. If it's really important, Andy, will you promise me that you'll do that—that you'll call me? That you'll have Marianne call me?"

The boy nodded. "All right," he said, but there was no conviction in his voice.

"And tomorrow," Dave said, "you and I will go to the top of the Pacific Building. Is that a deal?" he said.

Again Andy nodded, but as if there were no promise—as if, since it was not happening now, it would never happen. He seemed to have lost all interest in their talk. His nod, Dave felt, was not in answer to the reassurance he had been offered but was instead meant to reassure Dave. It was strangely disquieting, more disquieting than childish tears or anger would have been.

"It's too bad," Dave said, "that people can't really fly, except in airplanes and helicopters and rocket ships." His own words sounded senseless to him, but he was trying anything he could think of to reawaken Andy's interest.

"When I'm asleep, when I'm dreaming," Andy said, "I can fly. I just think about it hard and then I go up."

"But dreams aren't real," Dave said. Something about the way Andy talked about flying made him uneasy.

"But they're better," Andy said. "They're better than anything. In a dream you can do anything and nobody can stop you. I like dreams best. They're better than being awake."

Suddenly Dave felt a cold warning inside himself. "Really being awake is the best," he said urgently. "How would we ever go up to the top of the Pacific Building if you weren't awake?"

Andy did not answer.

"Think of how I would miss you, if you were dreaming all tbe time," Dave said.

"You don't care about me," the boy said harshly. He looked at Dave with frightened eyes and rose and backed away from him toward the door of the office. "You don't really care about me. You're always busy. You're always gone. You hate me, because you're never home." He was at the door of the office now, his hands groping behind him for the doorknob.

"But I do care, Andy," Dave said, restraining an impulse to rise. "I don't hate you——"

"Yes, you do! Yes, you do!" Andy said. Then he flung the office door open and ran through the outer office.

Dave, looking out the window, saw him running across the courtyard, lightly as a sprinter, as if indeed there were wings on his feet and he were flying from the terror that possessed him.

Then Dave saw Kelly suddenly appear at the boy's side and take him by the arm, watched bim talk with the boy, quieting him, and then finally lead him back to the classroom.

Dave sighed heavily. Then he looked at his watch and was struck by the full weight and import of the day that lay before him. You can't save the whole world, he told himself. You bave to look after yourself. You can't spend your whole life running after all the lost ones, trying to bring them back to a life that they don't want anyway.

He rose quickly and went out of the office into the courtyard, where he encountered Kelly.

"Well?" Kelly said.

Dave lifted his hands and dropped them hopelessly. "You can't beat this," he said. "It's what the parents have done to him. Everything you build up will be torn down by the parents."

"Only most of it," Kelly said.

"Then why bother with it?" Dave said, exasperated. He turned and began walking away.

"Will you see him tomorrow?" Kelly called after him.

"Yes," Dave said over his shoulder, "I'll see him tomorrow."

"I'll give you a call," Kelly said.

Dave waved his hand in affirmation and began moving rapidly away. It was suddenly tremendously important to him to get away from Kelly, to escape the weight that was dragging him down to nameless, bottomless, whirling misery. As he burried he realized there was one word that described what he felt about himself right now. He didn't want to think of it, but as he entered his car it came to him. Empty. I am empty, he thought, a cup full of nothing. No—I am a cup full of twenty thousand dollars. That is something. Twenty thousand dollars is something.

CHAPTER 6

When Dave arrived at the Scanlon Construction Company offices and went up the walk toward the large glass doors, he realized that he was moving too fast. Haste, he reminded himself—quick, anxious movements, a face too tight—drove the buyer away.

When he entered the outer offices the secretary, Alice, looked up at him and shook her head, pursing her mouth in disapproval. She was a sharp-featured, clever girl who worshiped Bix and had never bothered to hide the fact that she considered Dave an interloper, and a useless one at that.

"You're late," Alice said calmly.

Dave was indeed late—nearly half an hour—but he did not acknowledge the girl's comment. He was playing the game now, establishing authority.

"Has Mr. Alpen come in yet?" he asked formally.

"He just arrived," Alice said. She looked at him coolly. "He was late too," she said. "Fortunately."

Dave felt his face set. "Thank you, Alice," he said. He walked rapidly down the hall to Bix's office, opened the door and went in.

Bix waved him peremptorily to a chair. "Where the hell have you been?" he said.

"I was delayed on personal business," Dave said, trying unsuccessfully to keep the nervousness out of his voice. "I'm very sorry——"

"There is no such thing as sorry, and there is no such thing as personal business when you're working for me, Grant," Bix said. "This is one hell of a way to start a day as important as today. Alpen's been in there waiting for you."

"Alice told me he'd just arrived," Dave said.

"Yeah, well, you don't get away with a tardy slip around here," Bix said. "What delayed you?"

"There's a boy in the school where I taught who's in trouble. It was an emergency and I stopped off to see him."

Bix slammed his pen down hard on the top of his desk and glared at Dave. "Look, Grant," Bix said, "we're playing for keeps here, not marbles. Now go in and close your deal. God help you if you're late on the Harrington appointment."

Bix was feeling the approaching close of the Harrington deal too, Dave thought. He made himself smile at his employer, then walked quickly out of the office and down the hall to his own. When he entered he found the client looking over a set of blueprints that were spread out on the top of Dave's desk.

"Mr. Alpen," Dave said. "I'm sorry I'm late."

"Doesn't matter, doesn't matter," Alpen said with uncharacteristic joviality. "I was late too."

They shook hands and Dave went around his desk and sat down as Alpen settled in the chair opposite him. Alpen, Dave could see, was excited but nervous. Well, that was good. Buyers were always excited and nervous. The point was to maintain the excitement while soothing the nerves. Dave studied the other man carefully for a moment, bringing his concentration to the man, the sale. A forty-thousand-dollar home, which could probably be pushed up to fifty by the time it was built, was a big investment and Alpen was anxious, wanted to be reassured.

They talked briefly about some minor alterations Alpen had wanted in the plans, which Dave had had attended to since their last meeting. Then they went over the detailed cost sheets once more. Finally, when the moment seemed exactly right—timing, he had learned, was everything—Dave opened the drawer of his desk and drew out the deposit-receipt form and the contract, which he had already typed. As he slid them across the desk to Alpen, he felt his own anticipation. The commission on this sale would be two thousand dollars—and in addition he knew that he had earned it.

"Of course, this area is restricted." Alpen spoke the words warily.

"Restricted?" Dave repeated blandly. He was thrown off-balance and he hesitated, sensing trouble, trying to choose what to say. He had never been asked this question. "Building restrictions?" he said then hopefully. "Yes, you bet it is. Nothing under twenty-five thousand, no lot smaller than——"

"Hell, no," Alpen said impatiently. "You know what I mean. I mean *restricted*." He looked at Dave challengingly, waiting, his glance saying plainly, It's up to you.

Dave shifted uncomfortably in his chair and rubbed a hand over his forehead. He cleared his throat. "I'm sure," he said, "that Mr. Scanlon is not going to jeopardize his investment in these lots by selling to anyone undesirable."

"Fine," Alpen said. "Then you won't mind typing in a clause to that effect on the deposit receipt, will you?"

"A clause?" Dave echoed, his voice sounding stupid in his ears.

"That's right," Alpen said. There was another pause while Alpen regarded him watchfully.

Dave took a deep breath. "Well, I can't really do that," he said, spacing the words thoughtfully. "You see, a clause like that is not legal. But I can talk to Mr. Scanlon about it—he can talk to you—and I'm sure he'll give you the assurance you want." He went on then, agreeing with the other man that, regrettable though it might be, you had to be cold, hard, dollars-and-cents realistic where money was concerned. "After all," he heard himself saying, "business is business." Thank you, Bix, he thought, for supplying me with that one.

"You're absolutely right, Dave," Alpen was saying cautiously, "but you have to look after yourself, your own money, your own investment. These undesirable families—now, they might be perfectly swell people whatever their color, but you know damn good and well what would happen to the value of my house. I would lose ten thousand dollars right there on the spot. And that ain't hay."

Dave looked at him calmly, all excitement about the sale gone out of him now, replaced by a cold disgust. For a brief, satisfying instant he was enraged with Alpen. He hated the other man for— Well, all right, he thought, you hate him for what? For hypocrisy? For self-deception? For putting money ahead of human decency? For ignorance, intolerance, hatred? For what? You name it, he thought, because whatever it is, you're just hating yourself. Whatever Alpen is doing, you're doing it right along with him, buddy-boy.

No, he thought then, no, that's not so. Because I don't believe this. I know this is wrong. Dave shook his head, sighed heavily. That won't do, he thought, that won't do at all. Alpen at least is sincere. You're not sincere.

"Mr. Alpen," he said then, aware that a long silence had fallen between them and that Alpen was looking at him curiously, "I am afraid I haven't been quite honest with you."

"What?" Alpen said, startled. His eyes became suspicious again.

"I wasn't honest," Dave said, "when I told you that I believe there is a good reason for restricted areas. Actually, I think restricted property, like any other kind of discrimination, defeats the meaning written into the Declaration of Independence—that all men are created equal. Furthermore, I think——"

Alpen suddenly shot to his feet. "Are you calling me un-American?" he said, his face flushing.

"I'm just calling you greedy," Dave said. "Like me." He laughed suddenly. "If that's treason," he said, "it's a kind of endemic treason—it breaks out wherever money is concerned. Just a minute ago I was doing the same thing you were. I wanted you to sign this contract so much I could taste it. I wanted the commission on the sale. I was willing to say anything, or almost anything, in order to get your name on the dotted line. I don't know about you. I don't know whether it's money with you or some-

thing else, but whatever it is, I don't agree with it. I won't do business on those terms."

He stood up facing the man across the desk. "I'll go in and check with Mr. Scanlon and see if he's decided to restrict this area—unofficially, of course, since that's the only way you can do it—and come back and let you know."

"Don't bother," Alpen said. His expression had become stony. He turned on his heel, walked rapidly across the room, jerked the door open and went out.

As Dave walked down the corridor toward Bix's office he realized that the firm, driving resolve that he had locked into his mind this morning was beginning to falter. The loss of the Alpen deal was a very bad sign, an ominous harbinger of things to come with Harrington and the twenty thousand dollars. By the time he had entered Bix's office and was seated in the leather chair in front of Bix's desk, he felt almost ill.

Bix looked up from his calculator, with which he had been working when Dave came in. His expression was friendly, more relaxed now. "Well, Davey boy," he said, "how did you make out with our rabbit?" He leaned back comfortably in his chair. "That didn't take long."

"No," Dave said after a moment, "it doesn't take long to lose them."

Bix suddenly moved forward in his chair, his eyes narrowing. "Lose what?" he said.

"I lost the Alpen deal," Dave said.

"How?"

"It was easy," Dave said. "I made him mad." He explained what had happened, and Bix rose and began pacing the floor, his eyes on the floor, his hands jammed into the pockets of his pants, rattling change.

"Dave, I'm going to tell you something, and you listen because I want you to remember it," Bix said after a moment. He took the coins out of his pocket and riffled them like poker chips. "In this world honesty is *not* the best policy. People do not *want* to know the truth—at least, not the whole truth. They want to know the truth of the good things about themselves. But they sure as hell don't want to know the rest of the truth, because it's too ugly and too frightening, and it disturbs all their vain notions about themselves." Bix lifted his hand and began tapping his fingers on the pane of glass fronting on the patio. "This is a situation you had better not disturb, if you want to make money. If you can project the right image without worrying too much about the literal truth behind it—then, my boy, you will get rich. Every man wants to be the great man, wants to scratch his name on the rock before he drowns."

"You make it sound pretty dismal," Dave said.

Bix laughed and turned around. "Oh, it's not dismal," he said. "On the contrary. I build them their self-memorials and in return they are making me rich. That's a fair exchange." He went back and sat down behind his desk. "After all, what's the harm? You're not hurting anybody by agreeing with this Alpen. You could never have changed his mind anyway. And it doesn't mean that you've really changed your own convictions, either. But you see what happens when you tell an idiot that he's an idiot? He flips. He walks out. He's still the same idiot he was before. You haven't advanced the cause of human brotherhood one inch. All you've done is hurt yourself. All you've done is lose the sale."

"I didn't call him an idiot," Dave protested. "The point is I was honest with him, and now I can live with myself."

"On what?" Bix said. "On peanuts? That's what you'll be living on if you fluff another deal like this. Because you won't be working for me any more."

Dave felt his face grow hot at the threat. "Then you're paying me for lying, when expedient?" he said.

"Oh, don't let's call it lying," Bix said genially. He was smiling again. "Let's say that you are agreeing to be discreet. Diplomatic." He leaned forward. "Look at it this way," he said persuasively. "Everybody cheats a little. They cheat in high school, they cheat in college, they cheat on their income tax, husbands cheat on wives and wives cheat on husbands. Everybody does it. Get with it, boy! The trick is in knowing how to do it without looking naughty, without getting caught with your fingers in the cookie jar."

Looking at Bix—a man who was a living example of the philosophy he presented—Dave realized for the first time that there was a loneliness in him, a loneliness even greater than the loneliness in Andy Bendrick. Bix's loneliness was a safe kind; even in a crowd, even in violent action, it remained in a steel vault, impregnable, the perfect tomb. He had buried himself alive, sealed himself in his own strength. And now he needs me to talk to, Dave thought. That must be why he hired me. He needs someone to listen, and he's willing to pay me for listening—with money, since that's the only kind of payment he knows.

Suddenly, surprised at himself, Dave felt sorry for Bix. "In line with this happy vision you have of life," he said, "I don't suppose you've changed your mind about telling Harrington about the possible change in the freeway route."

"That's right," Bix said easily. "We're not going to rock the boat on a deal this size."

"What about Harrington?" Dave said.

"What about him?" Bix said.

"Well," Dave said uncomfortably, "it's just that I've been wondering whether it's right to withhold anything that important. I was talking to my wife about it this morning and——"

"What the devil does your wife have to do with it?" Bix said sharply. "Since when did she become a member of this firm?" He leaned forward toward Dave intently. "Listen, boy, what you do here is one life, and your home and your wife is another. You can't afford to get them mixed up. The only connection a woman should have with your work is the paycheck—and don't worry, she'll see to it that a connection is made there." He laughed briefly, nodding an agreement to his own words. "Don't ever worry about that," he repeated. "That is the one immutable law of women. You train them not to ask questions and to have dinner on the table. That's the extent of it." Bix stopped then, his face set in a kind of rigid anger that made Dave wonder irrelevantly how much Bix knew of Sophie's drinking, how much he guessed about her affairs with other men.

"Well," Dave said mildly, "there are a couple of other things that women are good for besides getting dinner on the table." He laughed. "The trouble is," he said, "I'm in love. Marianne——"

"You're young," Bix interrupted him. "You'll learn. I've met your wife. She's a nice kid. But you go any further with this telling-all bit and she'll decimate you. If you give her a handhold, she'll want all your time, all your attention, all your energy. And when moneytime rolls around she'll want the money too. But you won't have the money and that will make her bitter. You can't win, boy, because in the end it's always the money they want, not you."

"Maybe it's that way with Sophie," Dave said, "but not Marianne. Money doesn't seem to mean a damn thing to her. Unfortunately," he added, remembering the argument he and Marianne had had that morning.

"Then she'll want your soul," Bix said promptly, "and that's worse. And on the day when she finally gets your soul, you won't be any good to me or yourself or anyone else. Remember that. The men who work for me have to belong to themselves, not to some vampires who leave their bodies scattered around the countryside."

Bix stopped then, and Dave sat without speaking, watching him, caught between an impulse toward nervous laughter at the extravagance of the other man's language and an equally nervous silence at the ferocity of the anger behind it. Bix and Sophie—that must be some marriage, he thought. They would simply go on together, locked endlessly in the embrace of batred that binds as cruelly tight as love. Each would be both accused and accusing. Each would punish, each would pay. They needed each other to hate.

He was saved from baving to reply when Bix glanced abruptly at the clock on his desk. "I'm late for an appointment," he said, walking the length of the big office. "You write up the Harrington papers. I'll meet you here at eight tonigbt and we'll go see Harrington together."

He paused at the immense oak door and turned back to Dave. "There's just one thing I want to get straight with you, Davey boy," he said, his face expressionless. "I've got a lot riding on this Harrington deal. Harrington's your baby. You're riding him in to tbe finish line tonight at eight o'clock, and we can't cbange jockeys in the middle of the race. So you'd better ride him across that finish line, because if you don't, you're finished, and I'll put you right back under the same rock where I found you." Bix opened the door, stepped out into the hall and was gone.

Dave walked slowly back to his own office. He sat down and began typing up the papers for the Harrington deal. Guilt hovered darkly on the edge of his thoughts, crowding him with doubts.

"Damn it, I'm not robbing a bank," he said aloud. Then he stood up, went down the hall and out of the building into the rain that was now falling darkly and heavily again. He walked without his raincoat the half block to Connelly's Bar on the corner and settled himself on one of the barstools.

"Double bourbon," he said to Connelly, who was working behind the bar. Connelly nodded, poured the drink and set it in front of him. I have to learn to be corruptible, Dave told himself, to step on something smaller without remorse, perhaps even with a little glee. This will never do, he thought wryly, all this wondering about right and wrong. This way lies madness.

And then he saw his own face in the bar mirror. The jaw was set; the lips were in a thin, cruel line; the eyes looked cold. He was frowning without knowing it. Connelly passed in front of bim and Dave said to him, "Connelly, do I look to you like the kind of man who'd rob a bank?"

Connelly turned and looked at him, poker-faced. "Today you do," he said.

"Thanks," Dave said, and pushed his glass forward. "Another double bourbon."

Connelly poured the drink and watched as he tilted it.

"That was a toast," Dave said. He smiled broadly, feeling foolish now, his face numbing with the quick swallowing of the alcohol. "That was a toast to an honest man."

He placed his money on the bar, slid off the barstool and went back out into the rain. His suit was already damp and now, going back, it was becoming soaked. He sneezed once, took out his handkerchief and dabbed at his nose. He still had to finisb tbe Harrington papers, but the drinks had warmed him and he felt at ease now, almost carefree.

Back at his desk, however, he felt the doubts return. Damn it, I am not robbing a bank, he thought again. He sneezed once more, reached for his handkerchief. His head began to ache. He looked at the contract through eyes that burned. There was no doubt that he was catching a cold. "What the mind won't acknowledge, the body says." He had read that somewhere. Well, maybe I *am* robbing a bank, he thought. But one way or another, we all rob banks.

CHAPTER 7

After Sophie's visit Marianne had gone into the bathroom, taken two aspirins and run a hot tub. Moments later, lying in tbe warm water, her eyes closed, willing the throbbing in her head to stop, she tried to think. Each of this morning's encounters—Dave, then Andy Bendrick and finally Sophie Scanlon—had left her more disturbed. Tonight the Harrington sale would be closed, and she could not escape the feeling that with this act of Dave's something irrevocable would have happened—not only to Dave but to her. Abruptly the knowledge came to her—simple and stark. If Dave went ahead with tbe Harrington sale without telling Harrington the truth, she could no longer go on with their marriage.

The thought was profoundly shocking to ber. Yet in a way she had known since the beginning—since the night Dave first told her he was leaving teaching—that this moment lay ahead for them. She had agreed without really agreeing, and a small distance had grown between them —a distance that had widened inexorably until now. This was the sadness she had wakened to this morning; this was the desolation sbe had felt when Dave drove away to work; this was the desperation that had made her quarrel with him about the Harrington sale. She had been fighting for more than Harrington, sbe thought, or honesty or any of the names she had given to what she was saying. She had been fighting for their marriage. And she had lost.

Suddenly it was intolerable to lie any longer in the tub. She stood up, stepped out and reached for a towel. Everything she did seemed strange, as thougb she had never performed these ordinary actions before. Her whole body seemed suddenly to belong to some straoger.

One side of the bathroom wall was set in mirrors, and as the steam cleared she saw her body reflected there. It was a slim young body—like an El Greco nude, Dave had said. He had said so many things, she thought witb sudden, aching memory; he had loved her so; he had looked at her with such open, natural joy that he had made her feel both embarrassed and beautiful. But that was long ago, she reminded herself, and in another country, the warm and wonderful country of new love. It's a very special place that lovers find those first few days and months, she thought. They stand together like enchanted travelers in fascination and wonder before the commonplace miracle of man and woman.

But this is not all there is to marriage, she thought, and that is the hard lesson. A woman cannot solve all the problems that arise between her husband and her with the marvelous, new, inexhaustible pleasures of love. Unexpectedly the world closes in, ugly and real.

Suddenly, standing in the steamy warmth of the bathroom, she shivered faintly. She went into the bedroom and began to dress, hurrying, a cold nervousness in her movements. She took a skirt and blouse from the closet and got into them quickly, though there was no need to hurry. There was a kind of panic in her, a flight from some immense, swallowing despair.

She was thoroughly chilled now, and she knew why. So I really am going to leave him, she thought without surprise. I really am. She felt nothing at the thought, only

the certainty—and the cold. I have never been so cold in my life, she thought. I may freeze to death right here. No, she told herself, it's going to be something a whole lot more complicated than that. And you have to keep your sense of proportion about it. This happens all the time. You read about it in the papers. It's just that it's a little different when it happens to you.

It's very simple to get married, she thought, very sweet and easy and sure. But how do you get unmarried? How do you do that? How do you take all the separate, fine-woven strands that are your life and his life and tear them apart? How do you take the flesh and blood and cells that are the two of you and separate them? How do you have anything left at all?

Tiredly, against her will, her mind began a slow, painful rummaging of the past, searching for the reason, the age-old, never-really-answered question: Why did it have to happen? Why does love have to stop being love? she asked herself. Why is it that when you can't respect a man any more you can't love him any more, not really—or if you do, it's an ugly, frightened kind of love that's more like hate? And why *can't* you respect him, anyway? More to the point, why can't you respect yourself? And as long as you're asking, she told herself, why be so personal about it? You haven't any corner on unhappiness, you know—there's plenty for all. Why not take a larger view—that's the mature attitude. Why does Sophie have to drink and play around with men she doesn't even like? And why does Bix have to cheat, and why does Dave think he has to quit the work he loves and do the work he hates, and why did Mr. Kelly's wife have to die, and why does Andy Bendrick have to run away, and how am I going to stop what's happened to our marriage? How am I going to stop it quickly. . . .

Trembling, she took a deep breath and sat down at the bench in front of the dresser. She pressed her fingertips to her forehead and closed her eyes, trying not to think. But the question was still there, insistent, demanding. When was the hour, the moment, the split second when I failed and didn't know I had failed, when I was lost and didn't know I was lost, when it was over and I didn't know it was over?

And then, without wanting to, she found herself remembering the time she had always thought of simply as the Visit.

It had been a little over a year after she and Dave were married. There had been previous visits from her parents, of course, and a few weekend trips she and Dave had made to the big Spanisb house in Santa Barbara where her parents lived, but this one visit had been different almost from the beginning. It was an unexpected visit, for one thing; her father and mother had driven down one afternoon and had appeared unannounced at their small apartment one hot July evening at five.

She and Dave had been painting the bedroom, and as they greeted her parents Marianne had been uncomfortably aware of her rumpled, paint-stained shirt and the brief shorts that Dave liked but that suddenly seemed too short, even immodest—or, worse, childish. They all greeted one another with an enthusiasm that seemed to Marianne almost hectic. Then, with all of them seated—her mother and father side by side on the angular, uncomfortable couch, she in the one chair that the room afforded, Dave stiffly upright in a wooden chair brought from the kitchen—Marianne became aware for the first time of how really small the living room was. Only two added people, but the room was terribly, terribly small.

She had loved the little apartment where she and Dave had begun their marriage, and she loved it now, with a passion that was only stronger for the knowledge that her parents saw it as ugly and pathetic. But still she felt a stiff smile setting on her face. Little murmurs were all she could manage as her mother talked of home and Marianne's childhood. Dave, painfully polite, said "sir" to her father in nearly every sentence. And her parents dutifully and tolerantly listened as Dave told of the achievements of his first year of teaching and of the boy Andy, who seemed less unhappy now.

It was all ghastly, particularly the impromptu dinner in the crowded little kitchen—the dinner Marianne conjured up to save Dave the embarrassment of another formalized argument over a restaurant check, which her father would insist on paying and which Dave could not have afforded to pay.

After the dishes were cleared away a significant glance passed between her parents. Her father leaned back from the table and looked thoughtfully at Dave.

"I've—we've—been thinking a good deal about you kids," he said, "about the future. I had a talk the other day with Dennis Warren—he's my partner, you know—about finding a place for you in the company, Dave, and he thought it was an excellent idea. I told him a good deal about you—about this teaching you've been doing," he added kindly, "and about how I believe you can handle people. That's the main thing in the insurance business." He paused expectantly, glancing from Dave to Marianne and back to Dave again, his expression friendly, and Marianne knew suddenly that this was why her mother and father had come tonight. She started to speak, but stopped herself and looked at Dave instead.

Finally Dave said, "Well, sir, that was very kind of you, I'm sure, and I'm very pleased that you and Mr. Warren think I could make a go of it in your business. But, you see, I've put a lot of years and effort into becoming a teacher." He took a deep breath. "It's what I've always wanted," he said, "and now after a year of it, I'm more certain than ever. It's very satisfying work. At least it is for me."

Marianne smiled and reached for Dave's hand under the table, relief flooding her. She knew what teaching meant to Dave, and she knew that what her father had said had been an insult—unintended but real. She was proud of Dave's reply. It had been exactly right—respectful, even grateful, but dignified and firm.

"And he's done so well," Marianne said. "He's a really marvelous teacher. Mr. Kelly says he has a gift . . ."

"Yes, of course," her father said politely. Then he began again. "I understand you're working for this construction firm this summer, doing manual labor."

Dave laughed. "Well, yes, but that's just summer work, of course. I had some debts left over from college and the money will help out. My contract is already signed for next year to go back to Nathan Hale."

"Yes," her father said again. "Now, I think you said you were getting—what was it?" He paused delicately, and in alarm Marianne saw that Dave's face had begun to get the taut, pale look that came only when he was very angry.

"Daddy," she said anxiously, "Dave *wants* to teach. And I want him to. Everyone should do—should be—well, what he *is*." She stopped, aware that no one was listening to her.

"Four thousand, seven hundred and fifty," Dave said evenly. "Next year it will be five thousand."

"Well, that's not bad for a young fellow," her father said heartily. "A damn sight more than I had starting out." He laughed and glanced at her mother.

"That's right," her mother said, "and I know that Dave must certainly do very well at his teaching, and enjoy it." It should have been agreement, Marianne thought, but somehow it wasn't. And the implications of her father's statement were all too clear—I started at less

than that, but look at what I've done since. And then she despised herself again for the meanness of her thoughts. Her parents were only trying to help, trying to offer an opportunity to this young stranger who had married their only daughter, and thereby to offer her the things they had always given her—comfort, security, safety.

"Mother, Daddy," Marianne said desperately, "I know you only mean to be kind—you are being kind—but Dave and I are married now and we have to do what we think is best."

"It's what's best for you we're thinking of," her father said, standing up. "And it's only an offer, of course. It's entirely up to you." He put his arm around his wife. "We're only trying to think of what is best," he said quietly.

"Of course," Dave said, his anger gone, his face troubled. "Of course, I understand. And I love Marianne," he said. "You know that. It's only—" He stopped, looking miserable.

"Well, no rush, no rush," her father said. "You can think it over, take your time—these things can't be worked out overnight. We'd better be going along now anyhow."

They were ready to leave, Marianne thought, because the purpose of the visit was over. But it wouldn't end here, she knew.

She and Dave walked outside with them. As they watched the car move off down the street Marianne experienced a curious feeling. All the argument over Dave's job momentarily dropped away. How foolish to have been so upset! she thought. This is my home. I'm a woman now—a married woman—and my parents are still my parents, but I'm not their little girl any more. She had the feeling of having discovered something quite profound, but she could not have explained it to anyone. Instead she turned to Dave and kissed him on the cheek. "I love you," she said happily.

But Dave did not seem to notice. He was standing silent, gazing down the street where her parents had gone. He didn't answer her, and Marianne felt some of her elation leave and a faint stirring of fear begin to take its place. Silent now herself, she turned and followed him back into the apartment. So this is something else new, she thought slowly. She had loved Dave before, but now she was committed to him as well. She belonged to him. And she was afraid.

Inside the apartment Dave still did not speak, but strode up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, his face tight, compressed.

"Dave," Marianne said hesitantly after a moment, "I know how you feel. But they only meant——"

"You *don't* know how I feel," he said flatly. "You're not a man—you couldn't possibly know."

Marianne took a deep breath. In a year of marriage there had been anger, of course—the little quarrels, half joking, half real, that are as much a part of marriage as making love. But he had never spoken to her like this.

"What I mean," she said, trying to sound calm and sure, "is that they only meant to help. They don't understand——"

"Sure, they don't understand," he said. "They don't understand why we're living in a dump like this. They don't understand why I'm making a lousy five thousand a year. They don't understand why you worked in an office all last year. They don't understand why I don't act like a man and make some money and give you a decent life."

"But, Dave, they're wrong!" Marianne said desperately. "Can't you see that? It's just that they don't see the importance of what you're doing. They don't understand——"

"That's something nobody 'understands,'" he said with an angry sarcasm. "And I'm about fed up with understanding it myself. You want to know something? Your old man's right. That's the thing that's really getting to me. He's absolutely right. I know just exactly how they feel. They wonder why the hell I'm not interested in taking better care of their daughter. And I've been thinking about it too. Can't you just see us with a baby in this place? Oh, that would be great—that would be simply great."

"But, Dave," Marianne said, "you know it isn't as bad as that. You're not thinking about *taking* that job with my father, are you?"

Dave shook his head. "No," he said. "No, I'm not. Whatever I do, I'll make it on my own." He walked the length of the apartment and back again. "The job Bix Scanlon offered me last week pays ten thousand a year. To start. I'm not likely to get a chance like that again."

Marianne stared at him, feeling as if the earth were shifting unreliably beneath her feet. "I thought you told him no," she said.

"I told him I'd think about it," Dave said. "And I'm thinking." He laughed briefly, picked up his cigarettes and dropped them into his shirt pocket. "I'm going for a walk."

"I'll go with you."

He shook his head. "I'd rather go alone," he said. Before she could say anything more he was gone, the door closing firmly behind him.

After he had gone Marianne stood gazing at the door. Suppose he doesn't come back, she thought. Suppose I never see him again.

It was an irrational terror, she knew, but for one flickering moment it was worse than any rational fear she had ever known.

Well, she told herself briskly, looking out the apartment window at the rapidly deepening blue dusk, you're a big girl now. Angry at herself for the helpless panic she had felt for a moment—but only for a moment, she assured herself—she turned and walked briskly into the cluttered kitchen. Noisily she ran water into the sink, measured soap and began gathering dishes off the table. If he wants to take a walk alone, she told herself, he has a perfect right. It's a free country. She glanced at the clock. It was nearly eight. Where had he gone?

She took as long as she could with the dishes, polishing the stove and drainboards in a frenzy of effort, but when everything was done it was still only eight thirty and Dave had not returned. If only I knew where he was, she thought, if only he'd come back so I could tell him I'm sorry. She did not think to ask herself what she would be sorry about.

Finished in the kitchen, she went into the living room, but after emptying ashtrays and straightening the Mexican serape on the couch she could find nothing more to do and sat down stiffly on the couch. She picked up a magazine and decided that she would treat tonight as any other night, as if it were one of the evenings when Dave had a meeting at the school or a night class at the university. And then, as she stared determinedly at the page before her, that became impossible too, and tears welled suddenly in her eyes.

She stood up and went into the bedroom. She changed rapidly from her shorts into a skirt and blouse, picked up her purse and went out of the apartment. Once on the sidewalk she paused, glancing about uncertainly. She was being foolish, she knew. She had no way of knowing where Dave had gone, and if she did find him, what then? He would only be angry at her for following him.

She had never felt this feverish, frantic misery before—she had thought herself always cool, reserved. Dave had thought so too and had teased her about it—half jok-

ing, half serious. He had been the one to state his love, his need, far more passionately than she; he had made love to her and kissed her and said the thousand tender things lovers say and she had accepted it all, with love of her own but with a serenity that she had thought was unchanging.

But now in this strange, dreamlike dusk everything was different. It had begun when she watched her parents drive away this evening, when she had finally known that she now belonged to Dave completely. From him, and only from him, would come to her all the love she was ever going to have. And knowing that had made her afraid. Do other women look at a man—one single, ordinary man—and know that from him alone, out of all the millions of men on the earth, will come all of joy and love and life they will ever know? And is this why a woman will follow her love to the most unlikely destinations, the most disastrous ends?

She reached a corner, paused and then walked on quickly, her heels clicking on the sidewalk, down another empty block. The pools of pale yellow cast by the streetlights were the only illumination on the lifeless street. At last she stopped, aware of the senselessness of her searching. She turned and started back toward home, and glancing at her watch, was surprised to see that it was only a little after nine. He will be at home when I get there, she told herself. Of course he will be home.

A block from home she thought of the school where Dave taught. It was only a few blocks away in another direction. She had no idea why she thought of it, but she hurried there, her steps quickening again, relieved simply to have a destination.

She saw Dave the moment she turned the corner and came upon the school. He was leaning on the chain-link fence that went around the playground, his chin propped on his hands, gazing away from her. Relief flooded through her in a rush that left her weak.

"Dave . . ." Hesitantly she reached out a hand. "Hello," she said.

He looked up and saw her beside him. "Hello," he said. "What are you doing here?" But there was no real surprise in his voice, and she realized that he was so preoccupied with his own thoughts that it did not occur to him to question her being here.

"I just thought I might find you here," she said casually, and was pleased with how natural it sounded. Besides, she told herself, it was really quite true. Already, here beside him, the fear she had felt was gone, leaving in her mind only the faint, dark edges a nightmare leaves. "I'm sorry," she said, "about—" She waved a hand, trying to think what to be sorry for. But he caught hold of her hand and held it in his, very tightly, and drew it to his lips and kissed it. Then he turned and looked at her and smiled, his eyes meeting hers.

"*I'm* sorry," he corrected her. "I had no business blowing my top, walking out the way I did. I'm sorry, Marianne. I'm really sorry." He leaned over and kissed her quickly, his lips warm and familiar against hers. "Can you forgive me?" he asked gravely.

She squeezed his hand and nodded. She was quite content, rich with this sudden end to misery, too grateful for it to question anything.

"Let's go home," she said, and they began walking back slowly, hand in hand.

"I'll be glad when school starts and you're teaching again," she said comfortably. Only then did she remember that this was what the quarrel had been about. "Maybe then my parents will accept the inevitable. You know, quit trying to talk you into anything else."

"I've been thinking about that," Dave said. "I've been thinking about it all evening. I think I'll quit teaching." His voice was so calm, so matter-of-fact, that Marianne at first could not believe what she had heard.

"What?" she said blankly, staring up at his face.

"That job Bixby Scanlon offered me," he went on. "Well, it's a good opportunity. I'd be a fool to pass it up."

"Only because of my father and mother?"

"No, no, of course not." A wave of annoyance crossed his face. "But because the things they said were true, and a lot of other things they didn't say, things I already knew. . . ." He talked on then, outlining reasons, plans, his voice alive and purposeful in the soft summer air. Marianne hardly listened. She felt only tired; she wanted only home, bed, Dave's arms about her, sleep.

". . . Unless," he was saying suddenly, looking at her intently now, for the first time waiting for a reply, "unless, of course, you don't think I can make it. Unless you think I'd fail."

He waited, and she tried to dredge up from the depths of her fatigue the words that he wanted to hear. "Of course you can make it," she said automatically, and then, forcing confidence into her voice: "Of course you can." As of course he could.

So what was wrong here, after all? Somehow, she knew, the real issue had been forgotten, but she had no more strength in her. Besides, a man's work is his own choice, surely, and a wife . . . "Anything you want to do," she said with what seemed the last of her strength. "Anything you want to do is all right with me."

Satisfied, he went on talking as they walked up the steps of their building. And somehow, in that prosaic moment, it had all been settled.

In time Marianne had been able to forget the small, insistent sense of having betrayed a trust. She had been able to replace it even with a secret satisfaction, as if her agreement had been a quiet virtue, a proof of love.

Until now, she thought, coming back to the present. Until now. Because it *had* been a betrayal; and like any crime, as time went on it had required more and more effort to bury and deny it. She could have stopped him —and she hadn't. It was inexorably clear. That was what had tempered her pity for Sophie—the knowledge that Sophie had, with everything else, accepted a life she said she did not want.

What had Marianne said to Dave this morning: "To know the truth and keep silent is only another kind of lie"? Well, well, she thought, so all the fine, brave words are coming home to roost.

She got up from the dressing table, feeling cold again. She loved Dave—she had never known it more surely, more sadly, than now—but she could no longer live with him. At first his job with Bix had meant merely a turning away from his ideals, from the work he loved. But now, having sacrificed that best part of himself, he had been able to become only the shadow of another man—and a dishonest man, at that. With the Harrington sale, Dave would for the first time be doing something dishonest himself. And she knew him too well to believe that he would ever really be able to forgive himself.

She could not help him to do it; it was as simple as that. There were so many faces to love, she thought, and this was the most unexpected, most terrible of them all—that to love truly meant sometimes to say good-by.

It was no longer a matter of deciding—the decision had formed itself within her against all her protesting; a balance had shifted, imperceptibly but finally. She still could not imagine it—she was like a condemned prisoner, knowing with certainty that the hour of execution was near and trying to fathom the mystery that lay beyond the moment, the instant, of death. Well, she thought, I will be alone. Where, she wondered, do women find the courage to be alone?

CHAPTER 8

When Dave arrived home that evening and walked into the kitchen where Marianne was preparing dinner, the sickening apprehension that had been pursuing him all day crystallized suddenly into something immediate and real. On the surface everything was as usual—the table in the breakfast room was set (they never used the dining room except when they had guests) and there was a green salad temptingly arranged in the large wooden bowl on the kitchen counter. Marianne was peering intently into the broiler, and even with his cold he could detect the aroma of steak. But something was wrong.

As he walked in Marianne straightened up, closed the oven door and turned toward him. She was wearing a bright red blouse he had always liked, but she looked oddly unfamiliar to him, and he realized after a moment that it was because she was so pale. She smiled at him, but it was a faint, quick smile, and her manner seemed sad and careful, foreign to anything he had ever known in her.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi." He took off his raincoat and threw it over a chair and sat down at the table. "Great weather," he said. "My brakes went out on the way home and I gouged a dent in the fender. I also managed to lose the Alpen deal."

Marianne shook her head. She was slicing cucumber into the salad now, working at it raptly as if their whole future trembled in the balance. "That's too bad," she said, her face intent as the pale green slices slipped away from the knife.

He had wanted to tell her about Alpen, he realized, had wanted to share it all with her—his temporary wavering, his ultimate stand for what was right. Since the moment it had happened, that had been part of the experience for him—the thought of sharing it with her and of her admiration for what he had done, her agreement with what he had felt. It was as if nothing that happened to him had really happened until it belonged to them both. But her manner tonight made everything different, and the story he had planned to tell died untold before the closed remoteness of her expression.

"Murphy's Law," he said. "Whatever can go wrong *will* go wrong. It's been that kind of day."

She nodded. "It's been a terrible day," she said, and she turned suddenly and looked at him, really looked at him, for the first time since he had come home. Something in her face made him not want to ask any questions, receive any answers.

"Let's have a drink before dinner," he said. "I'm beat." He sneezed. "I'm also getting a cold."

"They're all ready." She opened the refrigerator and took out two Martini glasses already filled. She handed one to him and sat down opposite him. "You don't look so good," she agreed matter-of-factly. She reached up and touched his cheek lightly with the back of her hand, and he despised himself for the sudden relief that flowed through him with the simple act.

She got up and went out of the room. He heard her in the bathroom, opening the medicine chest, and she came back with two aspirins. "Here," she said, "take these. I think you may have some fever."

He swallowed the tablets and drank the glass of water she handed him. She sat down again.

"The steaks will be ready shortly," she said.

He nodded absently. He saw that he had not imagined her pallor. It was there, it was real, and her estrangement was real. Don't panic, he told himself, but he felt his face stiffening awkwardly.

"You don't look so good yourself," he said, trying to sound natural. "You feel all right?"

She nodded. The steak sizzled in the broiler, the rain drummed softly outside and he told himself that everything was as usual. "Did anything happen today?" he asked warily. "Was anyone here?"

"Only Sophie," Marianne said. "And Andy Bendrick." She studied the olive in her glass.

"I saw Andy at school," he said quickly. "I stopped by and talked to him after all."

She nodded again. "That's good," she said.

There was a pause.

"What did Sophie have to say?" he said.

Marianne didn't answer at first. Then she looked up at him. "She said she thought you ought to quit working for Bix."

"Oh, fine," he said. "Swell. You and she must have agreed perfectly." He spoke in anger, quickly and defensively. But the anger did not seem to touch her, and that was disquieting too. She seemed to be drowning in unhappiness, and her wistful sadness frightened him.

He had a sudden sensation that he was about to experience an unthinkable loss. He knew he needed her. He had always known that. She had believed in him from the beginning—an unreasonable belief, it seemed to him, for he had always secretly felt himself to be a fraud. What was it Kelly had said? "Men are rational, women are irrational. That's why women are superior." Kelly had said something else too, and Dave found himself remembering that also. "Without a women a man is a dusty wind dwelling in an endless desert, going here and going there in great, furious, empty storms."

Dave finished his drink and pushed the glass across the table to Marianne. "How about a sweetener?" he said.

She stood up silently to mix the drink, and he took the olive that was still in her glass and ate it slowly, watching her as she poured gin and vermouth and stooped to take ice from the freezer. "Look," be said, "suppose we talk about my quitting my job after I've closed the Harrington deal tonight?" She did not answer. "I mean," he said elaborately, "if you think it can wait." Why the hell did I come home for dinner? he asked himself savagely.

"I'm afraid it can't wait," Marianne said, her back still toward him as she mixed the drink. "I'm afraid it has to be now, because—" She paused. "Because if you go ahead with this sale without telling Harrington the truth about the property he's buying, then I'm going to leave you." She said it quietly, in an ordinary tone.

Suddenly he no longer wanted the drink, and when she handed it to him he set it down carefully and watched the light shimmer in it, quivering, as he felt himself to be quivering. He despised the terrible, quaking child inside himself that could not bear the words he had heard, could not bear the loss of this woman. The panic he had felt earlier—the feeling that this was what was coming—was rising intolerably now, and he stood up, pushing back his chair with a harsh, rasping sound. He walked to the window and stared out at the rain.

I'm addicted to her, he thought. I need her the way I need food. Tbat's an addiction. But if I break that addiction, I starve to death. His thoughts were tumbling

crazily about in his mind, and he could think of nothing to say to her across the chasm that had opened abruptly between them. In this ordinary kitchen on this ordinary night before their ordinary dinner, she had told him—so calmly, he believed—that she was removing from his life the thing that gave it meaning. There ought to be rules for behavior at a time like this, he thought.

"Well, well," he said now, "how fascinating. How truly fascinating. How thoughtful of you to have the drinks mixed and dinner on the table when you break the news. The right atmosphere is so important to the success of an occasion."

He turned around and saw her watching him. There were tears in her eyes.

"It's not funny," she said.

"Sure, it's funny," he said. "Sure, it is. Nothing lasts, not even love. That's a joke on all of us."

"I'm doing this because I love you," she said.

"Oh?" he said. "Now, that's a new twist on an old routine: 'She loved him so much she walked out.' That's just great. Very logical." He nodded soberly. "Very reasonable."

He smiled foolishly at her, a smile intended to conceal the sense of desolation that had overcome him, and sat down again.

Marianne's expression did not alter. She came over and sat down on the chair next to his, her face close to his, her eyes seeming to probe behind the façade of the desperate, stretching smile on his face.

"Dave," she said, "don't you see what's happened between us?"

"Yeah," he said. "You're going home to Mother because you've become a little soiled living with a man."

She shook her head. "No, I'm not going home," she said. "I'm leaving home. You're my home. You're the only one I could ever talk to, that I could ever dream and hope with. And we had such good hopes, Dave. You were one kind of person then, and when you asked me to marry you, I thought you would go on being that kind of person. And I thought I could help in that; I thought I could give you strength. I could have been proud of that and I could have shared it with you. But then you disappeared and someone else came on the scene, wearing your face and your body. Someone I didn't dream existed inside you."

"I grew up," Dave said.

"No—oh, no, Dave," she said. "You didn't grow up. You grew down. You grew inward."

"Like a toenail," he said, the aching smile still on his face.

"Oh, no, don't be funny," she said. "Please don't be funny, because I know you're as scared as I am, because we both need each other." She reached out and placed her hand gently on his arm, and with her touch the smile left his face and he felt suddenly naked in front of her.

"Marianne," he said slowly, deliberately, "I am not going to throw away the Harrington deal, no matter what ultimatum you give me. It's too much money and life is too short."

She withdrew her hand from his arm and placed it awkwardly in her lap. "Then you want that more than you want me," she said resignedly.

"Why not put it this way?" Dave said. "Maybe you want me to give up the most important accomplishment I've ever had in order to prove to yourself that you're more important to me than anything." She was shaking her head again, but he went on. "But you're cutting off your nose to spite your face, because I'm doing it all for you—the house, the clothes, the life, the security—it's all for you. I'd sell my soul for you, Marianne."

"No," she said. "That's the one thing I love you too much to let you do. A wife should stand by her husband, but I can't stand by you now. I wouldn't stand by you if you were going to commit a crime. I can't stand by you to help you destroy yourself. This is one task for which you won't get my aid—and this is because I love you, not because I don't. You can make your own decision—whether you like the kind of life you are building now or the totally different kind of life that I thought we were going to build together."

There was a long silence. "Do you want me to move out tonight?" Dave asked finally.

"No, I'm leaving," she said. "Tomorrow morning."

"I see," he said. "I suppose the house is tainted."

"For me, it is," she said.

"What are you going to do?"

"Get a job," she said.

"Where will you stay?"

"I'll rent an apartment."

"I see," he said. "You have this all thought out, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Very independent," he said.

"I'm trying to be," she said.

"Like Sophie?" he said.

"Not at all like Sophie. Sophie is part of what decided me." Again Marianne reached out and touched him gently. "Oh, Dave, can't you see that Bix and Sophie have lost everything that makes life good, that makes it worth living? They were both so bent on taking life by the throat and choking what they wanted out of it that they've killed it for themselves. If you want happiness, you can't find it just by staying together in the same house and making and spending lots of money. If you want that more than you want each other, you begin hating each other. You can't even be in the same bed together without despising each other. I think now if I leave, we will be closer than if I stay. If I stay, we'll grow further apart than if we lived on separate planets."

Dave rose, went over to the stove and poured himself a cup of coffee. The quarrel was finished for him, and she sensed it.

"The steaks are cold," she said. "Shall I warm them?"

"No," he said, "I'm not hungry." He glanced at his watch. "I'm going back to the office now anyway." He finished the coffee in quick gulps and set the cup down with a bang on the drainboard. A slow anger was rising in him now, a resentment of the fact that he needed her so much. It was a weakness that he wanted to conquer, that he needed to conquer. It was important to him to prove to himself that he could do without her. She was pushing him, and now he could push back.

"I'll sleep in the den tonight," he said. "Just throw in a couple of blankets and a pillow."

She sat unmoving, watching him, her hands in her lap, sorrow in her eyes. She seemed incredibly beautiful to him, now that she was unattainable. And then he told himself that she was not unattainable—she was his wife. He walked toward her, put his arms around her, and then leaned forward and kissed her, pressing his mouth onto hers, bending her head back, drawing her up from where she sat, pressing her close to him. She was resilient in his arms, but without response. Finally he let go and stepped back from her. "Well, well," he said, "not even a kiss good-by."

"That happened a long time ago," she said. "Haven't you noticed?"

Without answering, he pulled on his raincoat and walked into the hall. "I'll be at Harrington's house tonight," he said.

She nodded, and only then did he realize that he had told her where he was going out of a habit that no longer had meaning.

As he drove back toward the office through the rain the streetlights glittered coldly; the pavement glistened; the square, angular bulk of the business buildings loomed ahead. There was no sentiment here, he thought. It all suited his mood perfectly. This was his time and place, and he told himself that he was learning to fit into it like a fine machine, without heart or blood or emotion.

Then as he neared the center of Palm Grove he noticed a child's hunched, small form moving down the sidewalk ahead of him. Slowing the car, he recognized Andy. Dave was certain the boy was running away again. He pulled up to the curb alongside Andy and the boy flinched, darting back into the shadows of a storefront.

Dave leaned across the seat and opened the door of the car. "Andy!" he called.

Andy hesitated, seeming to draw himself deeper into the shadows.

"Andy, it's me, Dave—Mr. Grant," Dave said. He pulled on his brake, stepped out of the car and went over to the boy. He put his hand on the small, hard shoulder and knelt down on one knee so that he was on eye level with the boy. "You're soaking wet, Andy—you've got to have some dry clothes. What are you doing out here, anyway?" He waited for an answer, but none came.

"Is it your stepfather?" Dave said.

"She's going to tell him," Andy said. "She's going to tell him." He blurted out the words as if they had been talking for a long time, as if Dave knew everything.

"Tell him what?" Dave said.

"I tracked into the kitchen just after she finished mopping it. I got mud all over the floor, and she said she was going to tell him and he'd give me a whipping."

"But where were you going?" Dave asked.

"I was going up to the Pacific Building, like you said this morning. You said we could go up there together some time. I just thought I'd go up alone, maybe."

"But you can't go there now, Andy. It would be closed—the offices would all be closed. Besides—aren't you supposed to be home?"

"Yes, but nobody could find me if I was up there. It's like flying—it's like in my dreams. You go up and up. You climb and climb."

"Well, you have to go home now, Andy," Dave said. He pushed gently on the boy's back and felt him stiffen.

"No," Andy said.

"You have to go home now, Andy," Dave said again, rising, standing above him.

Stubbornly Andy shook his head, unmoving.

"You can't stay out here in this rain," Dave said patiently. "You'll get sick."

"I don't care. I *want* to get sick," the boy said. He moved a step or two away, and Dave sensed that at any moment he might turn and run.

"Get into the car, Andy," Dave said firmly, pointing at the open door and looking directly into the boy's eyes.

Andy obeyed. It was the first time that Dave had ever commanded him, because he had always known that Andy had been overdisciplined to the point of terror. Now even he was betraying the boy.

He tried to talk to Andy on the way, but the boy made no answer. He sat frozen in silence, his features set, his eyes widening as they neared his house.

Dave pulled up in front of the Bendrick house, turned off the ignition and sat for a moment beside the boy while the rain drummed on the canvas top of the sports car.

"You want me to go up with you?" Dave said. Andy didn't reply. Finally Dave stepped out of the car, went around to open the door for Andy and guided him up his porch steps. He knocked. A porch light went on, and after a moment Mrs. Bendrick opened the door.

Andy's mother was a small woman with the unlined face of a girl. It was even a pretty face, but one curiously lacking in expression. There was a kind of constant apprehension, however, that seemed to surround her, an air of wary anxiety that seemed familiar to Dave. She reminded him of Andy, he realized suddenly. Of course. Andy's mother was as frightened as Andy.

"Oh, Mr. Grant," she was saying, "it's you. What a shame that you should have to be bothered again." She looked down at Andy then and opened the screen door, motioning the boy inside. "Andy," she said, "you get in here this minute. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, bothering Mr. Grant all the time—"

"He didn't bother me," Dave said quickly. "I saw him walking downtown and brought him along home." He paused, trying to find the right words to say. "Mrs. Bendrick," he said after a moment, "I don't want to interfere, but your son is a very disturbed child. I'd like to try to arrange for a psychiatrist to see him, someone who is trained—" He stopped, because at his words the quick, anxious friendliness with which the woman had first greeted him had vanished. She was shaking her head with a kind of fixed determination, as if that motion alone would somehow negate what he was saying to her.

"I couldn't do that," she said in her soft, little-girl voice. "I appreciate it, Mr. Grant, but I really couldn't let you do that. Mr. Bendrick would never allow it. He feels very strongly about that. He feels that Andy is his responsibility." There was a kind of apologetic stubbornness in the words.

"Mrs. Bendrick," he said coldly, "it doesn't make a whole lot of difference what Mr. Bendrick thinks. There happen to be laws—" He stopped again, because the door had been closed softly, quickly, in his face. The last glimpse he had was of Andy standing immobile in the center of the immaculate, ferociously tidy living room.

He stood for a moment looking at the closed door, gripped by frustration. Probably, he thought, what he had said to Andy's mother had only made things worse, not better, for the boy. And for all his angry talk about laws a moment ago, he knew of none that would help. Andy's mother was afraid—he had seen the fear tonight when she spoke of her husband. But there had to be more than that, Dave thought; it took more than fear to kill the deepest of all instincts—a mother's wish to protect her young. It took hatred too, a secret, hidden hatred. How she must have hated Andy, he thought, from the very beginning! She must have hated him before he was born—hated the fact of him, the public and living reminder of her own guilt. Because of Andy she had married Bendrick, offering both herself and her child to the fury of his self-imposed task of delivering retribution. Andy was illegitimate—so his mother spent her days in a fever of cleanliness, scrubbing and polishing and mopping to wash away the sin of the past. But none of the washing would wash away. Andy—he lived, he insisted on living, he stubbornly breathed, he ran away.

Dave turned abruptly and went down the steps to his car. He drove away quickly, but thoughts of the Bendricks pursued him through the sheets of rain. He was angry—for Andy—at them all, at Andy's unknown father, at his weak and cowering mother and at Bendrick with his zeal for punishing other people for their sins.

It's wrong, he thought. She ought to stop it—stop Bendrick from terrorizing the boy. If she can't stop him, she ought to take Andy and go away. She's as much to blame as he is. And then something in what he was thinking reminded him of Marianne. Marianne had said something like that about herself and him. Marianne was going away.

He shook his head sharply, gripping the steering wheel hard and pushing down on the accelerator. Tbink about the Harrington contract, he commanded himself. Think about tbat—that will give you all you can handle. Think about twenty thousand dollars; that's one sure thing in this lousy world where everybody's to blame and nobody's to blame and the sins of the fathers are visited on the third and the fourth generations. There's no right and wrong to money; it doesn't argue, and it doesn't get up and walk away. Think about that.

CHAPTER 9

By seven thirty that evening Dave had finished going over the presentation of the Harrington contract with Bix. It had been an intense cross-examination, with Bix firing questions at him on the smallest details. It was, Dave thought, very much like cramming for a final examination.

Bix leaned back in his chair now, propping his feet on the top of the desk, the intense lines of his face softening. He lighted a cigarette and leaned back, inhaling deeply, tilting his head back and blowing a long, satisfying stream of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Now, the one close thing we've got," he said, "is the property itself. If Harrington hesitates, all you have to do is point out to bim that if we wait around on this, the price is going to go up twenty-five per cent on him. The way land values are skyrocketing around here, that will be no overstatement. You can tell him that with complete assurance."

Unless, of course, the freeway changes, Dave thought, but he nodded, rose and began gathering the papers from the top of Bix's desk. He placed them in his portfolio, snapped it shut and then sat down again, aware of a thickening gloom that was gathering within him.

"Say, what's eating you?" Bix said. His tone was friendly; Bix was always convivial when making money.

"Too much rain, I guess," Dave said evasively, deciding in that moment not to tell Bix that Marianne was leaving him. There seemed little point to Dave in sharing anything with Bix except business.

"Well, cheer up, buddy," Bix said. "This one is really going to put us over the top. This was the one we needed. From here on in we snowball, and you're coming right along with me. Hey, let's have a drink on that!" He jumped up and went across the room to the bar in the corner, where he began mixing the drinks.

Now, without tbe deal to concentrate on, Dave wondered suddenly why he was bothering with it at all. Without Marianne his life had lost its axis. Marianne—not the house, the car, the things, but Marianne herself—was the only real home he had ever known. Without her to return to, it seemed to him as if even the Harrington sale, with all its important gyrations and sudden wealth, was a machination in a vacuum.

Money, he thought ruefully, is not the root of all evil; it's what happens to us if we try too hard to grab money with our grubby little fingers. His own reason for getting it had disappeared in a puff when Marianne had told him she was leaving him. It was a sudden wonder to him to know how little money really meant to him, how empty it was to do things just for himself. What a flimsy excuse it is for being alive, he thought, when there is no woman to go home to, no woman to share the bright and dark dream of life, no woman to ask more good of you than you thought you had!

Suddenly Dave was aware that Bix was holding a Scotch and soda in his face. He took it, startled out of his thoughts.

"You'd better get the funereal expression off your face before we get up to Harrington's," Bix said.

Dave accepted the drink mechanically, taking it in long swallows, hoping for some kind of release from the isolation that seemed to be closing in around him.

Bix bad finished putting away his papers, and now he brought bis raincoat and Dave's from the closet. He threw Dave's coat across his lap.

"Come on," he said, "brighten up, bright boy. That's what I'm paying you for."

Dave's face suddenly reddened, flushed with the shock of the insult. Yes, he thought, that's why I want the money—so I won't have to take that from anybody.

"Fire me," Dave said.

"I will if you don't brighten up," Bix said. "Now come on." He was already out the door, and Dave followed him out to the parking lot. Bix paused. "We'll take your car. Harrington is used to it," he said.

They drove through what were now torrents of rain, and neither spoke. When they arrived in front of Harrington's home, Dave turned off the ignition and faced Bix, whose eyes had narrowed and whose jaw was set firmly.

"Now, just remember this, Davey Crockett," Bix said. "You're getting to be a very big boy now because you're sitting on top of my shoulders. You're getting what you wanted. You wanted to be quick-rich. You wanted a short cut, a fast way to the top. Well, now you've got it. But just don't forget that you're riding me piggyback all the way up. And if I want to brush you off, you're finished."

"Well, that's interesting," Dave said. "Then I haven't really contributed to this."

"You haven't done a damn thing," Bix said. "I bought that nice, friendly, honest face of yours. That's what you're getting paid for. But you don't know the first damn thing about the fundamentals yet, about just how hard a man has to push. You don't even begin to know what it takes to build the kind of organization that you stepped into, to make it go, to keep it going."

Dave smiled wryly, more at himself than at Bix. "I wonder how much more of this I'm going to take for that twenty-thousand-dollar commission," he said.

"You'll take a lot more, because that's the only way you're ever going to get twenty thousand dollars, or anything like it. You'll never be able to get it on your own, standing on your own two feet. You're weak and I'm strong, but I can use you."

"Apparently so," Dave said. He pushed the car door open and stepped out into the rain. Bix slid across the seat and followed him up the walk to Harrington's house. Dave pushed the button beside the door, and they heard the melodic ring of chimes.

"Now, brighten up," Bix warned him.

The door opened and they were greeted by Mrs. Harrington, a dark-haired, attractive woman considerably younger than her husband. She smiled and invited them in.

"Ed isn't back yet," she said, "but he should be here soon. A friend is driving him from the airport. He called me when his plane landed, but he wouldn't let me drive out to meet him myself because of the weather." There was a small, self-conscious happiness behind the ordinary words. It was all there, Dave thought—the worry she had felt with Harrington flying, the relief at his call when his plane was safely down, Harrington's insistence that she stay snug at home to wait for him, her pleasure

in his protectiveness. Mrs. Harrington's brown eyes still held the luster of the bride, the total, uncomplicated happiness of new love.

For Pete's sake, Dave told himself irritably, stop sentimentalizing over the first couple you see. For all you know they may hate each other's guts. But he could not help feeling a wistful envy as Mrs. Harrington led them to an oak-paneled den, took their raincoats and then returned and sat down opposite them. He was aware of an awkward pause as they settled themselves to wait, and he realized that he felt as he did because the woman's clear, honest eyes reminded him of Marianne's.

Dave glanced over at Bix then and saw that none of the other man's recent hostility showed at all. Instead, it had been replaced by the saccharine, formal composure that Bix always displayed in the presence of attractive women.

"I've never seen so much rain," Mrs. Harrington was saying.

"Yes, I know," Bix answered. "It will flood some areas." He paused, obviously searching for something to say. "It's a good time to check properties that you're thinking of buying," he said. "You watch for the drainage. If it floods, you know that that's one piece you don't want."

Mrs. Harrington laughed politely. "Yes, I suppose that must be true," sbe said. "I'd never thought of it."

No, you've never thought of a lot of things, Dave thought. You've never thought the freeway route might be moved, and neither has your husband.

"It's our business to think of things for you," Bix said heartily, and Dave marveled at the fatherly, reassuring tone he achieved. "And Dave, here," Bix went on, smiling in Dave's direction, "is your broker. It's his job to look after your best interests." He nodded judiciously. "And he does it very well, too." He spoke with the air of one bestowing an honor not given lightly, and Dave could hardly force himself to go on looking at him. Or at Mrs. Harrington either, he thought—especially at Mrs. Harrington. It was part of a broker's obligation to protect his client's interests, and it was an obligation that most of the brokers Dave knew fulfilled conscientiously. It was an honorable calling, this great American business of selling, and it was followed by honorable men.

But then if that's true, Dave thought, confused, if that's true . . . He realized that since going to work for Bix he had adopted an aggressively cynical attitude about the conduct of business affairs. It was a dog-eat-dog world, he had assured himself and Marianne more times tban he could remember. Bix's philosophy had fitted his needs exactly. And yet now, hearing Bix state the truth—though it was not the truth about Bix or about himself, that men in their position were performing an honorable and important service—something changed. He found himself remembering Marianne's words of this morning: "It isn't business. Don't try to make it easy on yourself by blaming it on business. It's men like Bix . . . the way *he* does business." And men like me, Dave thought.

He felt ill, a hard knot of nausea tightening in his stomach. Dimly he could hear Mrs. Harrington talking, thanking Bix and him in her earnest, innocent voice for all their help, but the whirling tumult of his thoughts made everything else unreal. He had wanted something, a short cut, and he had chosen a field in which he could convince himself—mistakenly—that it was necessary, even right, to cheat a little. And he had chosen a man—here, he thought wryly, he had chosen correctly—who would make this appear to be true. Not all teachers are dedicated, selfless people, he told himself; not all businessmen are ruthless and self-seeking. It's what you bring to what you do that counts. An honest day's work is an honest day's work no matter where you choose to make your effort. And a dishonest day's work . . . But here is the point where I should stop this sale, he thought—right now, this moment. Here is the point at which I should tell Mrs. Harrington the truth, quit my job with Bix, walk out, go to work for an honest businessman or back to teaching. go home.

Home, he thought. And then he thought of Marianne, and it seemed to him that he had lost everything irrevocably, that he was lost himself, that the only real thing left was the twenty thousand dollars he would earn tonight just by doing nothing. Just by keeping his mouth shut and doing nothing. He wondered what he would do with the money. He really didn't need anything now. Leaving, Marianne would take away all his needs. It's like death, he thought; dead men don't need anything.

With an effort he brought his mind back to the reality around him. Bix was explaining, with a strained, unnatural delicacy, the joy he found in creating homes for families, talking to Mrs. Harrington with the unwitting condescension sometimes adopted by adults toward children. Mrs. Harrington was nodding politely, but Dave could sense her witbdrawal, and finally Bix stopped talking. There was silence then, broken only by the sound of the rain outdoors.

Dave was trying without success to think of something to say when the telephone rang. Mrs. Harrington excused herself and went down the hall to answer it. Dave heard her say, "Yes, he's here." Then, "Oh, yes, right away." Although the words were indistinct, there was an urgency in her tone, and her quick, high-heeled steps emphasized the urgency before she appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Grant," she said to Dave, "it's your wife. She says it's important." Dave stood up quickly and followed her to the phone.

"Hello, Marianne?" he said.

"Dave—"

"Are you all right?" he said, his voice impatient with a sudden fear for her.

"I'm all right," she said. "It's Andy. Mr. Kelly just called."

"What's wrong?"

"Somehow he's climbed out on the top-floor ledge of the Pacific Building and he won't let anyone near him. He nearly fell when one of the firemen tried to rescue him. Mr. Kelly told me to call you. He says you're the only one, Dave—that Andy will listen to you, that he trusts you."

"I don't understand," Dave said. "I just took Andy home." He stopped, remembering that last glimpse of Andy, a silent, small figure in the Bendrick living room, before Mrs. Bendrick had closed the door. "How did he get up there?" Dave said.

"Mr. Kelly said the janitor left one of the stairwells open. Andy must have gone up and crawled out through a window on the top floor. And now he's off to the side where there aren't any windows." She paused and then said, her voice thin, "And, Dave, that ledge is only eighteen inches wide."

"I'll be right there."

Dave put the phone down, and even as he did so he realized how it must have happened with Andy, why no one could come close enough to him to save him. Andy was terrified of angry men—gigantic as avenging gods to a boy—all coming to get him. It was a terror taught him so well and so carefully by his stepfather that now even the good men who sougbt to save him seemed angry pursuers, coming to punish him for crimes so terrible that he could not even know what they were. So Andy had done his best to fly—up and up, where no one could get him. And the Pacific Building—he himself had suggested it to Andy.

These thoughts came swiftly to Dave as he hurried down the hall of the Harrington house. He went out the door and down the walk to his car. He did not think of Bix or Mrs. Harrington or the business that had brought him there until he was stopped abruptly by Bix, who had followed him and who grabbed roughly at his arm as he reached the car.

"Where the hell are you going?" Bix demanded.

"It's the boy I told you about," Dave said, opening the car door and reaching into his pocket for the keys. "He's out on a ledge on the top floor of the Pacific Building and he won't let anyone near him. I think he'll listen to me. At least, I bave to try." He stepped into the car, but Bix held the door open, staring down at him, his face blank with disbelief.

"Have you gone out of your mind, Grant?" Bix said. "We've got a half-million-dollar deal here and the client's due any minute."

Dave shook his head. "You don't understand," he said. "This boy was a pupil of mine. He's likely to get killed."

"Oh, come off it, Grant! Who do you think you are—God?" There was no mistaking what Bix felt now—he was furious. "Some runny-nosed kid wants to break his neck. . . . What are you after, a medal?"

Dave slammed the car door sbut with a wrench that shook loose Bix's grip. He stepped on the starter and Bix pulled the door open again, talking earnestly, quickly, almost pleadingly.

"Look, Dave, let the police get him down. Let the fire department get him down. We've got a deal here we *have* to close tonight. Now. Witb Harrington back in town he's bound to get wind of this freeway-change rumor, and that will blow the whole thing sky-high. And he'll never sign unless you're here. You've got business to do that's more important than some nutty kid."

Dave stared at Bix Scanlon incredulously, as if he were seeing for the first time something inhuman revealed in a missbapen, water-blackened suit, as if the rain had washed off the disguise and there remained only this naked creature wbo put his own ambition before people, money before humanity. Wby, he's practically a criminal, Dave thought. A criminal will kill for money—and Bix is willing to kill. He's not a builder, not a businessman—he's just a penny-ante chiseler, and he'll never get the power he wants so badly. That's wby he's hanging on so hard, because it's slipping through his fingers and he's scared. Suddenly it was apparent to him, measuring the twenty thousand dollars against Andy's life, that he wanted no part of this kind of success. And Marianne had known this all along. Amazingly, she had known.

Bix went on talking, his voice plaintive, and then suddenly he was silent, as if he realized that Dave was not listening.

"All right," he said, and his face was set. "If you leave now, you lose the commission and you're finished with me." He let go of the door.

"Well, so be it," Dave said. He was amazed at how easy it was to let go of the money. He leaned out the window. "And tell Harrington about the possible freeway change. After all, my job is to protect my client's interests, remember? As soon as I see to the boy, I'm going to call Harrington and tell him, so you'd better beat me to it and look legitimate." He reached out the window and tapped Bix's arm with his hand. "Tell him," be said.

Bix stepped back from the car at last. "You won't get a job in this town again," Bix said. "I'll ruin you."

"I'd rather be ruined by you than be like you," Dave said. He put the car in gear and left Bix standing alone in the glistening, rain-dark street. . . .

At the Pacific Building there were spotlights cutting like bright silver knives of light through the rain. They all stabbed at one corner of the top ledge of the building. At the base of the building nets were festooned like spider webs beneath the small, hunched form, hardly distinguishable as human, ten stories in the air. A crowd had gathered and was gazing up fixedly in silence. There were the powerful sounds of the enormous fire-truck engines turning over, the scattered shouts of instruction from police and firemen as they worked at the sides of the building with other nets.

All the strength and courage and goodness of the city of Palm Grove seemed gathered around the boy, Dave thought—all the good men trying to undo the harm of one man's twisted mind and tormented heart. A whole city had turned out to save one life. So Kelly was right; men wanted to be good, men could learn to be a little better. With each century would come a little more kindness, a little more understanding, a little more correctly directed courage and knowledge. This was what Kelly had meant about education.

And then—the word corroborated by the deed—Dave saw in shock that it was Kelly at the top of the extension ladder. With all the odds against him, considering his damaged heart, Kelly was betting bis life on what he believed, risking death from exertion. Kelly, the teacher, had found a time and a reason to go amid the brushing feathers of death: to reach for a child. Kelly was always reaching for the lost ones—the frightened, the confused.

Dave could not in that moment have articulated what he had felt or decided; he only knew as he pushed through the crowd that he wanted to have Kelly down from the violent, heart-tearing exertions of that ladder—to replace him at the top of it in the rescue of the boy. As he broke out of the crowd he was stopped by a police officer. He started to explain who he was, but the officer seemed to know what he was saying before he had finished.

"Yeah," he said. "The old man up there"—the officer looked up for an instant at Kelly—"told us you might be able to help." The officer looked up again, shaking his head in admiration. "That takes guts."

"More than you know," Dave said as they approached the ladder truck from which the extension rose like a long, pointing finger.

The police officer shouted an explanation to the fireman, who nodded and immediately picked up a sound-powered megaphone.

"You can come down now," he said. The megaphone's blaring words echoed against the walls of the city's buildings. "Grant is here." The message was repeated again, echoing, and then Dave saw Kelly begin the precarious, careful descent—arm, then leg; arm, then leg; rung by rung, deliberate, patient—the way he taught, Dave thought, the way he lived.

One of the firemen came over to Dave. "Are you the one who's going up?" Dave nodded. "There are a couple of things you should know," the man said. "First, keep one hand locked on a rung—don't let go with one hand until you've got your other one locked. Go slow. Don't look down. Look at the ladder. When you're up, look at tbe side of the building. And lean into the angle of the ladder. But don't look down."

"Thanks," Dave said.

"You ever climb anything like this before?"

"No."

"Sometimes a guy will freeze. If you freeze, we'll have a life net below you."

Dave nodded, his eyes on Kelly, who was almost down now. It seemed to Dave that Kelly bad been descending for hours. Then Kelly was on the ground, breathing heavily from his exertion.

He smiled at Dave. "You can get him down," he said. "He would talk to me but he wouldn't come near

me. He'll come to you. I thought I'd better keep him company until you got here."

"Are you all right?" Dave said.

"Well, I'm getting old," Kelly said vaguely. He looked up to where Andy was isolated in the black, wet sky. "Good luck," he said. Kelly's face was pale and strained, but he put his hand on Dave's shoulder for a moment before Dave climbed up on the ladder truck and reached for the first step of the extension ladder.

"Watch those higher rungs—they're slippery in this rain," the fireman who had given him his instructions called. Dave, remembering the man's earlier words, kept his sight fixed on what was above him. Beyond a certain point the metal steps stopped and there were only the slippery rungs. It was an interminable climb. The muscles of his arms ached and his breathing was harsh in his lungs. Then, just before he reached the top rungs, he looked down, his eyes drawn magnetically by the distance below him. Instantly he stiffened involuntarily, one foot slipped off the wet rung of the ladder and he hung for an instant by his hands. Then carefully, slowly, he pulled himself back into position on the ladder, fixing his attention on the solid concrete side of the building, which was near and reassuring. The extension ladder swayed in the wind as if at any moment it might snap.

Dave looked up at Andy, who had drawn away along the ledge toward the corner of the building. The boy did not seem to recognize him. He was perched at the lethal height like some small, frightened bird.

"Andy," Dave said carefully, trying to make his voice easy, "it's Dave." The boy stepped forward cautiously, squinting against the rain and light.

"Mr. Grant?" he said. He was completely oblivious, Dave realized, to his danger.

"I came up," Andy said. "I did like you said."

"You sure did." Gripping the swaying ladder, Dave tried a grin to reassure the boy, and he found himself unexpectedly admiring the desperate courage that suffused the small, angular body.

"Mind if I come up?" Dave said.

"Sure, come on."

"You won't run away?"

"Of course not," Andy said. "You said we were going to come up here together." He grinned widely, without a trace of fear.

Carefully, slowly, Dave edged up over the top of the ladder and stepped out onto the eighteen-inch ledge. He stood beside the boy, his mind groping for exactly the right words and the right attitude that would persuade Andy to come back down with him. There could be no coercion on his part, and above all, no show of fear for either of them. Ordinary talk, perhaps—but how do you make small talk ten stories up on an eighteen-inch ledge? The wind buffeted them as they balanced there. Dave studied the side of the building and could see no way of getting down except by the ladder.

"It sure rains fast up here," Andy said.

Startled, Dave realized that it was Andy who was providing the matter-of-factness that was so necessary. "Yes, it does," Dave said.

"I was hoping that we could see some stars, or maybe the moon. I was reading that it's clearer when you're high."

"Not tonight," Dave said. "Not in this storm."

"Why is that?" Andy asked, truly curious—as if they were in a classroom, Dave thought, instead of ten stories high.

"Well," he said, "the storm has got between us and the stars."

"Oh."

"But we can see it tomorrow when it clears. And the Bear—the Big Dipper. But you need a telescope to really see them. And there's Venus. I'll show you that too—but we really need a telescope. We ought to go up to Mount Wilson to see it."

"Boy! Could we do that?"

"Sure, as soon as it clears," Dave said. He paused then, hoping now that the time was right to suggest that they go down. "Of course, we've got to get down off this ledge to get to a telescope—can't see anything up here tonight anyway."

"Will we really go up to Mount Wilson when it clears?"

"We'll do it," Dave said. He waited again, knowing how crucial his next words would be—they would either draw Andy to him or drive him away. "Well," he said, "we might as well go down now."

Andy did not answer at first. "It was exciting," he said finally, a note of wistfulness in his voice.

"It certainly was," Dave said. He took a deep breath. "How would you like to ride down that ladder on my back?"

"Sure," Andy said, with the complete equanimity of his total detachment from their peril. He moved casually along the ledge toward Dave, utterly immune to any fear of the height or of the fact that he might make one misstep, and Dave controlled a bursting desire to warn him. Instead Dave pulled off his coat and dropped it into the abyss, where it fell like a black leaf twirling slowly away from them. Then, carefully balancing himself, he removed his shirt and twirled it into a makeshift rope. The rain was icy on his chest and back.

"Tell you what we'll do, Andy," Dave said. "I'll get on the ladder first and then you come over to me and take hold of my hand. Then I'll swing you around and you can crawl up on my back. Hold me around the neck. Then we'll tie this shirt around you and me and make it on down."

"That'd be neat," Andy said with interest, anticipating the excitement of anything he could do with Dave.

Cautiously then Dave reached down for the ladder, balancing for one precarious moment and then grasping the slippery rung tightly, freezing it in his grip; then he took hold with his other hand, and finally placed his feet upon a lower rung. The ladder swayed with his weight, but he was prepared for that from his long climb up. He held out his hand and the boy reached for it. Next, tensing, he swung Andy onto his back.

Andy clamped his arms around Dave's neck and his legs about Dave's waist. With one arm locked around a rung, Dave knotted the shirt around both of them. He waited for a moment, panting with the effort of the awkward maneuver. As he started the slow, methodical descent he began to feel exultant. The delicious safety of the ground was growing near. He had won. There were the last few steps down the last section of the ladder, and they were on the ladder truck, then on the ground.

The crowd closed in noisily. The fireman who had advised Dave came over and gave him a jacket, which Dave put on over his bare, wet torso.

The fireman shook his hand vigorously. "Pretty good for a beginner," he said.

"That's the beginning and the end," Dave said with a grin. "What a hell of a way to make a living!"

Suddenly he was aware that Marianne was standing beside him. She said nothing, simply looked at him, her face drawn.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello."

She moved toward him then and he took her hand, holding it tight, and she locked her fingers in his. They did not quite look at each other or speak beyond the first greeting, and Dave found himself feeling almost shy.

Andy stood beside them, planted firmly next to Dave. A policeman and Kelly and an intern from a city ambulance were trying to question him, but he ignored them, his eyes on Dave and Marianne, as if they alone existed for him in the midst of the pushing crowd of people. "We still going to Mount Wilson when it clears and look at the stars through that telescope?" he asked intently.

"You can bet your life on it, buddy," Dave said. He dropped his hand affectionately to the boy's shoulder, and through the wet shirt he felt the welts.

"Andy," he said, "what's the matter with your back?"

Andy shrugged. "I got a whipping."

Dave lifted the boy's shirt, exposing the blue and red swollen bruises that crisscrossed the small back.

The officer who had been questioning Andy swore without being aware of it. He knelt down, holding out his big hand and almost touching the welts, as if to erase them.

"Whoever did that could have killed him if they hit him wrong," he said. "No wonder the poor kid ran away."

Kelly was looking at Andy too, a sick expression on his face. "Well, that's it," he said softly. "Anyway, that's it."

"The proof," Dave said.

Kelly nodded. "Felony child beating, I think they call it. It's written in blind rage all over his back."

Marianne was brushing back Andy's fine blond hair in an unthinking tenderness. "He can stay with us tonight," she said to the officer. "He can't go home. Surely you can see that he can't go home."

"We'll have to check this all out at Juvenile Hall," the officer said. He turned to Kelly. "You know about this? The boy's father do this?"

"I know about it," Kelly said.

"Would you come downtown with the boy and me now?" the officer said.

Kelly nodded.

"We'll get the parents down there—" He turned to Andy. "Come on, son. How would you like a ride in a real police car?"

Andy did not answer. Instead he took hold of Dave's arm and held to it.

"It's all right, Andy," Dave said. "Nobody's going to hurt you, and Mr. Kelly is going along." The boy looked skeptically at the officer and then at Kelly, who stood beside him, his red mustache wilted by the rain, his graying red hair bedraggled.

"He may let us run the siren," Kelly said.

"Sure," Dave said.

A faint light came into Andy's eyes. Then he turned and looked suddenly at Dave. "But what about Mount Wilson?" he said.

"Tomorrow, when it clears," Dave said. "First thing. And maybe you can come over and stay at our house all day."

"All day! That would be neat!" Andy released his grip on Dave's arm, the decision made swiftly, and moved away with the officer toward the police car. "How do you make the siren go?" he was asking as they moved out of earshot.

Kelly paused before following them, looking at Dave. "That was a pretty remarkable feat," he said.

"I'll never climb a ladder again," Dave said. "Not even a small one."

"I don't mean just climbing the ladder. I mean the way you were able to get in touch with the boy. He was a long way off, you know, a lot further than ten stories high. That's a talent."

"You have any openings?" Dave said.

Kelly looked at him without surprise, as though he had said the most ordinary thing in the world, but the red mustache twitched in what might have been a smile.

"We do," he said. He nodded. "We do." Then he turned and walked away from them to the police car.

The fire engines and the ladder truck had gone; the crowd had thinned and dispersed. Dave stood alone with Marianne in the rain-swept street. There were many things that crowded into his mind to say to her—many words that would be said later. He would tell her that he hoped that if he tried with all he had, he might someday have something of what Kelly had achieved—the immortality of living in the hearts and the minds of all those children, all the children he would teach and who in a way would be his. Surely the children whose lives had been touched by Kelly's faith in them would remember him—perhaps without even knowing they remembered—and their children's lives would be touched by Kelly too, although they would never know him.

He would tell her that this was the kind of inheritance he wanted to create—had always wanted, really—and that he would not forget it again. He would tell it all to her, and more. But then, she had known all the words before him, with the mystic, intuitive wisdom a woman has about the man she loves. She had asked for more than he thought he had, for total honesty, for a willingness to give the best of himself; and he had been forced to find that honesty and willingness, which he had never really thought were there.

So the words were not necessary. He kissed her, standing alone with her in the empty, rain-swept city street. Her lips had the taste of rain and they were warm, and he quite forgot all the words. . . . THE END

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